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POLITICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"Politics" in the administration of city affairs has come to mean that our public business is managed by certain individuals, not in the interest of the public, but in the interest of the managing individuals. A large number of those active in the control of public affairs acquire wealth, not by way of compensation for public duty efficiently done, but by various forms of breach of public trust. No one questions that politics in municipal administration is expensive, — that it costs the taxpayer a great deal of money. Most thoughtful persons are of opinion that it also costs much in loss of moral and civic tone. The average taxpayer, who is more practical than ideal, reasons that it is cheaper to pay tribute to the politicians than to maintain the constant warfare necessary for freedom from them. Millions for tribute; little for defense! To say that "it is cheaper" means to-day that it prevails. How large the tribute paid to politicians no one can tell exactly. A man who has had long experience in practical politics in Boston and in the Massachusetts legislature states as his opinion, based on careful computation, that one third of the tax levy in Boston is a contribution, in the form of either waste, inefficiency, or corruption, to the politician; that the public gets value for about two thirds of its money spent.

But this theory of cheapness, if on any plane of ethics or of civics it is defensible as to the other functions of our municipal government, utterly fails when applied to the public school administration. We may endure politics (as we misname waste and corruption in municipal affairs) in our city halls, and say broadly that we can measure the evil in dollars. Not so as to the administration of the public schools. Corruption there means not only waste: it means poison; it means that the very sources of our citizenship are rendered putrid. We may pay for good streets, lights, sewers, water, and police service, and get bad streets, lights, sewers, water, and police service, because of inefficient or corrupt administration; and yet the body social and politic may remain fairly wholesome and thriving. We may not permit either inefficiency or corruption to taint the administration of our public schools without finding that the whole theory of free public school education, as one of the main reliances of "government of the people, by the people, for the people," has utterly failed.

In spite of the infinite cant and humbug in which most writing about education and our public schools abounds, it is an unquestionable fact that the function undertaken to be performed by these schools is the most important of all the activities of our municipal government. This is true even from the point of expenditure. In Boston, for the year ending January 31, 1900, out of payments from regular department appropriations of $12,919,483.23, the School Committee had $2,813,455.22, while the Street Department, the next most expen-

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sive, had $2,117,146, and the Police Department, the third in order, had $1,640,510.83. No argument is necessary to show that it is more important to have good teachers than it is to have good street builders or good policemen. But it does need to be pointed out that if our public schools fail to furnish an education fully as good as can be obtained in private schools, intelligent, conscientious, and well-to-do parents will withdraw their children; that only the children of the poorer and less intelligent will remain; that the public schools will thus speedily acquire a social stigma; that in this event these schools will cease to perform one of their most important functions, namely, the democratization of our heterogeneous population. Their proper function is not merely that of furnishing intellectual and moral training, but of assimilating our whole people to an American type, and of checking the tendency toward a social stratification that will prevent the common sympathy and understanding necessary for the coöperative effort of a democracy.

If, as has been so often said, free public schools lie at the very basis of enduring democratic institutions, it is not enough merely to furnish these schools; the attendance must also be general, especially the attendance of the children of the better classes, — of those who have some legitimate claim to social standing. To-day, it is not the private school based on religious or sectarian preferences that is encroaching upon the field of the public schools; it is the private school based on social preferences, or, what is still worse, on intelligent objection to the methods and manners of the public schools. The public schools can never do their proper and essential work in a democratic society, if the public school teachers, as a class, fail to command intellectual and social respect. Their social status is nearly as important as their educational efficiency. It is obvious that if public school teachers are, or are supposed to be, the creatures and appointees of politicians of the class who have been so prominent in the administration of our larger cities; if intelligent and conscientious parents become imbued with the idea that the teachers in these schools are there, not because of their intellectual merit and moral character, but because of willingness to assist in the political advancement of the class who have constituted so large a part of our boards of aldermen and common councils, an exodus is certain to follow; the schools will cease to be really *public* schools. It is not enough that the schools should remain fairly good, and the great majority of the teachers conscientious and reasonably efficient; the very appearance of evil must be avoided. The public school system, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion.

To make the public school the best in the land is by no means impossible. The increasing cost of educational plants has put it beyond the means of most teachers to equip and to maintain a satisfactory private school. A generation ago, a few good teachers, equipped with a few rooms, blackboards, and a hundred or two books, could maintain a private school, and obtain patronage at good tuition rates. Not so now. Probably there is not to-day a private unendowed school in Boston that has an educational plant (including under that term buildings in good locations, with modern sanitary arrangements, laboratories, gymnasiums, and other physical equipments) worthy of comparison with the plant of several of our high schools. It is this inability of the private school to compete in the matter of merely physical equipment that has contributed to keep the public school attendance as general as it has been.

The administration of the public schools may be divided, roughly but conveniently, into two parts, — one almost purely business, the other almost purely educational. The former includes the purchase of land and the building and

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repair of schoolhouses, — the main part of the physical plant; the latter includes the selection of a superintendent and other school officers, the appointment of teachers, the laying out of a course of study, the appointment of janitors and truant officers, and the selection and purchase of textbooks and other school supplies. At first blush, the purchase of textbooks and supplies might be thought to fall more properly into the business division; but on reflection, it will appear that these bear so intimate a relation to the educational department that their selection and purchase cannot be left to any other body than the one having direct control of the work carried on in the schoolrooms. Of course, all of this business, physical and educational, ought to be done honestly, efficiently, and respectably. But half a loaf is better than no bread. The educational part must be done honestly, efficiently, and respectably (and respectability is at least as important as honesty and efficiency), else the public school administration is a failure.

There has been much discussion as to the best form of organization for school administration. Our old New England model was that of an elected committee of considerable size. The present drift of argument seems to be in favor of a small board appointed by the mayor. It is not at all clear that any improvement can be expected from such a change. When mayors select cigar dealers, milkmen, and professional politicians as the head officials of the most important departments, at salaries higher than those paid any educational officer, — offices created and paid on the theory that large salaries should attract skilled and experienced men, — it is hard to believe that a school commission, with good salaries attached, would not likewise be the spoils of the chief city politician. There is nothing in the recent history of Boston municipal politics, under mayors vested with almost autocratic powers, to lead one to believe that public spirit and efficiency receive greater attention from the executive than from the populace.

But where women have suffrage at school committee elections, and at those only, it may as well be assumed that school boards will continue to be elected by popular vote. The legislature will not take away this limited women's suffrage by abolishing its subject matter. An appointed commission, in the absence of a great public scandal and consequent upheaval, is politically impossible. Nor is it at all certain that, in a large city, a small board, say of seven or nine, is better than one of considerable size, say of twenty to forty. If small boards are more efficient, they are more efficient for evil as well as for good. Seven men around one table can put up more jobs upon the community than twenty-four in a debating chamber. Government by discussion is not always efficient or speedy, but it is safer than government by star chambers. A small board of aldermen is found, in practical experience, to resolve itself by majority vote into a secret body, — the "Committee on Public Improvements," or what not, — and the job-opposing minority is thus shorn of a large part of the power it has in public debate. If it must be assumed that bad men — men serving private, and not public interests — will in some number be in these public boards, publicity of procedure, debate, is the sharpest weapon of the faithful public servant, the greatest safeguard of the common interest. It is not worth while to sacrifice practical safety to theoretical efficiency.

Assuming, then, that we are to have a popularly elected board of considerable size, let us examine the forces that determine its selection and direct its operation, and also the scope of the powers with which it should be vested. In the first place, it may be noted that politics in school management is, generally speaking, not partisan, but personal, sectarian, or purely mercenary. Although

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the party managers frequently make party nominations for the school boards, it is rare to find a school board in which there is responsible party management, and in which issues are made up and fought on party lines. In most cities there has been little scrambling among professional politicians for school board nominations. Generally, if no politicians want nominations, party managers are inclined to give them to persons whose names and character may add respectability to their ticket; suggestions as to candidates from public-spirited citizens, whether organized or not, are then given consideration. Thus it has happened in many cases that fairly good school boards have been secured through no other than party nominations. It has also happened that other suggestions from parties having a private interest to subserve have been received and accorded great weight. It is more than suspected that schoolbook publishing houses have frequently, in return for contributions to campaign funds, been accorded great influence in the selection of candidates. This is a political factor in the creation of school boards which cannot be overlooked. It is not pleasant to find on school boards certain members who may always be relied upon to vote and to work for any measure in the interests of special schoolbook publishing houses. According to rumor, this political influence of the publishing house has been more active in the West than in New England. That it has been to some degree operative in New England there is no doubt. It is probably not true, at least in New England, that any publishing houses corruptly purchase the votes of members of school boards, except in very rare instances; but it is true that many school boards have members who are practically owned by certain publishing houses. This overlordship is sometimes invited by members elected as freemen; as, for instance, by soliciting from a publishing house the employment of a large number of the political strikers of a politically ambitious member. It goes without saying that men and women who will put themselves into such a position toward a schoolbook publishing house are unfit for public trust. There is no remedy for this evil except the selection of persons of finer moral sensibility, who have an eye for the public interest only.

It is but fair to say that the great majority of men in the schoolbook publishing business prefer boards made up of honest and straightforward persons, having no personal or political interest to subserve; that, as a rule, they are the victims of corrupt motives and schemes of school board members, and not the conscious corrupting agency. But it is also true that there are exceptions to this rule, and that competition is so fierce that corrupt methods on the part of one publishing house lead to retaliation in kind. When the merits of a competitive controversy between two or more publishing houses are pretty evenly balanced, a single member of a school board, who is "on the make," may engender a strife which is far-reaching in actual or rumored corruption.

Although the selection of textbooks has long been the source of much unseemly wrangling in school boards, which has tended to some degree to discredit and undignify school administration in the eyes of the public, yet it is difficult to see how this function can be placed anywhere else than in the school board. It cannot safely be given into the hands of superintendents and boards of school supervisors; for most of the men occupying these positions are, by virtue of being themselves authors of school textbooks, absolutely disqualified from dealing fairly and impersonally with this question. It is not in human nature for a superintendent, supervisor, or teacher, whose brain has begotten a book on a given subject, and whose pocket is in anticipation of fullness from royalties on the sale of it, not to believe that his

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book is the best obtainable on that subject. He must accord a like merit to the works of his brethren on the same board, — provided, of course, they have chosen other subjects, and do not compete with the product of his brain. The result would be that, if left to the boards of supervisors, the textbooks of our large cities would be mainly the products of home industry, and real merit would be hard to discover, and harder to reward; that practical politics as active and pernicious as ever obtained in elected school boards would obtain in the boards of supervisors. Besides, the affiliation of these educational officers with the publishers of their own textbooks makes them totally unfit to deal with the comparative merits of the other publications of the various competing houses. Undignified if not corrupt log-rolling, charges of unfairness having more or less basis, loss of standing in the eyes of the community and of the teaching force, would inevitably result from vesting the selection of textbooks in the hands of a board of supervisors, many or all of whom were themselves authors. Politics would simply be transferred from the school committee to the board of supervisors, and would work more scandal and discredit there than in the committee itself. It thus appears that "expert selection" of school textbooks is something almost if not quite impossible of attainment, and that we must rely upon a sifting process under the control of such intelligence as we may obtain in a school board. This constitutes an additional reason why it is exceedingly important to obtain on such boards persons of impartial judicial qualities, high intelligence, and liberal education. Such persons will seek and obtain the advice of teachers whose vision has not been astigmatized by authorship, and will thus approximate to a fair selection of good textbooks.

Another political factor which makes against the selection and untrammeled action of persons of the highest character and intelligence as members of school boards is race and sectarian prejudice. This is a force of varying intensity, but it is nearly always present in our New England cities. Its most virulent form is found in the antipathy between the Irish Catholic and the antipodal British American, or "A. P. A." It is nonsense for any one to assert that the great body of our Irish Catholic citizens are not thorough believers in and supporters of our public school system, or that the "Pope of Rome and his minions" are in a conspiracy to destroy it. The parochial school is not gaining ground as against the public school. But it is undeniable that this same class will almost always be found working and voting for a person of their own race and sect for any position desired, whether he is fit for that position or not. Often, in school matters, Irish Catholics are found working and voting for persons and measures that they are privately known heartily to disapprove, simply because they dare not or will not be found opposing the most illegitimate and preposterous claims of one of their own race and creed. As individuals they are in most cases excellent citizens; but the clan spirit seems to have a compelling force among them, which leads to frequent disregard of the public interest.

This clannishness is intensified and solidified by the absurd bigotry of the opposing faction, in Boston largely made up of women. Each faction reacts on the other, and the strife engendered is absurd, but harmful. If, as there is some ground to believe, amply qualified Catholics have been discriminated against, in the appointments of teachers (in Boston only one grammar school, out of a total of fifty-seven, has a Catholic master, and he is a recent appointment), the efforts of just and fair-minded persons to remedy this injustice are often thwarted by the greedy and clannish attempt of the Irish Catholics, whenever opportunity

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offers, to fill every position from their own clan, with no regard for fitness. If there is a vacancy for a teacher, and an Irish Catholic presents himself or herself for the position, it may as well be assumed that every one of this race and creed on the board will support his or her candidacy as against a whole army of candidates infinitely better fit for the duties of the position. A few exhibitions of this kind give new life and venom to the anti-Catholic element, and the result is a factional and sectarian contest vicious and disgraceful. Moreover, this clannishness of the Irish Catholic is often utilized by unscrupulous politicians, who really care nothing for the religious and sectarian issue, as a means of gaining support for men and measures of which many of the Irish Catholics heartily disapprove: a false sectarian issue is raised and votes obtained for an ulterior purpose, often even for a corrupt scheme. The clan, Irish Catholic, British American, or other, is an excellent political weapon in the hands of an adroit manipulator.

Neither the Irish Catholic clan nor the opposing faction is a safe trustee of the public interest in the management of the public schools. It ought never to be inquired whether a candidate for a teacher's position or a janitor's position is Catholic, Jew, Methodist, or Unitarian. Character, intelligence, and training for the position should be the only tests of fitness. But this religious and sectarian factor cannot now be ignored, in dealing with the forces operative in controlling our public school administration; it is active in selecting candidates, in electing members, and in controlling their action in the board. It would be equally a disaster to elect a board the majority of which should be made up of Irish Catholics or of their virulent opponents; both should be kept in a harmless minority until both acquire toleration and a genuine democratic public spirit. There is no room for a clan of any kind in the administration of the most democratic institution of our democracy.

This leads naturally to the statement that one of the chief results of women's suffrage in school affairs is an increase of race and sectarian bigotry; that few women have ordinarily voted except under the leadership of persons with an inordinate and groundless fear of Catholic domination. It cannot be conceded that women's suffrage has brought "the home into the management of the school," or that "woman has purified and ennobled political activity." It is difficult to see that the women who, year after year, have taken an active part in school affairs move on a plane any higher than that along which male effort acts. As members of school boards they have little genius for facts; their statements in debate frequently illustrate the well-known truth that imaginative fiction is woman's literary stronghold; there is always an exception (in favor of themselves) to all rules; when their own desires are involved their vision is oblique; they are seldom, if ever, impersonal. When, in Boston, a new code of rules vested in the Superintendent the duty of presenting to the full Board, for its acceptance or rejection, his personal judgment as to the fittest candidates for teachers' positions, so that it would have been a gross breach of his duty, and a fraud upon the Board and upon the public, for him to have made himself the mouthpiece of any other person's choice and judgment, it was a woman, an ardent advocate of the reform in the abstract, — a woman whose goodness of heart and purity of purpose were exceeded only by her own conviction of their paramount virtue, — that was the first member to insist, strenuously to insist, that the Superintendent should select and name her candidate, and not his own. Her attitude was like that of the governor of an island undergoing the process of benevolent assimilation, who, when informed by a visitor, coming with

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letters of introduction that commended him to the gubernatorial favor, that he had come to try a lawsuit in the courts of the island, said, "I will speak to the judges for you;" and, to a hesitating doubt as to whether such course was quite discreet, replied, with a surprised air, "Why, I make these men judges; of course they will decide as I indicate to them." A "packed" Supreme Court would be a normal tribunal to a female President.

But it ought to be said that women on school boards do much useful service. They have time to visit the schools, and they find many defects and abuses that overworked business and professional men would never discover. In spite of the fact that so few women register and vote, and that those who do vote are largely under the domination of leaders with whom the test of official excellence is found more in religious bigotry, and in a willingness and capacity to flatter and follow these self-constituted leaders, than in a straightforward and able performance of public duty, yet there is strong reason to believe that the women's vote can — and will, if necessary — be used to prevent a thorough Tammanyizing of our public school administration. From the subjoined note [1] it will appear that this vote is in Boston *varium et mutabile semper*. The remarkable rise from 725 in 1887 to 19,490 in 1888 was caused by the violent sectarian controversy over Swinton's History. While this extraordinary increase in the vote is very indicative of women's capacity and liking for religious and sectarian conflict, yet it cannot be gainsaid that no small part of that vote was based on a genuine fear, perhaps not entirely groundless, that the integrity of the teaching in our schools was menaced. A really "rotten school board" would undoubtedly produce another extraordinary and overwhelming women's vote. For this vote to be both useful and effective, it should be blended into a non-partisan, non-sectarian organization with men voters. The independent women's movement is based on a vicious and indefensible principle, and is led with a narrow blindness apparently not devoid of self-serving.

If machinery can be devised so that a non-partisan, non-sectarian "Public School Association," or whatever it may be named, can be made genuinely representative of the disinterested public spirit which, in abundant force, is ready to put forth to protect and to perfect a sound administration of the public school system, the women's vote can be made mightily effective. Reform by self-constituted committees has never availed for any length of time. The difficulty is inherent. In Boston, there has been no lack of pure motive and of self-sacrificing effort on the part of those who have led the Public School Association movement: they have already accomplished so much as to lend support to

	[1] Men's Vote for Mayor.	Women's Registration and Vote for School Committee.	
		Registration.	Vote.
1886	45,667	1,193	878
1887	51,815	837	725
1888	63,098	20,252	19,490
1889	56,806	10,589	10,051
1890	54,021	7,925	7,439
1891	55,018	6,008	5,428
1892	66,667	9,992	9,510
1893	68,228	10,296	8,915
1894	68,588	11,091	8,733
1895	76,721	12,073	9,049
1896	No Mayor chosen.	10,340	6,417
1897	79,763	9,262	5,721
1898	No Mayor chosen.	8,723	5,201
1899	81,341	10,385	7,090
1900	No Mayor chosen.	12,473	9,542

Probably there are as many female voters as male voters in the city of Boston. If this is so, it is apparent from the above table that in most years not more than one tenth of the women voters have voted. For instance, in 1895, about 77,000 men voted for Mayor, and about 9000 women for School Committee. In 1897, about 80,000 men voted for Mayor, and less than 6000 women for School Committee.

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the hope that they may practically solve the problem, with such legislative assistance as shall restrict the field of activity to work purely educational. Much has already been done in arousing a sense of the importance of the work, and in checking the raids of the politicians. Their problem now is one of organization; it is difficult, but probably not insoluble.

But, as in the other departments of municipal administration, the most vicious and powerful forces that threaten the honesty, efficiency, and respectability of the public school administration grow out of money expenditure, and mainly out of the expenditure for land, for buildings, and for repairs. It is the business part of public school administration that affords the inviting field for personal and mercenary politics. In our larger cities, this expense for land, buildings, and repairs is necessarily very heavy. If the growth of population in cities were confined to extensions upon vacant lands, and sites were there obtained and buildings erected with reasonable foresight, the school population would be housed at moderate expense. It is the shifting of population which costs. For instance, in the North and West ends of Boston, schoolhouses were given up, and their sites sold, many years ago, as business came in and drove out the old residents; but recently, new sites have had to be bought, and more than ten dollars per square foot paid, in order to erect buildings for the enormous school population of the Hebrew and Italian emigrants who have hived in these sections. A dense population makes a demand for new sites, and at the same time raises their price. The site for the Paul Revere School at the North End will cost about $225,000.

A few figures as to Boston's disbursements for school purposes will illuminate. In five years, ending January 31, 1900, Boston's expenditures for schools have been $16,118,064.85. Of this sum, $4,872,055.81, or about thirty per cent, was spent for land, for new buildings, and for repair of old buildings. Of the remaining $11,246,009.04, $9,290,574.96 was paid for salaries of instructors, Superintendent, supervisors, and other school officers, including truant officers; $693,167.37 was paid for janitor service; $666,053.85 for supplies and incidental expenses; and $456,622.25 for fuel, gas, and water. It is safe to say that the expenditure of $5,000,000 (nearly) for lands, buildings, and repair of buildings offers ten times more opportunity for corruption and chicanery than the expenditure of the other $11,250,000. This is the honey that attracts the political bee.

While the teachers have at times exercised some political influence with reference to their salaries, and have terrorized some politically fearful members of the Board, it is very improbable that any considerable part of the money paid for salaries is corruptly or even wastefully expended. We have too few, not too many teachers. Few, if any salaries are exorbitant. Almost the only waste that can be pointed out is the payment of salaries to incompetent teachers. That there should be some incompetence due to superannuation is inevitable; and no school board will be hard-hearted enough to crowd out faithful teachers as soon as they have passed the line of highest efficiency. Yet it must be admitted that many special salary orders have their genesis in politics, and that this large pay roll will be maladministered if the tone of the administration is not kept fairly high. The political influence of our increasing army of public employees is not to be lightly passed by.

Payments for janitor service of nearly $700,000 are not so free from taint. The character of the service is such that it is difficult, although not impossible, to arrange payments upon a regular schedule; the result is constant demand for increased compensation in individ-

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ual cases and for extra allowances. A janitors' association which has, or claims to have, large political influence, and to control at the polls the political destinies of ambitious politicians, leads to the strong suspicion that many of the claims for extras are really payments for political favor. A janitor's compensation is perhaps regulated as much by the number of political pulls he has as by the number of schoolrooms he cares for.

The large sum paid for supplies and incidentals ($666,053.85) would seem, at first thought, to offer the same sort of opportunity for corruption and commissions as is afforded by the expenditure for lands and buildings; but, as a matter of fact, so many of the supplies purchased for the schools are of a definite and stereotyped kind, and the prices are so generally known, that large profits, affording the payment of corrupt commissions, would be likely to excite attention. However it may be managed in other cities, it is not believed that in Boston there has been any substantial amount of corruption or waste in the administration of this department. It is probably true that certain publishing and supply houses have from time to time succeeded in inducing an expenditure which was unwise, and that they have been assisted in this by members of the School Board whose motives were not always easy to apprehend. Too many educational "improvements" originate in business interests. Art and drawing are fruitful sources of large bills for stuff mainly used to waste time that should be devoted to learning how to think. Probably no one doubts that drawing should be taught; no one conversant with the facts doubts that drawing as now managed is a waste of teachers' and pupils' time and of the public money.

The experience of Boston in the matter of expenditure for sites, buildings, and repairs is sufficiently instructive to justify description. It is the sort of politics permitted by this expenditure that constitutes, at present, the greatest danger to our school administration.

Prior to 1895 the Boston School Committee had no authority to build school buildings. They were built and repaired by the City Government proper; really by the Mayor's appointees, though the appropriations had to be voted by the City Council. Although the School Board had legally the designation of the sites, practically the City Government, that held the purse strings, selected them; and frequently selected them, not for the benefit of the school population, but for the benefit of the political manipulators. "This lot, or no appropriation," was the message of City Hall to the School Committee. One high school building is located on a steep sidehill, close to a street up and down which grumbling and shrieking electric cars move every few seconds, to the disturbance and waste of the energies of teachers and scholars in all but the coldest weather. It is there because Alderman Blank wanted to have that lot sold at a large price to the city, and prevented any appropriation until this was agreed to. It is safe to say that school sites were commonly chosen with little regard to future or even present needs; that the school buildings were not economically built; that a large part of the money nominally spent for repairs was wastefully or corruptly misapplied. Besides, the School Committee did not get its fair share of the tax levy. Buildings were not provided in sufficient number; children were refused admission, for lack of room; stores, halls, and churches were hired and fitted up for school purposes, at an annual expense of over $20,000. The fact is that the City Government preferred to spend the money within its control for other than school purposes. It will never do to leave the schools dependent upon the appropriating will of the ordinary city government of one of our large cities. Some definite provision from the tax

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levy must be made by law, or the result will be annually to drive the school boards to the legislatures for relief, precisely as happened in Boston. A mass of legislation [1] for the Boston schools followed. The effect of this legislation was to give to the Boston School Committee full power to buy land, to erect and to repair buildings, and also to furnish for this purpose $3,450,000 of money derived from special loans. This sum was in addition to the aggregate of the amounts appropriated by the City Government for the School Department in the years prior to 1898, and of the school portion of the regular tax levy in 1899 and 1900; for by the act of 1898 the School Committee was given a definite amount of the tax levy, — $2.90 upon each $1000 of taxable property.

The argument before the legislative committee in favor of taking this control of expenditure for sites, buildings, and repairs away from the City Government, and giving it to the School Board, took the double form of an assertion that, logically, the board managing the schools should house the schools, which was true; and further, of an assertion, modestly made by members of the School Committee, that they were better men than the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, which was probably also true. The fatal defect in this argument lay in disregarding the fact that the same forces which had made the Board of Aldermen and the Common Council bad were thus made operative upon the School Committee, and that the badness of the former was thus made certain of duplication.

Under these increased powers, the Boston School Committee has organized a "Schoolhouse Agent's Department," and is now, and has been for two years, absolutely responsible for the application of all money appropriated for school purposes. It is not easy to determine whether the waste and misapplication are now less or more than when the City Government controlled this expenditure; probably there is little difference. No candid observer will claim that either system gives satisfactory results. In spite of this legislative help in administering Boston's affairs, the city has not obtained sufficient schoolhouses of its own for its school population. Its expenditure for rent of buildings and parts of buildings used for school purposes has steadily increased. Last year (ending January 31, 1900) the amount thus expended was $34,587.17; this year (ending January 31, 1901), $44,047.99, or the interest, at three per cent, on nearly one and a half million dollars' worth of buildings.

It is not the purpose of this article to state in detail the sins of omission and commission of the Boston School Committee, but rather to use its record to illustrate some principles of wide application. The experience of the Board for the last five years demonstrates that it cannot be relied upon as an efficient and foresighted builder of schoolhouses. There is but little if any practical increase in efficiency over the old method of divided power, under which the buildings were built and repaired by the City Government. But if the building operations are no better, the School Committee is much worse. While theoretically it is clear that the school buildings should be built and repaired by the same body responsible for the school management, practically it is found that the expenditure of the large sums thus involved, under contracts capable of wasteful or corrupt manipulation, sets in operation forces so vicious and sinister that the integrity and efficiency of the whole public school system are endangered. The School Committee has become the ambition of the politicians, some of them of the most mercenary type. The corridors of the School Committee chamber

[1] See Acts of Legislature of Massachusetts for 1895, chapter 408; for 1897, chapters 304 and 442; for 1898, chapters 149 and 400; for 1899, chapter 239.

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are filled with the same sort of lobbyists and parasites so familiar around our City Hall; they reek. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

When a member of the School Committee is publicly charged with having used his official position to advance his private interest, — with having urged the sale of his goods on the ground that he would reciprocate by securing for the purchasers thereof profitable trade with the city, through his official position on the School Committee, — and such member admits by silence the truth of this charge, it is clear that a subsequent administration cannot have public respect if it puts such a member at the head of the leading committee on finance, where his signature is necessary for the approval of all bills. It will certainly be said, whether true or not, that a moral sensibility that sees no wrong in the charged and admitted practice will find it easy to withhold his signature to bills justly due until he is "seen" by the money-needing creditors of the city. Such practices drive out of competition for public business the best business houses; lead to corrupt coalition for the purpose of eliminating competition among those who remain in the scramble; increase the cost of the public work in the long run by practically the amount of the tribute money compelled to be paid; make every honest teacher ashamed of his official superiors; work corruption and demoralization generally. It is bad enough when such methods exist, and are not publicly known; it is infinitely worse when they are known, and are not instantly stopped. "Hypocrisy is the respect which vice pays to virtue;" and an administration that has not sufficient respect for public sentiment to put the stamp of apparent disapproval upon such practices indicates a brazen shamelessness which must count upon an inert and conscienceless public opinion.

The pith of the matter is this: when politics is once let loose upon the administration of the schools, it does not confine its wasteful and corrupting influences to the matter of land, buildings, and repair jobs, — to the business part of school administration; it attacks also the educational part. This is a direct blow at the morale of the whole educational system: it tends to drag superintendent and supervisors into the maelstrom of politics; it tends to make the appointment of teachers the football of partisan, sectarian, or mercenary politics; it tends to imbue teachers with the idea that the way to advancement is by obtaining a political pull, with the idea that the favor of the ward committeeman is more to be desired than the approval of their supervisor; it tends to degrade the public procedure in the school committee to a wrangle over sites, building contracts, repair jobs, and thus to bring the body into public disrepute; it disgusts watchful parents, who believe that the control of the schools, whose influences enter so vitally into the moral and intellectual life of their children, cannot be safely intrusted to those who seem to have low intellectual and moral ideals; it lessens the respect of pupils for their teachers, and thus makes harder the task of the most faithful and high-minded. This result is already indicated in Boston. What educational topic has been debated in the Boston School Committee within the last three years? A report from the Board of Supervisors, involving the most radical and far-reaching changes proposed for many years, was recently received and referred without exciting a ripple of general interest. The members who cared for the subject matter knew that the topics discussed in that report were of no general interest to the School Board. The proper function of normal school training as a part of the preparation of teachers was found as uninteresting as the Rule in Shelley's Case; but a scheme to spend $165,000 for a lot of land on Huntington Avenue,

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on which to erect a normal school building to accommodate a couple of hundred girls, excited wild and vociferous interest. No other result of the legislation above referred to could reasonably be expected. Give to the school committee of any city similar powers as to the expenditure of money, and its character and methods will be practically the same as the character and methods of a board of aldermen or common councilmen in the same city. Until we can purge our entire city administration not merely of actual criminal corruption, but also of the other expensive and demoralizing forms of public exploitation that now go on, it is absurd to vest in school boards the power of erecting and repairing schoolhouses. The practical problem is, not to get the business part of school administration efficiently or even honestly done, but to prevent the inefficiency and dishonesty, probably inevitable in our larger cities with our present civic standards, from corrupting and discrediting the educational part of the school administration. We may get on with inadequate buildings; we cannot get on with vulgar, unintelligent, ill-trained appointees in our schoolrooms.

This leads to a brief statement relative to the political forces operative in selecting teachers. Something has already been said as to the race and sectarian prejudice entering into that problem. There are other political factors, — factors which tend to prevent appointments from being made solely on the basis of moral and intellectual fitness and successful experience. One of these factors is the pressure in favor of residents. The basis of this pressure is found in political, and not in educational reasons. Educationally, teachers should be selected for qualification, and not for citizenship; politically, citizenship, and not qualification, is the prime requisite. Ordinarily, the Brookline, Quincy, or Melrose teacher has no political influence in Boston. With the higher salaries paid in Boston, the city should have the pick of the experienced, well-trained, and successful teachers of New England. As a matter of fact, about two thirds of the appointments in Boston have for years been made from among the inexperienced graduates of the Boston Normal School. Really, the main reason for maintaining this school as a part of the public school system of Boston is to furnish a means and an excuse for putting in inexperienced teachers who have some local political influence, instead of taking the experienced teachers from other towns and cities, who would gladly come to Boston because of the higher salaries and wider opportunities. It is, of course, true that many of these Normal School graduates become efficient and satisfactory teachers; but the city pays high for their apprenticeship. There should be free trade in teachers. There is no more reason why the best teachers of New England should not gather in the metropolis, and obtain positions through their merits and demonstrated fitness, than there is why the best lawyers, ministers, and doctors of New England should be excluded from the competition and opportunities of the great city.

Another aspect of the operation of politics in controlling the appointment of teachers is found in the attempts of the political manipulators to minimize the powers of superintendent, supervisors, and masters in the selection of teachers. Under the statute law creating the Boston School Committee, the Superintendent and supervisors have no powers except such as are given them under the rules of the School Committee. Prior to June, 1898, teachers were practically selected by sub-committees of the School Board; the experience and skill of the Superintendent and supervisors had no official, and little practical recognition. At that time a new code of rules was adopted, after a strenuous battle, vesting in the Superintendent, in conference with the supervisor in charge and

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the master of the school, the responsibility of selecting, subject to the approval of the Board, all teachers. This new method had, of course, no legal effect upon the powers of the Board, but it removed the field of political influence, in the selection of teachers, from the secrecy of the sub-committee to the publicity of the full Board, and gave to the schools and the public the advantage of an initial selection by the executive educational officers. The result has been constant war by the politicians upon the Superintendent. They have already succeeded in cutting down his powers, so that his appointments must be approved by the sub-committee in charge of the school in which the appointment is to be made, before he is permitted to report them to the Board. His reëlection in the summer of 1900 was for weeks prevented, because he had refused subservience to those who desired him to appoint their nominees, based upon political pull, and not his own, based upon educational qualifications.

So long as the statute law gives to the superintendent and supervisors no powers whatever, and their functions are limited to the duties imposed upon them by the rules of the school committee itself, it is safe to say that a superintendent who holds a high and strong ideal of the duties of his position will either be left little power in the selection of teachers, or else he will find his holding of office precarious and uncertain. It seems clear that the superintendent of schools should, by statute law, be given large powers in the designation of teachers; that his appointment should either be the only method by which nominations may come before the board for approval, or that, subject to a veto by a majority of the board, such appointment should be legally effective.

Before closing this paper a *caveat* should be filed. The writer does not intend to convey the impression that the increase in money-spending power has transmuted the Boston School Committee into a body of persons, a large number of whom are corruptly making money by abuse of their official positions. The fact is quite other. Actual corruption — selling their votes for money, receiving commissions on public contracts they have voted to make, dividing profits of a land deal — is almost certainly confined to a very small minority. But this small minority, by playing on sectarian or partisan prejudice, local jealousies, and personal ambitions, accomplish an infinite amount of evil. A person who is ambitious for political advancement, though personally above taking money, is often not high-minded nor strong-minded enough to refuse to deal politically with one who he morally knows is seeking a vantage ground for political spoil. Many members are weak and timorous. A half dozen active and vociferous ward-heelers seem to such members to speak for the public sentiment of all Boston, when in truth these ward-heelers are simply promoting a land or building job, and are bullying these weak members into voting money into their pockets. "Woman's magic spell" has been known to make political fools of guileless members having too much faith that the beautiful is always the true and the good. In a word, the forces operative for unrighteousness from outside the Board are more numerous and vicious than the factors from within. But the point is, that this combination of sinister outside influences, operating on weakness within and combining with some dishonesty within, produces an appearance of widespread corruption.

This appearance sets in operation still another destroying force: as the school committee loses respectability, "reformers" and other well-meaning but misguided people indulge in wild and lurid denunciation of the committee, and of all its members and works. The sheep and

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the goats are not distinguished; indeed, they are often indistinguishable. Of course, this undeserved censure is gall and wormwood to the honest members who are honestly trying from within to stem the tide of corruption. They come to look forward to the termination of their official life as to a release from prison. Hence the difficulty of getting good men to serve upon unpaid boards. An unsalaried office must be honorable, or it will attract only crooks and saints: and saints are rare; the supply does not equal the demand. Next to corruption itself, the wild and baseless charges of corruption, made by a large number of the citizens who call themselves "reformers," are probably the most actively harmful political forces in our community to-day. They utterly destroy what respectability remains to a school board that has a few corrupt members. When a school committee once loses respectability, it is almost impossible to induce persons having real public spirit and reasonable unselfishness to serve upon it, even if they could be nominated and elected without a disagreeable personal struggle. Who considers it an honor to-day to serve in the Common Council of the city of Boston? We are taught to respect our courts; and even presidential appointments of sons of justices to lucrative and desirable positions, made while the presidential policy is pending before the bar of the Supreme Court, will make few of us believe that personal motive or parental interest will prevent a full and free operation of the judicial intellect. We recognize that respect is essential not only to the integrity and usefulness of the courts, but also to the preservation of a law-abiding spirit among the people. We do not permit ourselves even to think evil of our courts; for we know that if they should be reputed bad, they shortly would become bad. The same principle is applicable to other public functions, and especially to positions upon unpaid boards. To be respectable, they must be respected. The methods of reformers need reforming as much as the methods of politicians. We shall never obtain honest, efficient, and respectable school administration (and again the stress is put upon respectability) if we carelessly and unjustly make our school boards an object of contumely and reproach.

If the foregoing analysis of politics in the administration of public schools is reasonably correct, it follows that efforts for reform should not be revolutionary in their nature, however they may prove to be in their result. There is no panacea in organization or reorganization. We are dealing with human nature, and no amount of shifting the political machinery will change the essential nature of the problem. The programme of reform is not an ambitious one. It is simply this: the business, the money-spending functions, of the school committee should be made as few as possible; the purchase of sites and the building and repair of schoolhouses should be taken away from the school committee. The designation of sites within certain limits, and the approval of schoolhouse plans, should be left to the school committee; not that such control can be made fully effective, but it would tend to prevent a total disregard of educational fitness by the commission or city council, or other official body that may have this work in direct charge. Again, the superintendent or board of supervisors should, by statute law, be given certain definite powers as to the appointment of teachers, subject to approval or veto by the school committee. Little more than this can be done through the mere framework of organization; subsequent reliance must be placed upon the wholesome activity of the better class of citizens. A strong effort should be made to take the nomination and election of members of the school committee out of politics, partisan, sectarian, personal, and mercenary. So

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important is this work that we may fairly expect to see it command the support of so large a body of our voters, male and female, as to insure success, provided the leaders are reasonably discreet and entirely disinterested. If (as many doubt) it is possible to maintain a non-partisan citizens' organization for the purpose of administering any part of our city governments, it is certainly possible to do this with reference to our public school system. It is a far cry to the time when the entire city government of any of our large cities will be non-partisan, not to say non-political. The most hopeful point of attack is in the administration of the public school system. If the movement for women's suffrage has any sound basis, if through it there is any reason to expect the prevalence of higher ideals and purer administration of public affairs, the fullest opportunity for demonstrating its beneficence is afforded by the need of destroying the pernicious influence of politics in the administration of our schools. If women do not seize this opportunity, if they care not for that function of the government which most directly and vitally affects them and their children, it is absurd for them to argue that their activity with reference to streets, sewers, and state affairs would be beneficial.

Our governmental experience furnishes us one analogy, instructive as to organization and hopeful as to result: it is found in our administration of justice. The highest and noblest function of any government is to furnish a pure and efficient administration of justice. Speaking broadly, we have succeeded in this. We have done it by keeping our judges out of business; by limiting their functions strictly to judicial work; by making their procedure open and public, and thus preventing personal solicitation. These safeguards, with the traditions of a high and noble profession, have given us courts almost always pure, almost generally efficient. The same method must be pursued in the administration of our schools. Next to that of the courts, theirs is the most important work intrusted to the government. The field of their administrators must be strictly limited to educational work; in that field inefficiency and corruption must not be tolerated.

G. W. Anderson.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL CRISIS.

THE same date, April 1, for the first time in the history of our coal industry, calls this year for the settlement of wages in both anthracite and bituminous mines over the whole region east of the Mississippi and north of the extreme Southern mines. No such labor organization as that whose council now controls and expresses the wage demands of over 400,000 miners in hard and soft coal has existed before in this country. The bituminous mines are still owned by many firms, companies, and railroad or manufacturing corporations. In the anthracite region, the consolidation of both capital and labor has come about. Only about 470 square miles in area, employing, in all, 150,000 miners, laborers, and boys, and with a total capitalization of about $160,000,000 in mines, and $600,000,000 more in transport and distribution, there has been in the anthracite mines through the winter a swift and skillful massing of control and ownership. In this area consolidated capital faces combined labor. There remain many figments and fictions of separate individual and corporate ownership; but no one

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familiar with the facts which underlie nominal titles has probably any doubt that the purchase of various coal companies, and the reorganization of various railroad and mining corporations, have left the capital engaged in anthracite mining and transportation as completely under one control as the labor employed in the mines is now enrolled in one union.

Whether these twin conditions, both unprecedented, — the settlement of both anthracite and bituminous wages on one day, and the presence of two opposing organizations, each equally complete, in the capital and the labor of anthracite, — will lead to a strike or to an amicable settlement no one can predict. But such a situation plainly calls for a clear comprehension, by that great body of candid men who desire only justice in these conflicts, of the causes which, in spite of all desire and determination in law and in public policy to promote individual ownership, action, and the free haggling of the market, have brought about these massed forces.

"Two black clouds
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow,
To join their dark encounter in mid-air."

In the anthracite strike of last autumn wages were advanced ten per cent, under pressure of the united control of capital already mentioned, and against the determination of individual operators and mining corporations to contest the advance. This strike and its result raised in most minds the familiar presumption in all strikes, that their presence implies some moral lack either in employer or employed. Nearly all discussion of strikes, in an economic quarterly or in "yellow" journalism, assumes, consciously or unconsciously, that strikes come only when capital is withholding what is not its own, or labor seeking more than its due. If this presumption generally inclines to the side of labor, it is because the continuous experience of the past century has seen the level of wages rise, and the condition of labor improve. The car driver of twenty-five years ago went in winter girt about with a horse blanket, like a tramp. He has been replaced by the motorman, dressed in a uniform, his overcoat always presentable; worn, it may be, but marked by a general air of self-respecting attire. This change, which most people forget in discussing the labor question, extends through the entire range of employment and industry. In France, more uniform in its development, more continuous in its industrial history, and more complete in its records, it is possible, as the Vicomte d'Avenel neatly put it in his review of a century of the Republic, to prove that the capitalist has lost one half of his return in the fall of interest; the landowner has had the decline in the value of money made good by a corresponding improvement in the value of land; and for labor, wages have trebled, and the cost of living doubled, so that the workman was, in France, one half better off in 1890 than in 1790. Thus it is in all progressive lands.

This improvement is generally gained by imperceptible degrees, in the daily haggling of wages. When a strike comes in the course of this uplift, its ethics are to be settled, not by printing a picture of the house of the mine owner and mine worker, but by considering the houses of all employed and all employers; by seeing the strike in its relations, and not in its details. For wages are decided in every calling by competitive prices; and competitive prices are made, not by the least efficient method of production, but by the most efficient; not by the old machine, but by the new one; not by the poorly skilled and ineffective laborer, but by the highly skilled and efficient artisan, who stands at his work with every appliance which invention has provided, and every training in character, in head, and in hand which the education of the day can furnish. These are the forces which make prices, re-

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ducing the price of the product and increasing the wage of the worker.

If the progress of any land be rapid, these changes will inevitably lead to shocks and to conflict. If in this country, from 1881 to 1894, thirteen years and six months, there were 14,389 strikes, affecting 69,166 establishments, and throwing 3,714,231 persons out of employment, this is not a proof that the American employer was slow to grant an advance of wages, or that the American artisan was interfering with industry, and running the risk of losing his wages by demanding a rise. These strikes are only a measure of the rapidity of the industrial march, and of the swiftness with which economic readjustment became necessary. Stragglers increase as the pace of the column grows. Where there are no industrial changes there will be no industrial conflicts, and the bitterness of the war between labor and capital will be in tolerably exact proportion to the size of the stake represented by the aggregate product and advance of the community, the rapidity with which it is increased, and an adjustment of its respective division rendered necessary.

Every new machine has in it a need for such adjustment and the possibility of a strike; every new discovery brings with it potential collision. The box of Pandora held no more possibilities of conflict than do the records of the Patent Office at Washington, — each invention charged with hope and pregnant with strife. As the world grows smaller, and nations jostle one another in the march along the converging paths which are rapidly reaching the same goal, and opening on that broad arena where the final conflicts of industrial civilization are to be decided, these causes for industrial collision grow wider than the scope of a single industry, the boundaries of any land, or the limits of the inventive genius of any people. So it comes to pass that when the transition from wood to iron in shipbuilding brings the keel near the mine and the forge, the shipbuilders on the Thames enter on a great strike which destroys their industry, and transfers the centre of the world's shipbuilding to Glasgow. The gain of trade by Liverpool and other English ports is followed by a strike in London dockyards. The improvement of beet-root-sugar production in Germany brings to industrial ruin and civil revolution the sugar fields of Cuba. The Irish landlord finds himself unable to collect his rents, and forced to accept a reduction of fully one half in his income, because of the fertile acres opened in our West by the Irish emigrant. The iron industries of New England wither before the cheaper fuel and cheaper ores of Western mines and foundries. The buffalo is replaced by domestic cattle over our Western ranges. The value of leather is cheapened, and there begin exports of boots and shoes which throw into confusion the laboriously adjusted relations of wages in the industry throughout England. Each development of our cotton industry changes the relations of the product elsewhere to the general demand. When an engineering strike comes in England, fought out over half a year of industrial strife, as in 1899, the real cause is not a dispute over machines or apprentices, but the appearance of the American product in every competing market, in the very mills and machine shops which the strikers have left silent.

When the coal of Scotland and Wales developed, the mines in Midland England went through the great strike of two-score years ago. When cheap freights made English coal exports possible on a constantly increasing scale, a series of coal strikes in Belgium, France, and Germany recorded the perturbation. As these mines adjusted themselves to new conditions, gained greater efficiency, and entered on a more strenuous competition in the last two countries behind the wall of a protective tariff, there began the series of convulsions in English mining

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wages, twenty years ago, which ended in a "sliding scale" for wages based on the price of coal under the arrangements between 1879 and 1888. These "scales" worked with steady automatic regularity, until our own coal development led to the appearance abroad, first, of our coal indirectly, in the shape of metallic exports, before long to be followed by the substitution of our own coal, at competing points, for the English product, — English ocean steamers filling their bunkers with American coal for the return trip. Straightway, as though one had fired a train, there ran a series of industrial conflicts: the great Midland strike in 1892, the strikes in Scotland and South Wales which followed, and disturbances in German, Belgian, and French coal mines, — all based upon a determination to maintain prices in spite of competition, a determination which the amazing trade expansion of the past four years has rendered possible.

Similarly in this country. When the competition of the mines and the iron-making of western Pennsylvania and Ohio began to be felt in the anthracite region, between 1865 and 1870, it was succeeded by strikes and the more murderous work of Molly Maguires. As the Ohio industries developed, strikes followed in western Pennsylvania. When Indiana and Illinois began, by their opening of coal mines, to derange the markets which had been supplied from Pennsylvania and Ohio, a disastrous conflict followed in the Hocking Valley region. Indiana and Illinois each had its strikes as the region to the westward began its coal development. The mines of Pocahontas, in the southern tip of West Virginia, whose product was scarcely noticed at first, deranged the scale for soft-coal wages, and a strike over five states followed. These mines meanwhile worked with steadily increasing product, stoning, and in more than one case killing, the messengers of industrial resistance who came to them from striking miners to the north, only to find themselves forced to a strike when the readjustment of the bituminous scale had brought into sharp competition with their own product the output of the mines which struck when they were at work, and which were at work when they struck. The bitter and bloody strife in Alabama in 1895 succeeded the cheap freights which brought Connellsville coke at 90 cents a ton into a region which had been developing its own iron industry on the basis of domestic coke at $1.60 a ton. These mines have gained a market in the Southwest, in Texas, Arkansas, and Indian Territory. The mines of these states, whose development is the economic event of the past five years in the coal industry of the United States, will in their turn, as soon as an universal prosperity begins to ebb, cause a series of strikes over the encircling coal mines from Kansas and Iowa to Alabama, which a decade before played their part in precipitating the strikes of earlier coal miners from 1887 to 1893.

Anthracite coal mining, as it began, seemed to be one of those industries in which a fortunate position and the monopoly of product would render the division of a return of the output of capital and labor both easy and equitable. In 1840 the products of anthracite and bituminous coal mines were almost exactly alike, — 863,489 tons for one, and 985,828 tons for the other. But there was this difference: that while the anthracite product lay close to the seaboard, in a single highly organized region, settled by those whose ancestors had come from the mining regions of central Europe, and who had a transmitted tradition of ability and training in the mechanic arts, and were within easy water communication, by canal and river, of the two great centres of population on the North Atlantic coast, New York and Philadelphia, the bituminous product was scattered in a hundred counties, in mines more numerous wherever some running stream and

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sloping adit made it possible to float and freight the product of a mine down the waters of the Ohio, or seaward along the line of the Potomac. For twenty years the two developed and grew, and in 1860 the product had increased tenfold, — anthracite producing 8,513,123 tons, and bituminous 8,000,000 tons; the round figures themselves being a record of the scattered product, difficult distribution, and local consumption of soft coal. The advantages of capital were all on the side of anthracite. In 1840 its proportion of capital was $5 per ton, while that of bituminous was but $2. A similar ratio has remained to this day. At the start anthracite represented greater advantages; to-day it stands for greater burdens. In the decade after 1860 anthracite enjoyed all the advantages of position: it was near the great mass of population; cheap freights at hand made the distribution of fuel possible. The iron of the country was made by anthracite; to-day not a tithe is so made. Coke was unknown.

The war brought a great excess of business in the East, while in the West it deranged industries over regions now furnishing nearly half the coal produced in the country. By 1870 anthracite had increased in product twofold, rising to 16,182,191 tons, while bituminous, which had so long kept pace with it, produced only 14,000,000 tons, and of this a far smaller share represented the use of iron in industry. Profits in hard coal were enormous. The "miner" — who, it must be remembered, was himself an employer of labor, hiring his laborers — made wages of $300 and $400 a month. Generally, wages doubled through the anthracite region. Capital received an even larger return, and straightway discounted the future. From 1870 to 1880 the capital engaged in anthracite increased from $50,807,285 to $154,399,796. During the same period the product of anthracite had advanced only a half, rising to 23,437,242 tons, while the bituminous product had advanced from 14,000,000 tons to 41,781,343 tons. In a single decade it had outstripped anthracite, more than doubling its product, and began to take from it the production of pig iron. The veil was suddenly withdrawn from the great store of coal which stretched across the continent, with scarcely a break, from Pittsburg, across the Mississippi Valley, through Iowa, and on to the cretaceous coals of the far Northwest. The coals of the South, already known, — some of them discovered before those in Pennsylvania were dreamed of, — began to be worked. Anthracite was hemmed in by a steadily increasing competition of bituminous coal, which can to-day be supplied in New York harbor at about the cost at which hard coals can be raised from the mine and loaded on a car. Anthracite coal ceased to be used for steaming, and this size had to be broken up at a loss, in part counterbalanced by the use of smaller sizes, once discarded.

This competition came after, and not before, the over-capitalization of the anthracite industry. Such capitalization is often treated as if it were the fiat of those who issue stocks, or load with bonds a given enterprise; but what is called the "water" in a coal mine or coal road is as much "water," no more and no less, as the "water" in a house which a man has bought on some street for $15,000, and finds, after a few years, he can sell for $30,000. If meanwhile he mortgages it for $20,000 to secure some improvement, and the ebb of population returns it to its old value, he will find himself in debt, and without a house. The Reading Railroad did worse. A great mass of figures defile through its reports, and render its condition the inextricable puzzle of the stock market; but what really happened in the case of the Reading Railroad was simplicity itself. If the man who owned the $15,000 house, which we have just mentioned, were to believe, and the market

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believed, that his house was about to be worth $30,000, and were consequently to mortgage his own house in order to buy another, so that he had two houses, one of which carried a mortgage of $15,000 to pay for the other one, and he stood with a property of $30,000 mortgaged for $15,000, he would be safe if his property went on increasing in value. But if the building of new streets and houses, and the ebb of population from his quarter, reduced the price of both houses, — or, what would amount to the same thing, rendered the rental one half its old value, — he would find himself, after the lapse of years, with two houses, collectively once worth $30,000, and mortgaged for $15,000, but whose rents only barely sufficed to pay the interest on the mortgage, which now represented the total value of both houses. When rents fell, foreclosure would impend, some composition would be made with his creditor, the overdue interest would be added as another mortgage; and not many years of this process would be necessary before the debt itself called for a larger interest than the house could by any possibility yield in rent. The Reading, in short, bet its share capital on the anthracite future, and has lost it all. It may recover it, if the demand for anthracite increases, and it meets this demand from its position as the owner of the only unexhausted supply of hard coal.

Something like this has happened over the entire anthracite region during the last twenty-five years; for the competition of bituminous coal did not stop when it had, in 1880, more than doubled the product of anthracite. The relative disproportion continued to grow. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1899 anthracite had only increased about double, or, including in the figures the coal used at the mines instead of simple shipments, as in the figures just cited, from 25,580,189 tons to 53,944,647 tons, — an advance of a little over double. The bituminous product, on the other hand, had risen from 42,831,758 tons to 193,321,987, or a little over fourfold. Where in 1880 anthracite supplied one third of the coal used in the country and made nearly half its pig iron, in 1899 it was supplying a little over one fifth of the coal, and bituminous was furnishing a little over four fifths. In iron, anthracite had almost disappeared as a fuel; mixed with coke, it made a tenth. During this period, each year saw the competition grow more severe as the area of bituminous coal widened, as its product increased, and as the efficiency with which it was produced grew with increasing mastery of the problem presented by the mining of soft coal. The inevitable result followed. The railroads, led by the Reading, which had bought nearly one half of the anthracite area, hovered on the edge of bankruptcy, and in the case of Reading passed through three receiverships. Under the competition, a perpetual struggle existed between the labor engaged in the mines, the operators who still held from one third to one half of the ownership of the mines, and the great masses of capital represented by transportation companies, whose equipment had been bought and capitalized when it was believed that anthracite had a monopoly of the coal product, certainly of the North Atlantic coast, and probably of the country. To this was added the circumstance that in the work of mining expenses steadily grow. When the profits of thirty years ago were made, a pit of from 400 to 600 feet was deep. To-day, pits are sunk to thrice this depth without attracting attention. As the earth is penetrated, each yard of distance adds to the cost; and no improvement in mine transportation, no employment of electricity, no more careful organization and prevention of waste, can make up for this perpetual drag which yearly usurps a larger share of the profits from a mine whose value decreases with every ton of coal that is

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raised. The conditions which always attend a struggle of this character began to appear. Labor deteriorated. The census of 1890 showed that, of those born in Pennsylvania, 845,000 were scattered over the other states, for the most part along the belt of mine-working counties. There had come into the state 854,000 persons born in foreign lands. What had really taken place was the transfer of the Pennsylvanian-born to the West, sent to the officering of the new mining enterprises of the past twenty-five years, which have suddenly advanced the mineral product of the United States, so that in 1899 it reached and exceeded $1,000,000,000, — greater than that of any other country in the world, for the first time distancing that of Great Britain itself. The places of these men were taken by a lower order of population. In 1870, of the 85,544 foreign-born inhabitants in Luzerne and Schuylkill counties, all but 1098 were either German or English, and 67,988 of the 84,446 left came from the United Kingdom. In 1890 this area had within its limits 142,035 foreign-born, and of these 39,978 were Poles and Hungarians. The abler miner, the man capable of being a foreman or of bossing some Western job, who shared the English or German stock, had left the region and gone westward, and all the increase had been taken by an alien, who spoke another language, and represented a lower civilization and a standard of life less high. With this deterioration in labor there came a like deterioration in the methods of capital. It was impossible for a railroad whose tonnage had increased, while its margin of profit had decreased, to provide itself with safety appliances; and the accidents on our coal roads during the last decade have been the most ghastly of the period. The railroads and the operators engaged in conducting the mines resorted to all those various expedients by which capital seeks to preserve a profit in a slowly constricting enterprise, and from whose temptations prosperity frees the managers, because it never pays to multiply the points of contact between employer and employed, if it is possible to maintain solvency simply by paying wages. Every such point of contact, as every employer knows, is another point of irritation and possible trouble; but the steady competition of bituminous coal kept in progress in the anthracite region the company store, monthly payments, a high price for powder, an iniquitous rule by which the miner was perpetually mulcted in weighing his output, and all the various devices by which dubious profits are wrung through wage accounts, resting indeed on contracts, but whose character is demonstrated by the circumstance that they are jealously concealed.

The specific conditions of coal mining added to all these difficulties. The product of a mine can be stored with economy only in the mine itself. The total storage plants of ten railroads in 1896 were but 4,829,421 tons. Coal must be sold, therefore, as fast as it is mined. Our climate, with its hot summers and severe winters, concentrates the domestic consumption of anthracite into half the year; and under the competition of bituminous coal, used on the very locomotives which carried anthracite to and from the mines, anthracite yearly grew more and more to be a household, and not a manufacturing or steam-making fuel. With economy, the mines could be worked only when their product was needed. The American house, and particularly American habits, lead most householders, wherever they can, to buy their coal in the fall of the year. Instead of running evenly through the entire year, as German mines, in a more equable climate, are able to do, so that in Dortmund a miner is employed 314 days in the year, and in Upper Silesia, where the shifts are least numerous, 284 days, an anthracite miner found himself

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provided with work only 200 days in the full years, like 1890, and in a steadily decreasing proportion through the decade, until in hard years, like 1897, the average number of days in which mines were "active" was only 150. A climate which each summer suspends operations in glass and many rolling mills, and in nearly all work which requires great heat, added to this. In England, where, out of a yearly product of 220,000,000 tons, some 40,000,000 tons are exported, with 10,000,000 tons more leaving England in the bunkers of steamers, and industries can be kept in motion through a mild summer and an open winter the year round, it is possible, as in Germany, to employ miners continuously. The exports of American coal are as yet insignificant. In England, nearly half the product of iron and steel goes abroad; and this acts as another balance wheel, maintaining the constant and steady demand for coal. It is only within the last five years that our own exports of iron and steel have come to be large. It is doubtful if they are to-day over one fifth of the total. The English coal product has been reached through the slow process of development over more than a century. Our own has been expanded in a generation by the discovery and development, in almost every year, of new regions. The result is that the plant of the United States, so far as bituminous coal is concerned, could in 1897 have turned out four times the amount which was wanted, to quote the Engineering and Mining Journal, while the capacity of anthracite mines, about 60,000,000 tons, has been up to a recent time nearly twice, and has in nearly all years been one half larger than the consumption demanded. Nothing can be more demoralizing to labor than an occupation in which work is provided for only one half the time; and nothing can be worse for capital than plants half idle while interest is always busy, and the production, through these causes, of a great swarm of poorly paid labor, clamoring for work, ready on occasion to accept employment at starvation wages, sinking constantly to a lower and lower level from the accepted American standard of life, and repeating on a great scale the herd of half-employed and half-paid men who, due likewise to decreasing work and increasing competition, were at the bottom of the disordered condition of the London dock strike in 1889. With this deterioration in the regularity of wages, in the rate of wages, and, for capital, in the possibility of profit, there came a steady deterioration in the character of labor. Strikes, as they came, bred violence, violence bred repression, and the industrial pendulum swung in dreary beats from the blood-stained violence of labor to the blood-stained assertion of law.

When an industry passes through conditions like these, it becomes the easy prey of statements half true and half false. Mines well managed, where a continuous family ownership or a series of wise corporation directors had refused to over-capitalize the enterprise in the decade from 1870 to 1880, — when all the world believed that anthracite had a monopoly of fuel for all the future millions of the middle and New England states, well situated near competitive routes of transportation, — were able to go on paying their men, running their mines by careful foresight, "active" nearly the entire year, and maintaining a high level of efficiency, of industry, of thrift, and of profit. Mines less well situated, owned, it may be, by the bankrupt company of a bankrupt railroad, bond piled on bond, whose growing interest was adding yearly to an unendurable burden, or burdened with royalties fixed in more prosperous periods, were run only in the few months of the fall and winter in which a brisk demand existed, with labor as poorly paid as possible, under methods by which the unskilled laborer was substituted wherever it was possible for the skilled miner, and

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in which every device in the shape of company stores, charges for attendance, rent for tumble-down shanties, and extortionate charges for the supplies of the miner was used to make a brief profit during a few months, which even then failed to keep on a steady and solvent keel the enterprise conducted after this fashion. There has been no time during the last twenty years in which it has not been possible, by selecting laborers from mines of the first class, to show that the anthracite miner was well paid, prosperous, thrifty, owning his house, and a man to be envied. Nor has there been any time when it was not equally possible, by selecting miners of the latter class, to show that the miner was badly paid, oppressed, left on a half wage, and reduced to a level where moral and physical deterioration was certain.

These contrasts are based on the additional fact that, beyond all other industries, mining rests upon diverse conditions. The depth of the mine, the width of the seam, the rock that must be removed, the expenditure necessary to keep the mine free from water, the character of the soil, the shape in which the coal finally comes to the screen and the breaker, the distance from market, — all these things modify the wages that can be paid to the miner. After thirty years of destructive strikes, the bituminous scale, first begun in 1871, worked out for five states in 1897 and 1898, and still in operation, adjusts the wage for most of the soft coal in the country by adopting a given price, fifty-five cents a ton in bad years, and sixty-nine cents a ton in good years, for certain standard seams in and about Pittsburg. This is the basis to which wages are adjusted over the entire region; so that the man, for instance, who gets thirty cents a ton in the thick seams and easily worked coal of Pocahontas measures, at the week's end has the same sum in hand as the man who is paid twice this per ton in the narrower seam and more friable coal of western Pennsylvania. Such a scale is the basis of the adjustment in wages in the Midland, in the South Wales, and in most of the other English mining districts.

Begun more than once in the anthracite region, it has never survived there the increasing and uneven competition of bituminous coal. It is an attempt, necessarily rude, to adjust the differences between the varying cost of products, and to bring all the coal, so far as may be, to a common value. It has, of course, in this country, the serious difficulty that it keeps running for a few months in each year mines which would be instantly closed if better situated seams were worked the year round, producing coal as cheaply as possible. This maintains the great army of men, 271,027 in number, who, even in a brisk and driving year like 1899, only average 234 days in the year, though the number of days in which they are actually employed on what is known as laborer's work, instead of actual mining, is, of course, larger than this. At best, however, this leaves nearly two months in the year idle in the best mines, whereas the Massachusetts manufacturing statistics show that from three to four weeks is the average in which men engaged in manufacturing are without wages. As exports grow, continuous employment will doubtless increase; but these, in 1899, were, for bituminous coal only 4,044,354 tons, and for anthracite 1,707,796 tons, — in all not three per cent of our total product, an insignificant share.

Of anthracite the proportion is still less; but the experience of bituminous mining sufficiently shows that the problem of labor in coal mining, as indeed does the experience of every mining district in the world, can be considered only as a whole. By steady economic gravitation in every such region, the movement is continuous toward the aggregation of capital, if not under one corporate ownership, under one united management; and the converse of this is equally

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certain, — the gradual union of the men under a single organization. On both sides this brings grave evils; but the only evil which a republic cannot face and must not permit is the manufacture of paupers. The dangers of this product outweigh all other dangers put together. What has taken place during the last twenty years in which anthracite coal has been going through this destructive competition is that, at the very end, during the last three years, an increase of demand, due to cheaper Western freights and a rise in the level of life calling for a better domestic fuel, has brought the consumption to a point where it is about 10,000,000 tons; say a sixth below the possible product. When the consumption was only three fourths of the product, an equilibrium seemed impossible. Now that they are more nearly balanced, there has come about, year by year, in spite of public protest and often public alarm, a steady increase toward common action on the part of the capital engaged in mining coal, bitterly as this has been resisted by the independent operator, who values his independence as highly as any other citizen or business man. Through an economic and social law which has always come into play at other times, and will in this industry, there has, after years in which a division in capital led to a corresponding division in labor, come a sudden marshaling of all the labor in the anthracite mines under one labor direction. This has been secured, not by the volition of the miners as a whole, less than a tenth of whom voted for last fall's strike, but by the energetic work of a small minority, capably led, which worked an industrial revolution, as most revolutions, political, social, and economic, have been worked, by minorities.

The grave peril to which this brings both the state and the maintenance of order can scarcely be exaggerated; but great as the peril is, he would be a rash man who pronounced the perils of the state from the steady deterioration of wages and of labor through the mining regions a danger fraught with less serious consequences to the true object of a state. The attentive reader of the causes which have created the present situation will not deem it possible to dogmatize as to the equitable adjustment of anthracite wages, or will doubt that such an adjustment ought to be made in the light of all competitive conditions, and not on a special plea for either capital or labor.

Talcott Williams.

THE WEAKER SEX.[1]

A PAPER IN THE PIGEONHOLE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

"Wyves been bestès very unstable
In ther desires, which may not chaunged be,
Like a swalowe which is insaciable,
Like perilous caribeis of the troublè see."
The Payne & Sorowe of Euyll Maryage.

"MILTON wrote Paradise Lost to 'justify the ways of God to men,'" said Jack. "No one yet has ventured on an epic to justify the ways to them of women."

"The ways of a young man with a maid, sang the Psalmist."

"Psalmist? It 's Job. But never the ways of the maid to him."

"Yet the subject was not unworthy his attention," rejoined the District Attor-

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ney. "For instance, the ways to a man of his wife."

"Burton has an Arabian tale on that."

"Perhaps; but Christian literature on the subject is lacking."

"It is cheaper to take the lighter view," said Jack. "Francis the First led off with his *souvent femme varie.*"

"*Femme* there is woman, not wife," said the District Attorney. "At best, it is window-pane literature."

"Then take an older authority, — English, this time," — and Jack quoted the motto at the head of our tale. "There the word is 'wyfe.'"

"And the man was a wittol," growled the District Attorney. "Talk is cheap; had he given affection" —

"Men are full of affection; that 's why they don't get married."

"In your class, perhaps, economic independence turns the women's heads — from matrimony. But in the class I see" —

Here Jack's wife had to interrupt; her husband's last speech left too strong a scent for any woman not to follow.

"Affection!" she sniffed. "Yes, for too many. Or, if he has it before marriage," she cried, doubling her speed as Jack showed signs of overtaking, "he drops it with the ceremony! He has her then, and counts upon her loving him ever afterwards, — which, I am bound to say, she usually does," Jack's wife, with a sudden drop to a walk, ruefully ended.

Jack grinned. His wife was nothing if not honest; and if she rather rushed her fences, she told honestly what she found upon the other side.

The District Attorney interfered: "I could tell you a tale about that" —

"Oh, do!" said Jack's wife.

I.

It was many years ago, when I was only the Assistant. You have seen complaints in the newspapers about the evil practice of our office in pigeonholing indictments, complaints. This is the history of a pigeonholed complaint.

In those days I was interested in one of the earliest attempts to establish outposts of civilization in the slums. Some young men were in residence in a house we had hired for this purpose. We were very proud of the map we had prepared of the neighborhood. It hung in the private sanctum of the head brother, and depicted, on a scale of one inch to the hundred feet, the vice and crime of our environment. Our knowledge of this part of Boston was "extensive," if not "peculiar;" for the only tangible result of our first three months was, perhaps, this chart. Barrooms on it were colored red; other houses of entertainment, yellow; and the tenements of the criminal or vicious poor were black. Any house against which, or its inmates, nothing had been proven was gray; but the gray spots on the map were few and far between, and the only white ones were the police station, the society of St. Vincent de Paul's, and ourselves. In fact, the map looked like the Kaiser's dream of an imperial German flag, all red and black and yellow.

One bitterly cold night I started late for home. We had been holding one of our classes, and I had assigned the parts and heard Macbeth read aloud from end to end by Russian Jews. They were far and away the most artistic class we had, and understood Shakespeare much better than our native-born.

It was too cold to walk across the damp and dusty marsh that runs from the Neck to the Back Bay of Boston, in the teeth of that awful wind. A close student of the American climate, I was well aware of what had happened: the atmosphere, which protects the earth like a blanket from the cold of interstellar space, had been drawn away to a storm centre south of us, and the empyrean had dropped through into the resulting vacuum. The

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empyrean is absolute cold. To-night it was a furious cold wind; to-morrow it would be colder still, without the wind; on the third day the vapor would be slowly restored from the west and south, like the bedclothes over a shivering sinner, and our rasped membranes would have a rest.

To-night it was too cold to face the blast that blew down from the unwarmed zenith like a forced draft, and I waited on the corner for a car. "Shiner" Dempsey's saloon was on that corner, — a not unfriendly person, who evidently did not fear that the higher life we were inculcating would appreciably diminish his receipts; called "Shiner" for the freshly ironed "topper" he wore outside of business hours. His business hours were long, as he worked for himself, being from about noon till after midnight; but on Sundays he got away, by force of the law he much complained of. "Sure 't is better a man come in here openly and take a load he can carry, than rush a growler home o' Saturday nights fit to blind-drunk the whole flat up to Monday. It is not that I 'm afther rag-tail rates; for the bottle trade buys that more than makes the difference." Thus would Shiner Dempsey reason with us afterward, when we knew him better. It was on that night I made his acquaintance.

For the car that plies from the slums to Beacon Street runs on a very uncertain half hour, and I was driven to shelter in Dempsey's saloon, as many a poor man has been before me. There were three men drinking at one end of the high bar, and Dempsey (or the barkeeper, as I then knew him) gave the cherry shelf a wipe with his napkin in my direction, and looked at me inquisitively before throwing it aside. I told him whiskey; and even while he was pouring it out I noticed the noisy behavior of the three other men. There was one fellow with a slouchy air veneered with cheap bravado; and then there were two ineffable cutthroats of the accepted stage variety drinking with him. The surprising thing was that he seemed to be drinking at their expense.

Dempsey's whiskey was not so bad, with plenty of soda. I finished my own drink, and went to the window, hoping any car would come while it kept my chill away. The car was invariably late on cold nights when you shivered waiting for it, and early on hot nights when you had to run for it. A loud dispute turned me back from the window.

"Have a drink, — I tell 'ee, have a drink. Dempsey good — hic — feller, Dempsey have a drink."

With the cynical shrug of one who discharges his own conscience, the barkeeper poured a very little whiskey for himself, and shoved the bottle to his drunken guest, who helped himself liberally enough to bring up the average, and shoved it on to his cutthroat companions.

Just then the door opened. I was struck with a sudden shrinkage in the man beside me. Following his eye, I was startled; so, I think, was Dempsey; the jaws of the two cutthroats fell. With the cold blast from the street there came a woman, clad in black, with only a thin black shawl wrapped about her decent, well-worn dress. I just saw that she was fine and straight and sad, while she walked, like a Juno, straight to the bar, straight to the drunken man, and put her hand upon his arm. He seemed shorter than she, as he cowered, and set down his glass untasted. The two cutthroats began to bluster.

She did not deign to look at them, but only at her husband. She was pale, but she looked at him with all her eyes. And by Heaven, if I could see once such a look in a woman's eyes for me, I would [the District Attorney was a bachelor] — I would ask any woman that had it to marry me! But it only comes after marriage, and you can't tell. Well, my heart gave the leap that any man's does

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when he meets such a soul; and as the cutthroats seemed inclined to make trouble for her, I looked at the barkeeper. At the same moment Dempsey took his eyes from her, and looked at me. "Come, Elmer," said the woman.

"Come, Elmer," mocked the first cutthroat. "Come home to his missus. Christ! be a man, Wentworth, and take another drink!"

Elmer hesitated.

"Perhaps the missus 'ull take a drink herself," said the other cutthroat, with a leer.

It was an error of judgment. Wentworth straightened himself, as the woman's white hand quivered slightly on his arm, — straightened himself slowly, pulled himself together to look a moment at the cutthroat who had spoken last. Then he turned to the woman. "This is no place for you," he said. And picking up his overcoat from a chair he put it on, she helping him.

There was a pile of hogsheads opposite the end of Dempsey's bar, that served to partially screen the inmates from the street. In the recess that it made the cutthroats had been standing; but now one of them took a step toward the door. At the same moment Dempsey lifted the hinged end of his bar, and stepped out alongside of me. Thus we two stood across the egress from the recess formed by the pile of casks, and between Wentworth's two friends and his wife. All this time not a word was said; she touched his arm again, and he slipped by us and followed her.

We all looked in silence after them. As she opened the door, her husband was not too drunk to draw the thin black shawl around her neck, though we could see that she was supporting him, as they turned the corner by the street lamp.

When they ceased to be seen through the window, the first cutthroat burst into an uneasy laugh, but the one who spoke last made as if to follow them. Dempsey interposed his hand.

"Let's see where the damned scab lives!"

"You owe for four drinks," said Dempsey quietly. The cutthroat looked at us; but we were both large men. The paying took some time.

When they were gone, Dempsey turned to me. "Much obliged to you, sir. Have a drink on it. Better not go out just yet, sir."

"Do you often have such trouble?" I asked, as I accepted his courtesy.

"Not often. Generally they 're not worth it. But she — Those two were a bad lot."

"Do you know her?" I asked again.

Dempsey looked at me with a shade of suspicion.

"Never saw her before. But he, — he often comes here. I can't help selling him liquor. At least, I could n't" —

I shook his hand. "Good-night, Mr. Dempsey," said I. "I belong to Groton House, just round the corner."

"Good-night, sir. There comes your car; better take it. I don't know them, but they 're a bad lot." And I left Dempsey putting up his shutters.

II.

That night I got home safely, but some mysterious attraction brought me back to Groton House the next night. Or, no, it was not mysterious; it was the attraction of that poor woman's personality. And by that I don't mean face and figure, or even her expression and her eyes, or even voice and manner. It is cheap to grin at a man for recognizing a noble soul, because that soul is a woman's. Yes, Mrs. Jack (I fear that Mrs. Jack had smiled); and no one knows better than an old prosecuting attorney that we do see noble souls, men's or women's, clothing faces. Mere prettiness will hide any youthful soul; but a face of thirty or forty is a telltale thing.

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Well, I went down to Groton House the next night, and told my tale at dinner, over the pie. Pie was our second and last course, and brought the talking hour, like ices and cigars with us. Being men, they did not take so light a view as you did, ma'am; but all agreed that they had met with no such woman. The man was harder to individualize: just a weak, average, vain young countryman.

"Looked as if butter would n't melt in his mouth, did he?" said the Skipper.

Now the "Skipper" was one of us, — perhaps the most successful. So called because he had made a three years' voyage as second mate of an American bark manned by Norwegians and Lascars; and he had seen his chief officer ripped up from groin to breastbone by a "dago" boatswain, in the harbor of Rio. After chucking the dago overboard, to save expense and demurrage, he had become first officer and navigated the ship back to Boston, where he became a clergyman of the extremest High Church order. But though he had a secret chapel in his closet, none of the neighbors mistrusted his profession: he had a roll in his walk, wore a straw hat in winter, and was known to Cheese-it Alley as the "Skipper." No sign of the cloth was about him, the hair shirt underneath the flannel one being invisible. And he was said to be the only soul, policemen included, that dared walk through Cheese-it Alley after dark. Hence it had become his favorite haunt: he went there on his vacations, Saturday afternoons, to see the sport begin; and on Sunday mornings they called him in to patch up the family rows and arrange for hospital service.

"I saw a chap like that, up Cheese-it Alley," the Skipper went on.

"Oh, of course," said the Rev. Septimus Brand. (He was a Unitarian.) "Everything happens in Cheese-it Alley."

"Well, it does," retorted Barstow. (The Skipper's name was Barstow.) "Everything happens in the alley. We had a marriage there to-day. I did it. Father Nolan funked the job."

"You mean he was afraid to go there in broad daylight?"

"No, no, — bless his heart, no, — nor nighttime either. Did n't feel quite sure of his principals. I risked it."

"As justice of the peace?"

"They thought so. Oh, I read the service; they know I 'm a kind of sea parson. Who was your man with?"

I described the two cutthroats as best I could.

"My word, I believe I know that outfit. Regular conventional stage villains, and he the virtuous youth astray. Never saw the wife, though. You 're sure she *was* his wife?" This to me, sharply.

"I 'll swear it," I replied.

"Well, well, don't get in a wax. They usually are n't, you know," said the Rev. Barstow. "Anyhow, there 's no such woman in Cheese-it Alley — or on earth," the Skipper closed. "She was a vision in Dempsey's barroom."

"So you would advise us to" —

"Think no more of her. You may minister to the fallen; but all other frequentation with that sex is incompatible with the higher light. St. Thomas à" —

"Hang St. Thomas à Kempis!" said I. "He knew nothing of the subject. We could help that woman, strong and fine as she is, — help her to save her husband."

"No man ever tried to save a woman but lost his own soul," dogmatized the Skipper. "I never interfere between husband and wife" —

"Please, sir, do come to mother. Popper 's got her down, and 'e 's a-beatin' of her dreadful." The door (we were back in the front room by this time) had opened while we were discussing, and it was a child of nine who spoke, — blue-eyed, freckle-faced, barefooted but for a pair of old slippers, the falling snow upon her hair. The Skipper grabbed

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his hat amid the general laughter, and I followed.

"Family's English," said Barstow to me. "Only three English families in the alley; good class, but they will beat their wives. Now tell me about your men. Both American: dyed mustache on one, other blond and pink-necked — too well dressed for the neighborhood — blond a Yankee, New York finish? — Lead on, Mary!"

I nodded.

"Wait a bit till I fix up Mary's mother's case. Her man must have stopped halfway for want of money. They're next door, but they don't live there — just wait here." We were already in the alley. "In the entry, you tenderfoot." I slouched in the dark entry while the Skipper and Mary ran upstairs. "It's all right; she's still talking. I won't be long."

Talking she was, and so was he, and there were occasional other voices. I confess I passed my time inventing excuses to the proprietors of Cheese-it Alley flats for my presence there. They seemed, however, to pay no attention to what was going on above me; and in a moment the voices ceased, and the Rev. Barstow reappeared with a heavy Lancashireman, evidently Mary's popper.

"You go down to Shiner Dempsey's, and he'll give you one more drink. Then don't you dare come home until you're sober." The fellow slunk off. "Case of necessity," said the Skipper to my look of inquiry. "Like a dose of morphine. He's really dangerous at this stage. Stop a moment, though; his fighting mood may come in handy. — John Dene, this man wants to see a friend. That friend is the young fellow down with two men in that basement next door. You go down and tell him his wife wants him."

It was easy to see the ascendency Barstow had established over Cheese-it Alley. His orders would have appeared vague to a sober man. But John Dene half touched his hat, and plunged down a greasy cellar stairway. Halfway down he tripped and fell, apparently, and broke open a door, for we heard a crashing of wood. "Now," said the Skipper, "you watch and see if that's your man. Stand back there, in the dark."

We heard loud swearing from below. "Suppose he don't come?" said I.

"They'll let him come all right; they don't want a row, and people rushing in on *their* business, I suspect." And sure enough, we heard a low voice in argument with the swearer.

"Can't you see he's drunk? Get him out of here, — let Wentworth go." A hoarse roar and a bang followed; John Dene was getting in his work. The man I had seen in Shiner Dempsey's ran upstairs, and I gripped the Skipper's arm.

"Mr. Wentworth?" said the Skipper. "Your wife wants you. Mr. Lane, — Mr. Lane, Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Lane is a lawyer; but he didn't quite know his way about the alley, so I came with him. Lane'll go back with you. (Make your story up as you go; you're properly introduced.)"

The last words were an aside to me. I looked at Wentworth, and he recognized me. "She isn't sick, is she?"

A voice below saved me the trouble of replying, and I turned to the Skipper. "But what'll you do?"

"Rather think I've got to see John Dene through. I want to get my eye on the two men's game," he whispered. "Tell her simply you came to get him away from them."

Wentworth and I walked off, and Barstow plunged down the stairway. The audible appearances were that John Dene was having it all his own way.

III.

Wentworth was a young fellow, slender, small-boned, freckle-faced, with

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something of the air of the country dandy about him. He did not look as if brought up on a farm, but rather as one who had worn a black coat over his shirt sleeves, done his work behind a desk, and for sport gone buggy-riding of a Sunday. His face was bright enough, with delicate black mustache, and fine if rather furtive brown eyes. I deemed it best to meet the coming question.

"I don't think Mrs. Wentworth is ill," I said. "I saw you the other night at Shiner Dempsey's."

"I remember. I was a bit shiny myself," he answered civilly, with a smile a woman might have called attractive. "And you" — Suddenly his face changed. "Did she tell you? Did she say where I was? Damn her! I'll fix her!"

Any one who had seen the two together might have doubted the possibility of his fixing her; but I hastened to reply: "Your wife had nothing to do with it. Do you know who those two men are?" This was a random shot, but it evidently took effect.

"They're friends of mine, — that should be enough for you, and her too. Who are you, anyway?"

I drew my cardcase, and gave him my card; and this act seemed to mollify him. With a flourish he produced a card in exchange. It bore the legend, "Elmer H. Wentworth, First National Bank, Claremont, N. H."

"I've left the bank," he said, as he saw me read it. "Dead little hole. But it gave me considerable knowledge of financial affairs in that section. I am looking for a city position; and I don't mind telling you I've had devilish hard work getting one."

"I'm a member of Groton House; college settlement, you know." He looked at me blankly. "Our men there were surprised at seeing people like yourself and your wife in this part of the town."

"Beggars must n't be choosers," said the young man, as if in jest. "But stop in at Shiner's and have a drink with me."

He had evidently not been drinking yet, and I saw no way to refuse without leaving him. I confess I had too much interest in Mrs. Wentworth to do that so soon. Moreover, the Skipper had dropped a hint about the two men. Wentworth took his whiskey (I compromised on beer), and I could see it go to his nerves at once. Still we went on, apparently on the same footing.

"Have you any letters from the bank? I should gladly do what I can," I said, by way of filling up the time as we walked.

"No, I did n't ask for letters. I just left. But I know all the boys on the road."

We came to a poor but decent-looking brick lodging house; he led me up two flights of stairs, and entered, without knocking, a back room. I heard, though it was late in the evening, the whir of a sewing machine. His wife rose, and looked at me in surprise; then I saw that she recognized me. She colored, and I felt his suspicions return.

"Did you tell this stranger where I was?" he asked angrily.

"I? No, no, Elmer," she repeated earnestly. I interposed hastily.

"My friend Mr. Barstow — a clergyman — has duties in a place called Cheese-it Alley. I went there to-night, and we found Mr. Wentworth with two men we have every reason to be suspicious of. I ventured to come back to warn you both about them. That is all, with every apology for the intrusion."

"There, Elmer," said the wife softly. She was still standing, her noble presence quite belittling the pretentious young man, despite his entire unconsciousness of inferiority. "I never liked that Sinclair and his friend."

"You never like my friends. What have your people done for me, I 'd like to know? Ain't I got to earn our living?"

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Mrs. Wentworth cast a half glance at the sewing machine, and I felt convinced that, for the moment, the living came from it.

"I come from Groton House, where we are trying to help each other," I said. "I should like to write to Claremont about Mr. Wentworth, if he will let me. Meantime" (I saw the books upon the worktable), "perhaps you could help us by taking a reading and a sewing class there? We can afford to pay a little, a very little."

"No use writing to Claremont," put in the husband. "A fellow must stand on his own merits, in this world."

"You know you are a beautiful bookkeeper, Elmer," said the wife, with a pathetic look of trying to be proud of him. "And I should like a little of the work, for a change. Our sewing does n't take much time, for only the two of us." Her inflection dropped as she ended, and I knew that there had been a baby who had died.

Before I left them, it had been arranged that she should go to Groton House for two hours, three evenings in the week. The young man insisted on coming with me to my car, and talked to me with a show of eagerness of his skill at selling bonds, his acquaintance with New Hampshire savings banks, with country investors. Then I left him, and I fear he took another drink at Dempsey's.

Of course I wrote to the Claremont bank, and got the answer I expected. They had no charge to make against Mr. Wentworth, but had deemed it best to sever his connection with them. And I saw all the wearisome old story: the pretty country girl; the fascinating town bank clerk, with his buggy and his bright ways; the careless courtship and the careless marriage (on his part), followed by the lifelong devotion, so easily earned, so lightly prized. Nothing could be done for them in banking circles without a reference; but I searched for something else for him. And the Skipper and the Rev. Septimus looked after her.

IV.

I am not telling the story of their lives, so I must hasten on to the catastrophe. Winter waned, and the warm weather came on. We found no place for Wentworth, and he did n't seem to care. He began to talk grandiloquently of "going on the road." What line of enterprise this meant we could not see; but his wife was evidently in terror of it. Since John Dene's incursion the two cutthroats had moved, — to some place more recondite, if not redder and yellower, than Cheese-it Alley; wherever it was, it was certainly off our map, for even Skipper Barstow had failed to find them. Barstow, as usual, had become the friend at hand to the Wentworth family; to him Mrs. Wentworth confided her fears, and even her husband confided — his hopes and vainglory — as much confidence as he placed in anybody. But Barstow would not flatter him, and it was evident his other friends did; also, that they gave him to drink, for he came home often with his poor nerves crazed. At such times, if he found Barstow, he was abusive; whether more so when he found his wife alone we could not tell. She struggled bravely; but she showed the struggle in her eyes.

Shiner Dempsey was the man who helped us in the end. The cutthroats never came to drink in his saloon again; but, by the freemasonry of his trade, he was able to locate them, — in the private room adjoining the bar of a political friend of his in South Boston. One night the Skipper came to the house, late to dinner, full of satisfaction at the discovery. "This is in your line, Lane," he said to me. "It looks like they 're green-goods men."

"Counterfeiters?" I said. "You

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mean they had their plant in Cheese-it Alley ? "

" Perhaps not, though perhaps they did. They did n't seem to approve John Dene as a walking delegate. Perhaps they 're only the first fence themselves. But it 's evident they want your sleek friend Wentworth to be the last, — to pass the money. He has a clerkly hand, — perhaps to alter numbers. Yet I doubt if he 's up to that. Perhaps he does n't even know the game, — only suspects it. But when he goes on the road, to sell bonds, what more likely than that he should pass a bill or two? Or he might even sell the original packages, to the people who would buy his bonds."

" Mrs. Wentworth is wild to get her husband into some occupation," I said. " She can read the men at sight, and knows they would use her husband for their tool. Her last proposition was to find for him some decent clerkship, at any pay, and arrange with the employer to increase it by what she can earn from her sewing machine, to make the place seem worth her Elmer's while."

" You may be sure he has done something wrong ; not much, but just enough to make him lose his place while leaving the matter hushed up. She feels the crisis in his life, and would give her eyes to get him on the rails again. And he is just the sort of fellow to make a dangerous criminal."

" Oh, come ! " said the Rev. Septimus Brand. But Barstow only shook his head.

" I know the type, — the nervous temperament, — Yankee quickness, lack of stomach or stamina. He could forge, defraud, commit a sudden murder, — only nothing brutal. He would never beat his wife, like John Dene, though he might, I think, kill her."

" He 's drinking hard ; not, I believe, because he likes it, but to make the world look different," said Brand, with the air of one making a discovery. Barstow roared.

" And yet you let yourself out for a sky pilot! I prescribe one month's course of raw red whiskey, between meals ! Do you suppose men drink because they like the taste ? "

" I do, — I just love it," said I, out of feeling for the Rev. Septimus, who was blushing for his innocence. " And I 'll bet John Dene does."

" Not men of the type of Wentworth, though. He is the degenerate aristocrat, all nerves and ganglia. I suppose that 's what made her marry him. Lane, can't *you* do something? Can't we hand him over to the secular arm? "

" Hand who over ? " said I.

" Him — or rather, them — the two outdacious villains — the impenitent thieves. Can't you work the state police or something ? "

" The state police know all about them. The trouble is to catch them doing something," said I loftily.

" Oh, they do, do they? Then will you kindly find out where the pair are lodging ? "

" I was just going to ask you that," said I. " If you find it out, I 'll have a raid made."

" And have them out of the state. Much good would that do us ! "

" Could n't we then make the Wentworths stay here? Could n't you tell her enough to make her stay here ? If I 'm any judge of character," — I was then twenty-five, — " he 'll stay where his wife does."

The Skipper slapped his clerical leg and said I 'd hit it. That I remember very well. We all agreed that the one thing was to separate him from them, and trust to Mrs. Wentworth's influence.

But the ways of Divine Providence were not then made known to the priest Barstow. Our only comfort afterward was from thinking that we were all in it, alike. Our action had commended itself to the wisest foresight of three intelligent men. Perhaps, after all, our

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action also was in the providence of God; though only John Barstow, priest, could think so, after the event.

V.

The Skipper went back the next evening to the dramshop in South Boston, accompanied by a small boy, an extraordinarily intelligent Russian Jew of eleven or twelve years, an acolyte of Cheese-it Alley. "I did n't like to set him spying on the sly," said Barstow, "so I told him frankly what he was there for. The end justifies the means, and we were trying to 'shake' two dangerous enemies of his dear friend Mrs. Wentworth. (You know, he goes to her reading class, and he simply adores her.) Well, he did better than I dreamed. When they went home, he met 'em outside and pretended to be a beggar; that is, he asked for a drink."

"Did he take it?" "A pretty way to ingratiate himself!" said I and Brand simultaneously.

"That 's where you 're dead wrong. Oh, he took it all right," answered the Rev. Skipper, who was fond of slang. "They were delighted with the way he took it. And there 's nothing so inspires a rascal's confidence as to make him think you 're a rascal, too. You 've observed that in your profession, Lane."

I admitted, but with dignity, that the rascally lawyer often found it easier to get clients. The vulgus confounds smartness with sharpness, trickiness with ability. How else do we find all the deserving poor mixed up with such shady attorneys?

"Well, they thought he was a peach, and let him go home with them. And in the cellar — well, I don't want to know too much, but I think, if you get the lad before your police, Lane, they 'll have grounds enough to make a raid." The Skipper was always anxious not to know too much; he had to learn plenty, as it was, but would no more "peach," after a thing was over and done, than a more Catholic confessor; his mission was to persuade, not to punish. "You 'd better lose no time; see your people at once, with the boy. Meantime, I 'll go round to Mrs. Wentworth and tell her to keep her husband at home to-morrow, at any cost."

This was done. The state police were more than ready, after hearing the boy's story, to make a raid at once. From his description they seemed to recognize the criminals; but they also appeared to be rather concerned for the boy's safety in case the two cutthroats were not duly locked up. They recommended that influence should be made to send him to our best state industrial school; apparently also thinking the boy's talents too great to be wasted in a sweatshop. But Stepan pleaded against this stoutly. The family affection of the Russian Hebrew is very strong, but also, I suspect, the boy could not bear separation from his adored Mrs. Wentworth in the trouble he evidently felt was to be hers. So it ended by my promising to keep him safe in Groton House until the thing was over.

I was busily detained at the office until after six, that night, keeping Stepan with me; but then went instantly to Groton House, where I found things quiet enough, and we sat down to our dinner as usual. Barstow had not thought it wise to see the Wentworths on that day, as he had frankly told the wife that her husband's friends were probably counterfeiters, and were about to be "pulled" by the police. She was coming to one of her classes in the evening; meantime, we could only wait and hope that she had kept him by her, for by that time all would be over.

At seven o'clock she appeared, — earlier than usual, — her worn face bearing witness to the distress she had had. Barstow had cautioned her not to say anything that would tend to identify her with the coming *coup*. So she had had to

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plead illness, and rely solely on her powers of persuasion; and it was testimony to the affection her husband still bore for her that he had yielded to her entreaties on a day which he too seemed to have deemed of importance, for he had become (she told us) more and more nervously irritable as the day wore on. Several times she had to take his promise that he would go out but to return in a moment; and each time, when he returned, he had evidently been drinking; and the last time, about nightfall, though he had given the promise, he had not come back at all. To calm the poor woman's anxiety, I promised to go at once to police headquarters (it was before the days of telephones) and find out what had occurred. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wentworth insisted, she would go on with her class; it would do her good.

"We nabbed 'em in the nick of time," said the inspector at the central station. "Goods was all packed, and they just about ready to go on the road. But there was only one of them the man we wanted. The other was a kind of a country swell, — never met him before. *He* was rather a light weight, he was. We let *him* go."

"What was his name?" I asked anxiously. Could Wentworth, after all, have got caught himself?

"Gave his name as Parker. Wa'n't his real name, o' course. Swore he did n't know anythin' about the goods. I don't know — there was some good bills among 'em. Anyhow, we let him go."

"What did you let him go for? What time was it?"

"Oh, we 'll get him any time easy enough. We 've only just got back."

It was Wentworth, without doubt; and he evidently had failed to inspire the experts with much respect for his powers as a criminal.

"Why did you wait so long?" I asked. "It was only two o'clock when you started."

"Well, we found the goods all right; but the shop was empty, and we thought we 'd wait till the owners came to claim them," the inspector grinned. "But we missed one barrel. It 's just Bowery Dave and a tenderfoot; that 's all he is, — just a tenderfoot."

"What is your man like? Fat, blond, pink-necked, — looks like a prosperous gambler?"

"That 's the feller, — sort o' Jim Fisk type, — Dave Sinclair, well-known upper-class confidence man. Never knew him in anything so bad as this before."

"That 's because you have n't got the worst of the two." And I described as best I could the individual with the dyed mustache.

"Was that the feller?" said the inspector, pulling out a photograph from his desk drawer.

"Precisely."

"I might ha' known it. I — might — have — known it," repeated the inspector, with added emphasis. "And Mac 's been let in again. Where d's the other feller live, I wonder?"

"The dyed mustache? I don't" —

"Of course you don't. No, no; the tenderfoot, I mean. That 's the place to find out first."

I hesitated a moment; then I spoke: "I think I know."

"You know? — Here, Charley!" The inspector rang a bell and spoke through a tube at his desk. "Put two men — Bryan and Johnson — no, MacCann — he 'll be all the better for this job now — in the carriage, and say I 'll be down directly. — Now, Mr. Lane, come on. How d' you know it, though?"

I told him about our interest in Mrs. Wentworth, and, through her, in him. But I made two conditions before giving the address: one was that he should not rearrest Wentworth, who, I felt sure, was not yet guilty; the other, that we should call at Groton House, on the way, and reassure his wife's mind. The inspector demurred to the second; I only wish he had insisted.

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The two men got inside with us (the carriage must look like an ordinary carriage, explained the inspector), and I gave the driver the address of Groton House. I would not let them go in, but hurried in alone, only to find that Mrs. Wentworth had finished her class and gone home, anxious about her husband; Barstow escorting her. I ran down the steps, and made the inspector promise to keep his men concealed (unless the other cutthroat should be found actually in Wentworth's room), and himself to come in as my friend: to both which conditions he (rather petulantly, I thought) assented.

We stopped the carriage at the nearest street corner. (Mrs. Wentworth and Barstow had but just gone, they had told me at Groton House.) Then I led the inspector up the dark stairs of the Wentworth family's last poor home.

When we got to the second flight we heard Wentworth's voice, that of a drunken man, talking loudly, apparently rating his wife. There was no reply. Then, after a moment's waiting, a pistol shot and the heavy fall of a body.

"That 's murder!" said the inspector, as he dashed forward up the pitch-dark stairs.

VI.

We burst into the room almost together, the inspector of police and I. There was Wentworth, crazed with drink, one hand grasping the still smoking revolver, Barstow holding him tight under both arms, just too late. No one else was in the room.

Just too late; for on the floor lay his wife, with blood upon her breast, still breathing, but already unconscious. For a minute (it seemed an age) no one spoke; there was no sound but the hard breathing of the poor woman. Then the inspector stepped forward and laid his hand gravely on the man. "I arrest you for murder," he said.

Wentworth paid no attention to him; all his eyes were for the true wife who had loved him so, whom he had killed. It was terrible to see in his eyes the false spirit leave him, the sober consciousness return. Suddenly he burst from Barstow's arms, and fell, in a storm of sobs, at her side. He tore the poor dress from her shoulder, seeking in vain to stanch the spot with his lips; slowly, pitilessly, the red drops came. "Stop," said the inspector. "Stop; you only make it worse. Come away, you" — he hurled Wentworth back roughly — "and thank your stars if you have not killed her, after all." He went to the window, threw it open, and whistled; in a moment the carriage dashed up. "Drive for the nearest surgeon, — and drive like hell, — one of you; the other come up with me." We heard the carriage rattle off; the policeman came up the stairs, entered, started back as he saw her body. "It is a job of murder, not counterfeiting, to-night," said the inspector briefly.

Barstow, the sobbing Wentworth assisting, tried to lift her to a lounge. "Leave her where she is, — leave her where she is," ordered the inspector. "Until the doctor comes," — this to Barstow, demurring. "Where is the other of you?" he asked Wentworth.

The young man stopped sobbing, and seemed to think; suddenly his frame straightened, and he spoke in a voice that shook with anger: "Driscoll? Curse him! Driscoll" —

"Oh, it 's Driscoll, is it?" said the inspector. "I thought as much. Where is he?"

"Curse him, he left me at the door. He brought me here, and told me I 'd find my wife with the parson, and" —

"And a pretty job you 've done," said the inspector grimly. "If she dies, you 'll swing for it, thank God."

Wentworth tore a piece of paper from his pocket. "After you arrested Sinclair he sent Driscoll this." The inspector took the scrawl and read it.

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"Now how 'd he get that through my men?" He handed it to Barstow, who read it, and sank upon a chair. Only for a moment; then he rose and faced Wentworth.

"You cur!" he cried. "Oh, you cur! And you believed a felon's lie — against — I won't say against a priest of the Church of Christ, but against that woman, your wife" —

"No, no, my God, no!" sobbed the wretched man. "I had come straight from the arrest — she had seemed to be expecting that — Driscoll made me drunk — Oh, God!"

"Ay, he was drunk enough, poor wretch," said Barstow to me. "Read it, Lane."

The message was scrawled upon a bit of memorandum book, and was but a line: —

"D., — The fool's wife has blown upon us. I was nabbed in the shop. Tell the fool he 'll find the sailor parson at home, quietly making love to his wife. They let him go, which is more than she counted on. D. S."

"I went to the house, and found she had been there, and gone home with him. He made me drunk. Mary, Mary, forgive me — for God's sake, hear me! It is Elmer!" The man had flung himself again on the floor, by her side.

"Ah, she will forgive you, but it 's hanging just the same." The inspector seemed to find relief in saying this. Thank Heaven, the door opened and the surgeon came just then.

We left the room while he was making the examination, Barstow and I and the policeman. Wentworth pleaded piteously to stay, and the inspector allowed it; partly, I suppose, to keep his eye on him. He had carefully removed the pistol, and had him searched for other weapons, evidently fearing suicide.

When we got to the street, I saw that Barstow was walking like a drunken man.

"Come to the house! Come!" he said.

We had time to go there and return before the examination should be over. I told them briefly what had happened. Meantime, Barstow, seeing no one, went up to his private room. The Rev. Septimus Brand began to cry. I seemed to have got beyond that, somehow, but the little Russian boy was crying, too. In a few minutes Barstow came down, dressed, for the first time I had seen him, in a priest's cloth. He never took it off again.

We went back, he and I and Stepan, to get the surgeon's report. Thank God, he gave us some faint hope! She might at least recover consciousness; he would not yet say that she might live. He had not ventured to probe for the bullet; he doubted if it could be reached; all depended on whether it had gone downward. Mrs. Wentworth was tall, and had been standing up when her husband fired: that gave ground for hope. Meantime, it would not be wise to move her.

I arranged with him to procure all that was needful; two nurses, another surgeon. He could not tell when, if ever, she would recover consciousness: it might be the next morning; it might be the day after. We could do nothing more.

Reluctantly I turned to go. Barstow would watch until the end. The inspector laid his hand upon Elmer Wentworth; the carriage was still below. "Come!" said he. Then I heard the cry of a lost soul.

Even the inspector drew back; and Barstow sprang up, his face working silently. If such appeals are at the judgment gate, God must be merciful. Leave her? Never would he leave her on earth, Wentworth said. His terror of the parting gave him superhuman strength; he shook off the burly policeman like a terrier. Hang him? Oh yes, they might hang him; he would plead guilty; he would go himself when she died — go when — They might handcuff him in the room, leave a force there.

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"In the name of Christ" — his voice suddenly dropped, in his last appeal, not to me, not to the inspector, but to Barstow, the priest he had wronged — "she might come to. I must speak to her — my Mary, Mary!" He was in tears, and we bowed our heads. "I must make my Mary hear me once more, only once more." He fell at the foot of the bed where she lay. "Mary, hear me! Oh no, no, I will be quiet; I will be still," he whispered, as the surgeon hushed him, drawing him away. On his knees he moved to Barstow. "She might come to; she might miss me; she might one moment be well enough to hear me. In the name of Christ, you minister, I pray you make him not make me go!"

Then there was a silence; he seemed to faint; we heard the sobbing of the little Russian boy. And the white, sweet face of the dying woman looked mutely at us.

Barstow stepped forward, book in hand. "As I am a minister of God, I guarantee him to you," he uttered hoarsely.

"And as attorney for the Commonwealth, I will vouch for you," said I.

"It did n't need you, sir," faltered the inspector. "I 'll take the risk myself. MacCann!" — this gruffly to the soft-hearted Irishman. "Don't stand there blubbering! Get yourself in some room over the way, and watch for Driscoll!"

Then the inspector and I drove home.

VII.

Mrs. Wentworth did not become conscious that night nor the next day. The nurse and a young surgeon were always present; her husband never left her bedside, hardly even took his eyes off her face. He would neither eat nor sleep. Even the little Russian boy could not be kept from the door. But as for the Driscoll man, he never appeared; the policeman kept his watch in vain. Some account of the shooting had necessarily got into the papers, and he doubtless thought it wise to leave the state. The devil had done his work. Sinclair was duly sentenced; neither of the pair ever darkened the Wentworths' way again.

Barstow called a dozen times a day. Of all men, he now alone had any influence over Wentworth. It was through his argument that Wentworth was persuaded to take food. It seemed as if the husband sought in any littlest way to mark his recovery from his insane suspicion of the woman who had linked her life to his.

It was not for the next world that he cared, but for this. Barstow, on his religious side, still made no appeal. It was the one word from the wife, living, that he wanted. Barstow saw it, and, as a man, he sympathized. I myself had some doubts whether Mrs. Wentworth would know that it was her husband who had shot her; if so, would it not, after all, be better she should not regain her consciousness, if death came? I said as much to Barstow; but he shook his head. Wentworth would never believe that she did not know, he said. Of course, from the priest's point of view, she would know; but Barstow insisted it was not from this. Wentworth would have bartered immortality for one more mortal moment with her; and it was strange to find the priest sympathizing.

Morning, afternoon, and night I went there, — three times a day, — seven calls in all. Her condition remained much the same, only with failing pulse. But her husband's life seemed to be burning away, from the fire in his eyes. He sat mute while I was there; though Barstow said he sometimes spoke to him in private, and nothing would prevent him, when alone, from calling softly to his wife by name. After all, perhaps it did no harm.

After all, perhaps it did no harm; for at the eighth visit I was stopped by Stepan, radiant at the door. It was Easter morning.

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"She is living!" he said. "Christ is risen."

The Russian Easter salutation came second in his mind, but he said it (out of habit of hearing, or because his own faith lacked such a phrase) though a Jew. I remembered, and replied, —

"Christ is risen."

"You cannot see her to-day," said the boy. "Nobody can see her to-day but the doctor and *him.*"

"Him," I knew, meant the husband. "Does the doctor say she will get well?" I asked.

"Get well? Why, sure." Then, as if the doubt first struck him, he began to sob. "You — do — not think — she will not get well — now?"

I comforted him as best I could. I told him there was every hope. But in the evening, when I went back, I was told that she had asked to see me. I was surprised, for even Barstow had not yet seen her; only, I was told by the surgeon, he and the nurse and her husband. It was her husband who had seen the first tremor of the eyelid; and after a moment, to make sure that all was really well, the doctor had taken even the nurse away, and left them together. It had done no harm; he had been allowed to talk to her for moments at intervals through the day, and each time she had seemed rather the stronger for it. There was hope of her recovery.

"Much?" I said.

"Some," he answered. But he had not dared probe for the bullet.

I went upstairs. The husband met me at the door. "She wants to see you alone," he said. A great peace was in his face. He went away willingly. It was evident that he had told her.

But when I saw her face, I knew that he had told her more than this, that he had sought to kill her: he had told her that he loved her; once again had he told it to her, in such a way that she believed. Never had I seen her look so happy. By heavens, I have never seen such happiness in any woman's face! I am a bachelor; but I should make a good husband, for I would confess my love after marriage. I believe that Mrs. Wentworth would have gone through it again, for the winning of her husband back to herself. For this was what she wanted to say to me: that he loved her (she did not even put in "now"); that he was wholly hers; that he fired the shot in a moment of insanity. Now he was himself again, — forever. And hers, — now really hers. (And indeed I saw that this might well be true; it was she that had won him now, not the mere instinct of a young man's courtship.) Would they prosecute him?

The climax was unexpected. I stammered a little. "No — why, no — at least, if you get well — or rather — it was only assault, not such a serious offense — doubtless he was insane — I will do what I can" —

"And if I die?"

"Oh, well — then, of course, it might be murder — that is, homicide — if you die within the year — from the effects of the shot — but you must not think of that" —

("By heaven," said Barstow, when I told him this, that night, "I believe she would like to die, while he loves her so.")

No, she must not think of that. She would live, she answered. Of course she would live.

"Elmer!"

She called her husband back. A faint voice it was, but he heard. I saw him bend over her, and I came away.

VIII.

For some days she got better; at least, she seemed to lose no ground. Only, that one day the doctors sought to probe; with rather alarming results, so they gave it up. Still, they offered us every hope. She had something like a fainting spell after the attempt, but the

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next day was better again. It was on that day she asked for Stepan. The little Russian boy was allowed to see her. Otherwise only Barstow; she had not asked again for me. My good friend the inspector had withdrawn all his police, from their house and from the house opposite; even the cynical official knew that Wentworth was ready to appear when wanted.

But on the day after Stepan saw her she sent for me again. Barstow told me she had been particularly calm that day; he was full of confidence; she had even persuaded her husband to go for a short walk. So it happened that when I went in we were alone again; at least, only the nurse was there, who retired, tactfully, just out of hearing.

Mrs. Wentworth's first words were accompanied with a smile. "You see, Mr. Lane, I am getting well."

I could not have said truthfully that she looked to me stronger; but I said I was sure of it.

"It is a long time, a year and a day, though — You said a year and a day, did you not?"

It was curious, her harping on this. "Oh, but you will get well long before that."

"If I don't, though — oh, what would they do — to Elmer, I mean?"

I felt in my soul that they would hang him; but I said, "Oh, you must not think of that."

"Promise me, — Mr. Lane, you have the power, — promise me they shall not prosecute my Elmer for what he did while crazy. Oh, promise me" —

I could not quite do that, but I begged her not to think of such things. I assured her I would do what I could. I told her that of course his insanity would be a defense. I said a thousand things; I hardly now remember what, only that I closed by again begging her not to let her mind run on such unlikely evils. Yet I looked at her, and saw that I had failed to carry conviction to her mind.

"You know, he never intended to kill me. It was a sudden passion of jealousy, when he saw, as the poor crazy boy thought, the words of those terrible men come true. I must tell you: they had worked on him before for this; they had been working on his mind a long time, — ever since that first night Mr. Barstow had interfered with them. And" (this was in a very low tone) "he really loved me all the time. He always carried the pistol with him; it was one he used to have in the bank. It just came into his hand at the wrong moment; it was a sudden impulse; surely that is not really — murder?"

How could I tell her that it was, — that the "malice premeditated" might begin actually upon the stairs; of the legal effect of his going home, with the revolver loaded, after seeing Sinclair's note? I was silent. She looked at me a few moments beseechingly; then her eyes fell.

"At least, it could not be murder if I lived a year and a day. And it would not be murder if I died from something else?"

"Why, no," I said. "But you will live, Mrs. Wentworth; the doctors say so."

She looked at me again, intently.

"You are sure it would not be murder if I died from something else?" Then, as I nodded, puzzled, she hurried on: "Thank you very much. I trust in you. I trust in all you say. Remember. And, whatever happens, you will help him, — be his lawyer, if you can? Thank you. I am rather tired now."

Still I only feared that I had talked too long, and I got up to go. Just as I was at the door she called again, "Remember!"

Naturally, I turned round to look at her, my hand upon the knob. I saw her with a pistol at her breast, and as I sprang forward she fired. Her head fell back upon the pillow. I was too late.

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IX.

The nurse rushed in, and the doctor. I saw them lift her head; I saw them settle it upon the pillow, white amid the beautiful brown hair. I saw Barstow come, and Brand, and little Stepan. When the boy saw her, he gave a great cry; all the others were silent. It seemed that all the world came in, while I sat dazed. But last of all her husband came, and they drew aside. He knelt, and buried his face.

"Oh, why did she do it — she was going to get well — why did she do it — was she not, doctor?" It was Barstow who spoke, in low tones. We now were standing in a group at the other end of the room. The doctor was very pale, and hesitated. A light burst upon me.

"Doctor, did you tell *her* she would get well?" said I.

The beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. "I told her — this morning — she could not live another day."

"How did she get the revolver?" It was the inspector's voice. I turned, and saw that he had entered with the two policemen. It was all so quick; yet perhaps they had been watching all the time. There was a sob from Stepan; the little Russian boy was lying at her feet.

"I got it. She made me get it. I would do it again for her." So Stepan spoke. Again there was a long silence. Her white face was toward me, where I stood; her husband was sobbing, his face upon her hand.

"Come," said the inspector of police, touching him.

"After the funeral, — oh, after the funeral!" cried Barstow impetuously.

Wentworth himself was unresisting. Her hand in his, his dead wife seemed to look at me. Upon her lips I still saw the word "remember."

"Not then, nor now," I said. "Inspector, you may go. It is no longer murder; his bullet did not kill her."

They all looked at me. "I told her so, God help me. It is the law. It was a suicide. For the Commonwealth, inspector, I discharge you from this case."

"I take your word, sir. But there is still the assault."

"That is bailable. I will attend to the indictment. These gentlemen will be sureties."

They were more than ready to go. My work was done. I sank upon a chair. But Barstow, in a clear, low voice, began a prayer. We knelt by the bedside of the dead woman with the husband whose life she had saved at peril of her soul.

In two days we were all at a quiet graveyard in the hills. Even the inspector was there, and Dempsey — Shiner Dempsey — had sent a wreath. Coming back in the train, Wentworth sat with Stepan; Barstow (who had decided to leave us for a Church brotherhood in New York) was talking to Brand; the inspector came and spoke to me: "You are sure about your law?"

"There is a California case — People against Lewis — that quite settles it."

"I hope you won't press the other indictment." I looked at him, surprised. "He has been punished more than we can do. And she died for that."

. . . . . .

"What do you think he will do?" said I to Barstow, pointing to Wentworth.

"I do not know. He has had a good woman live for him — and die for him. He has had his chance."

F. J. Stimson.

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RECONSTRUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Civil War of 1861–65 (the term is used here for convenience, though it lacks perfect accuracy) was conducted in substantial or reasonable accordance with the settled rules of war; and at its close there was a large measure of liberal feeling on the part of the North toward the South, notwithstanding the murder of Mr. Lincoln. This feeling viewed the struggle as one in which both sides were sincere and patriotic (the word is used of design, but in its high and broad meaning), in which both sides were equally brave and devoted; as well as one which had come to pass quite naturally, from causes which were far deeper than politics or even than slavery. While the victorious section was enjoying the first or early sense of success, sentiments of liberality, of concord, readiness to look forward to better relations, not backward to old quarrels, statesmanlike plans or suggestions of reunion, and restoration of old associations, widely prevailed.

Two main causes now came into operation to disturb this tendency and course of feeling and events. The first of these was the existence at the North, on the part of a strenuous, ardent, vigorous minority, of a deep-seated, long-maturing, highly-developed distrust of the South; a sentiment resting partly on moral antagonism to slavery, but chiefly on a feeling of dread or hatred of those who had brought on a destructive, and, worst of all, a causeless or unnecessary war. Not all of those who belonged to this class are to be described so mildly. Some, it may be said, if not many, were really moved by an unreasoning antipathy toward those whom they had so long denounced as slaveholders and rebels. Slavery abolished and rebellion subdued, their occupation was gone; and still they could not adjust themselves to a new order of things.

The other great cause of reaction from the friendly and conciliatory spirit which was the first result of the victory for the Union was the conduct of the South itself. Beaten in arms and impoverished, stripped of slavery, the white South found solace, or saw relief, if not recompense, in harsh treatment of the emancipated negroes, in laws, in business, and in social relations. The effect of this folly was decisive at the North. But added to this was the fatuous course of President Johnson, to whom the South, not unnaturally, gave warm support.

Out of these adverse conditions came reconstruction. Its inception and development into policy and law were not the results or dictates of sober judgment of what was best; least of all were they inspired by statesmanlike forecast, or the teachings of philosophy or history. The writer has recently turned over anew the congressional discussions, in 1866 and 1867, of reconstruction, the South, and especially the negro question, some large part of which he heard at first-hand. It is, for by far the greater part, melancholy reading, — shocking in its crudeness and disregard of facts and actualities, amazing for the confident levity of tone on the part of the leading advocates of the reconstruction acts of 1867, and for its narrowly partisan spirit. Confidence here rose easily into prophecy, and the country was assured of a peaceful, prosperous South, with negro loyalty forever at the helm. The white South was helpless. The black South was equal to all the needs of the hour: ignorant, to be sure, but loyal; inexperienced, but, with the ballot as its teacher and inspiration, capable of assuring good government. Hardly anywhere else in recorded debates can be found so surprising a revelation of the blindness of partisan zeal as these discussions disclose. But

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it may now be clear to all, as it was then clear to some, that underneath all the avowed motives and all the open arguments lay a deeper cause than all others, — the will and determination to secure party ascendency and control at the South and in the nation through the negro vote. If this is a hard saying, let any one now ask himself, or ask the public, if it is possibly credible that the reconstruction acts would have been passed if the negro vote had been believed to be Democratic.

True views of the situation — views sound, enlightened, and statesmanlike — were not wanting even then. Mr. Lincoln had presented such views; but above all other men in the whole land, Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, in his farewell address to the Massachusetts legislature, January 2, 1866, discussed with elaboration the Southern situation, and urged views and suggested policies which will mark him always in our annals, at least with the highest minds, as a true, prescient, and lofty statesman, versed in the past and able to prejudge the future. His valedictory address is veritably prophetic, — as prophetic as it is politic and practical. With this great word resounding through the country, the last excuse for reconstruction as actually fixed upon is swept away; for it could no longer be held, as it had been said by the more timid or doubtful, that the whole business was a groping in the dark, without light or leading. Sentiment carried the day, sentiment of the lower kind, — hate, revenge, greed, lust of power.

It is, however, necessary at this point to be just. Not all who bore part in fixing the terms of reconstruction were ignoble or ignorant. Among them were many unselfish doctrinaires, humanitarians, and idealists of fine type. Among them, too, were men who ranked as statesmen, who in other fields had well earned the name, but who now were overborne or overpersuaded. Back of all these, however, were the party leaders, who moved on, driving the reluctant, crushing and ostracizing the doubtful, brutally riding down those who dared to oppose.

Governor Andrew's argument and policy may be briefly stated. Three great, flashing apothegms summarize it: (1.) Prosecute peace as vigorously as we have prosecuted war. (2.) Inflict no humiliation, require no humiliation, of the South. (3.) Enlist the sympathy and services of "the natural leaders" of the South in the work of reconstruction. To the oft-repeated dictum that those who had ruled the South so long and rigorously — its natural leaders — could not be trusted with this work, Andrew pointed out, with prophetic insight, that these men, if not accepted as friends, would resume their leadership as enemies. Such a vision of the future, such a clear annunciation of truth and fact, fell on blind and impatient or angry minds. The most radical of ante-bellum and war Republicans, the greatest of all our war governors, was struck from the list of party leaders, and reconstruction proceeded apace on other lines and under other leaders. The writer recalls almost numberless interviews on reconstruction with Republican leaders at Washington, especially in the winter of 1866–67, and the summer and fall of the latter year, and particularly with the late Oliver P. Morton. Mr. Morton shared to some large degree with Mr. Thaddeus Stevens the leadership in this enterprise. Against the two combined, no policy could gain even consideration. With Mr. Stevens no argument was possible. His mind was fixed, proof against facts or reason that suggested other views. Mere personal self-respect limited the writer's intercourse with him to one brief conversation. Not one of these leaders had seen the South, or studied it at first-hand. Not one of them professed or cared to know more. They had made up their minds once for all, and they wished only to push on with their predetermined pol-

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icy. The one descriptive feature, the one overshadowing item, of their policy was, as has been said, negro suffrage, loyalty under a black skin at the helm, — a policy which, like other historical policies of "Thorough," like the policy of Strafford and Laud, whence the fitting word has come, brooked no opposition or delay, and halted for no arguments or obstacles whilst these leaders led. The personal knowledge of the writer warrants him in stating that eyes were never blinder to facts, minds never more ruthlessly set upon a policy, than were Stevens and Morton on putting the white South under the heel of the black South. Again it is necessary to say that not all eminent Republican leaders shared these sentiments, though they acquiesced in the policy. Mr. Sumner, it shall be said, did not, and, strange perhaps to add, Mr. Blaine did not; but both submitted, and even advocated the acts of 1867.

Reconstruction thus conceived, thus developed, thus expounded, was put to test in South Carolina in the winter of 1867–68. Passed, as these acts were, in lofty disregard of the feelings or interest of the whites of the South, the first crucial test they met was of course the attitude of those who were thus disregarded. The first force or element to be reckoned with was the element left out of the account. The property, the education and intelligence, the experience in self-government and public affairs, in this state, were of course wholly with its white population. Numbers alone were with the rest. The first registration of voters in South Carolina under the reconstruction acts, in October, 1867, gave a total of 125,328 persons eligible to vote, of whom 46,346 were whites, and 78,982 were blacks or colored, or a ratio of about 3 to 5. Upon the question of holding a constitutional convention, the first question prescribed by the acts for decision, the total vote in November, 1867, was 71,807, — 130 whites and 68,876 colored voting *pro*, and 2801 *contra*. Of the members of the convention, 34 were whites and 63 colored. It did not contain one Democrat or one white man who had had high standing in the state previously. By this convention a constitution was framed, made up entirely of excerpts from other state constitutions, but yet a fairly good constitution in all its most important provisions. It continued in force, with a few rather unimportant changes, until 1897. State officers, under this constitution, and a legislature were elected in April, 1868, and the new government went into operation in July, 1868. In the first legislature under reconstruction, the Senate, numbering 33 members, contained 9 colored and 24 whites, of whom 7 only were Democrats. The House of Representatives numbered 124, of whom 48 were whites and 76 colored, only 14 being Democrats. The whole legislature was thus composed of 72 whites and 85 colored, with a total of 21 Democrats to 136 Republicans, or a ratio of nearly 3 to 20.

Truth here requires it to be said that the abstention of the whites from coöperation at this stage of reconstruction was voluntary and willful. The election for members of the convention went by default so far as they were concerned. They might, by voting solidly, and by the use of cajolery and flattery, such as they later did use, or by grosser arts, from which at last they did not shrink, have won an influential if not a controlling voice. All this is clear and certain; but the fact only shows the recklessness with which the sponsors of reconstruction went ahead. Such abnegation of lifelong sentiments or prejudices, such absolute reversal of themselves, as such a line of conduct required, was possible; but decent statesmanship does not build on possibilities. The question should have been, not, Is such conduct on the part of the whites possible? but, Is it to be expected? No man can say less than that it was to the last degree improbable; it

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would hardly be too much to say it was morally impossible. Alone of all prominent men in the state, Wade Hampton in 1868 publicly advised coöperation with the negroes in elections, but his advice passed unheeded.

But it is not true that Stevens or Morton counted on such coöperation of the whites, or cared for it. It was an afterthought to claim it; a retort to those who uttered reproaches as the scheme of reconstruction gradually showed its vanity and impossibility. It cannot be too confidently asserted that from 1867 to 1872 nothing would have been more unwelcome to the leaders of reconstruction at Washington than the knowledge that the whites of South Carolina were gaining influence over the blacks, or were helping to make laws, or were holding office. The writer knows his ground here; and there is available written evidence in abundance to avouch all his statements and opinions, — evidence, too, which will sometime be given to the world.

No view of the situation in South Carolina in these years would be accurate or complete which did not call to mind the peculiar political or party condition of the white or Democratic population. For fully ten years, if not twenty, prior to 1850, Mr. Calhoun's immense personality, strenuous leadership, and unquestionably representative views and policies dominated the state, — dominated it to the complete effacement and disappearance of all other leaders or leadership. This influence projected itself forward, and controlled the thought of the state until 1860, as truly as in the lifetime of Calhoun. American political history, for its first century, will record no other instance of individual supremacy over a high-spirited, ambitious, politics-loving community such as the career of Calhoun presents. Nor was his influence in the smallest degree factitious or adventitious. It was simply the result of the application of a stern will, prodigious industry, sleepless but not selfish ambition, and the very highest order of ability to the leadership of a political cause. Calhoun led South Carolina till the outbreak of the war, if not through the war. At the close of the war and at the date of the reconstruction acts, new leadership in political thought and action was necessary; but South Carolina then had no leaders. Not only had she no trained party or political leaders; she had no men of single commanding influence. The most influential men of the state were the heroes of the war, who, though many of them able and public-spirited, were none of them greatly experienced in public affairs. The state had its full share of able men, an especially able bar, great numbers of planters and business men who had the old-time training in politics, but no man who could to any great degree mould public opinion or control party action. This fact — and it is referred to here only as a fact — was significant of much. In consequence, the Democratic or white party merely drifted, rudderless and at haphazard, from 1867 to 1874, the critical years of reconstruction.

Here, as at all points in this paper, the writer intends to speak with moderation of spirit and entire frankness. He thinks he can do justice to all parties and persons who took active part in reconstruction, though himself an actor, at times somewhat prominent. It will be for others to judge whether he has succeeded, as he has tried to do, in laying aside prejudices or feelings naturally developed by his activity in these scenes, so that he can see the men and events of those days objectively and disinterestedly.

It is now plain to all that reconstruction under the acts of 1867 was, at any rate, a frightful experiment, which never could have given a real statesman who learned or knew the facts the smallest hope of success. Government, self-government, the care of common public in-

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terests by the people themselves, is not so easy or simple a task as not to require a modicum of experience as well as a modicum of mental and moral character. In the mass of 78,000 colored voters in South Carolina in 1867, what elements or forces could have existed that made for good government? Ought it not to have been as clear then as it is now that good government, or even tolerable administration, could not be had from such an aggregation of ignorance and inexperience and incapacity? Is it not, has it not always been, as true in government as in physics, *ex nihilo nihil fit?*

Added to this obvious discouragement and impossibility in South Carolina was the fact that these 78,000 colored voters were distinctly and of design pitted against 46,000 whites, who held all the property, education, and public experience of the state. It is not less than shocking to think of such odds, such inevitable disaster. Yet it was deliberately planned and eagerly welcomed at Washington, and calmly accepted by the party throughout the country. What Republican voice was heard against it?

But the cup of adverse conditions was not yet full. To this feast of reconstruction, this dance of reunion, rushed hundreds, even thousands, of white and colored men from the North, who had almost as little experience of public affairs as the negroes of the South; and it must be added that, as a class, they were not morally the equals of the negroes of the South. The story at this point is threadbare; but it must be again said in this review that the Northern adventurers at once sprang to the front, and kept to the front from 1867 to 1874. To them the negro deferred with a natural docility. He felt that they represented the powers at Washington, as they often did, and his obedience was easily secured and held. Are Stevens and Morton and their applauding supporters chargeable with countenancing these men? Not by express, direct terms; but they are justly chargeable with opening the doors to them, and not casting them off when their true character was perfectly known. So ingrained was the disregard of Southern Democrats in all affairs that concerned the political control at the South, so inflexible was the determination of officials and leaders at Washington to keep the heel on the neck, that hardly one high Republican authority could be appealed to for discountenance of the class referred to. To this tide of folly, and worse, President Grant persistently yielded; while one noble exception must be noted, the gallant and true Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky, as Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Secretary of the Treasury.

The quick, sure result was of course misgovernment. Let a few statistics tell the tale. Before the war, the average expense of the annual session of the legislature in South Carolina did not exceed $20,000. For the six years following reconstruction the average annual expense was over $320,000, the expense of the session of 1871 alone being $617,000. The total legislative expenses for the six years were $2,339,000.

The average annual cost of public printing in Massachusetts for the last ten years has been $131,000; for the year 1899 it was $139,000, and this included much costly printing never dreamed of in South Carolina in those days. In reconstructed South Carolina the cost of public printing for the first six years was $1,104,000, — an annual average of $184,000, the cost for the single year 1871–72 being $348,000.

The total public debt of South Carolina at the beginning of reconstruction was less than $1,000,000. At the end of the year 1872, five years later, the direct public debt amounted to over $17,500,000. For all this increase the state had not a single public improvement of any sort to show; and of this debt over

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$5,950,000 had been formally repudiated by the party and the men who had created the debt, and received and handled its proceeds.

Prior to reconstruction, contingent funds were absolutely unknown in South Carolina; a contingent fund, as known under reconstruction, being a sum of money which a public officer is allowed to draw and expend without accountability. During the first six years of reconstruction the contingent funds in South Carolina amounted to $376,000.

These are pecuniary results, but they tell a moral tale. No such results could be possible except where public and private virtue was well-nigh extinct; nor could they exist alone. In fact, they were only one salient effect or phase of a wide reign of corruption and general misrule. Public offices were objects of vulgar, commonplace bargain and sale. Justice in the lower and higher courts was bought and sold; or rather, those who sat in the seats nominally of justice made traffic of their judicial powers. State militia on a vast scale was organized and equipped in 1870 and 1871 solely from the negroes, arms and legal organization being denied the white Democrats. No branch of the public service escaped the pollution. One typical and concrete example must suffice here. In the counties of South Carolina there is a school commissioner whose powers and duties cover the choice of all teachers of the public schools, their examination for employment or promotion, the issue of warrants for installments of their salary, and, in general, all the powers and duties usually devolved on the highest school officer in a given area of territory. In one of the counties of South Carolina, during the years 1874 and 1875, the school commissioner was a negro of the deepest hue and most pronounced type, who could neither read nor write even his own name; and his name appeared always on official documents in another's handwriting, with the legend "his × mark." He was as corrupt, too, as he was ignorant. Now, what course a county in Massachusetts or other Northern state would take under such an infliction the writer does not venture to say. He is only certain no Northern community would stand it. The people of this county, one morning, found their chief school officer dead in the highway from a gunshot. Such incidents must lead, will lead, in any intelligent community, to deeds of violence. The famous and infamous Kuklux Klan of 1870 was an organized attempt to overawe and drive from office Republican state officers, and especially negroes. It was brutal and murderous to the last degree, being from first to last in the hands almost exclusively of the lower stratum of the white population. Yet it was symptomatic of a dreadful disease, — the gangrene of incapacity, dishonesty, and corruption in public office. No excuse can be framed for its outrages, but its causes were plain. Any observer who cared to see could see that it flourished where corruption and incapacity had climbed into power, and withered where the reverse was the case.

Gradually, under the spur of public wrongs and misrule, political party remedies began to be used by the Democrats, — a word practically synonymous with whites, as Republican was with negroes, — and in 1872 a Democratic canvass was made for state officers. In 1874 the Democrats united with a section of disaffected Republicans in a canvass, in which the Republican candidate for governor received 80,000 votes, and the Democratic candidate 68,000. Still no great or preëminent leader of the Democratic party forces had appeared. In 1874, under the stress of fear of consequences, symptoms of which were then clear, the Republican party, by some of its leaders, and some part of its rank and file, undertook a somewhat systematic effort for "reform within the party." For the next two years the strug-

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gle went determinedly on, with varying success. Two facts or incidents will illustrate the flow and ebb of reform here. Early in 1875, a notorious, corrupt negro, who had long led the negroes in one of the strongest Republican sections of the state, put himself up as a candidate for judge of the chief (Charleston) circuit of the state. The reform forces barely succeeded in defeating him. Other conflicts from time to time arose, and it was only by a close union of the Democrats in the legislature, and the free and constant use of the executive power of veto, that the reform party was saved from overthrow and rout, — no less than nineteen vetoes being given to leading legislative measures by the governor in a single session. When the legislature assembled for the session of 1875–76, the reform and anti-reform forces were nearly equally matched; the former including all the Democratic members of the legislature, who were in turn heartily backed by the Democratic party of the state.

A decisive test of strength soon came. As the event of this test marks accurately the turning point in the fortunes of reconstruction in South Carolina under the congressional plan of 1867, the story must be here told with care and some degree of fullness. December 15, 1875, occurred an election by the legislature of six circuit or *nisi prius* judges for the several circuits into which the state was then divided. On the night preceding the election a secret caucus of the negro members of the legislature was held, instigated, organized, and led by the most adroit as well as the ablest negro in the state, one Robert B. Elliott, formerly of Boston. At this caucus, an oath was sworn by every member to support all nominations made by the caucus for the judgeships. The caucus proceeded to make nominations, choosing for the two most important circuits — Charleston and Sumter — a negro, Whipper, and a white man, F. J. Moses. Not till the legislature was ready to meet on the following day did the fact of this caucus become known. Every man nominated was elected. The storm now broke over the heads of the conspirators in fury. The laugh which for a long time greeted remonstrance died away, and men asked one another what could be done. The governor at once took his stand, undoubtedly a novel and extreme stand; but, like all decent men who saw the situation at first-hand, he probably felt that sometimes in politics, as in other things, "new occasions teach new duties." He publicly announced his determination to refuse to issue commissions to Whipper and Moses. The wrath of the conspirators rose high, but the white citizens strongly backed the executive, and no commissions were ever issued. The sequel was that, after much loud boasting of their courage on the part of Whipper and Moses, they quailed, like the craven cowards they were, before the determination of the people, and never took another step to enforce their claim to office.

At this precise point came the parting of ways between the governor and his Republican supporters, on the one hand, and his white Democratic supporters, on the other hand, in their common reform struggle. It seems dramatic, almost tragic, that, in a matter of so much importance to South Carolina, hearts equally earnest and honest, as we may now believe, and minds equally free and clear, saw in the same event, and that event a signal triumph over the powers of misrule by the allied forces of the reformers, totally different meanings and significance. To the Republican reformers it seemed a splendid vindication of their policy and belief, — that all that was needed was a union of the forces of intelligence and honesty against the common enemy; to the Democratic reformers, on the other hand, it seemed a final and crowning proof that the forces of misrule were too strong to be overcome by ordinary, peaceful methods. Less

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cannot be said here than that, as is usual, there was truth in both views. There were, no doubt, many searchings of heart in the ranks of each division of the reformers. One eminent and devoted reformer, who felt compelled to go with the Democrats, has left on record an expression of his feelings, in quoting the words of Sir William Waller to his friend and antagonist in the English Civil War of 1640: "That great God who is the searcher of my heart knows with what a sad sense I go upon this service, and with what a perfect hatred I detest this war without an enemy. . . . But we are both upon the stage, and must act such parts as are assigned us in this tragedy." It was the feeling of many before the contest had opened or passed to the stage of hard fighting.

Pause must be made here long enough to set before an uninformed reader the array of forces for this contest, so significant to South Carolina, and so characteristic and illustrative of the inevitable results of reconstruction on the lines of 1867. It has been remarked that South Carolina had no great leader or leaders after Mr. Calhoun. This was true until 1876, but not later. Great new occasions usually bring leaders. At the head of the Democratic forces in South Carolina, in June, 1876, appeared General Wade Hampton, known only, one might say, till then, except locally, as a distinguished Confederate cavalry officer. He had led the life of a planter on a large scale, and possessed well-developed powers and habits of command. Totally unlike Calhoun, Hampton's strength of leadership lay, not in intellectual or oratorical superiority, but in high and forceful character, perfect courage, and real devotion to what he conceived to be the welfare of South Carolina. Not even Calhoun's leadership was at any time more absolute, unquestioned, and enthusiastic than Hampton's in 1876; and it was justly so from the Democratic point of view, for he was unselfish, resolute, level-headed, and determined. He was for the hour a true "natural leader;" and he led with consummate mingled prudence and aggressiveness.

The progress of the canvass developed, as must have been apprehended by all who saw or studied the situation, not only into violence of words and manner, but into breaches of the peace, interference with public meetings called by one party, and latterly into widespread riots. The chapter need not be retold. The concealments of the canvass on these points have long been remitted, with the occasion which called for them. It is not now denied, but admitted and claimed, by the successful party, that the canvass was systematically conducted with the view to find occasions to apply force and violence. The occasions came, and the methods adopted had their perfect work. The result is known, but must be stated here for historical purposes purely. By a system of violence and coercion ranging through all possible grades, from urgent persuasion to mob violence and plentiful murders, the election was won by the Democrats. The historian here is no longer compelled to spell out his verdict from a wide induction of facts; he need only accept the assertions, even the vaunts, of many of the leading figures in the canvass since the canvass was closed.

Is there anything to be said by way of verdict upon the whole passage? Yes; plainly this, at least, — that the drama or tragedy lay potentially, from the first, in the reconstruction policy of Morton and Stevens. The latent fire there concealed was blown to flame by the conduct of affairs in South Carolina under the inspiration, if not direction, of Republican leaders at Washington. No proper or serious efforts were ever made there to ward off or prevent the conflict. Till October, 1876, no doubt seemed to enter the minds of Republican politicians that

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the brute force of numbers would win, as it had won. Cries of distress, shouts of encouragement, promises of reward for the party in South Carolina, now burdened the mails and kept telegraph wires hot. Managers of the Republican national canvass vied with one another in the extravagance of hopes and promises sent to South Carolina. But the forces aroused by ten years of vassalage of white to black, and eight years of corruption and plunder and misrule, moved on to their end till the end was fully reached.

It has often been asked, Could not the end — freedom from negro domination and its consequent misrule — have been reached by other more lawful and more peaceful methods? Into speculations of this kind it is not worth while to venture. One thing may be said with confidence, — the whites of South Carolina in 1876 believed no other methods or means would avail. Their course was guided by this belief. Mr. Hallam declares that "nothing is more necessary, in reaching historical conclusions, than knowledge of the motives avowed and apparently effective in the minds of the parties to controversies." The avowed motives of the whites in the struggle of 1876 are fully recorded. Are there any evidences that these motives were simulated or affected? The policy adopted and carried out does not discredit the existence and force of these motives. The campaign of 1876 was conducted as if it were a life-or-death combat.

Finally, the more serious, most serious, question has often been raised: Conceding the wrongs suffered and the hopelessness of relief by other methods, was this campaign warranted? Different answers will be given by different moralists and casuists. To the writer, the question does not seem of first or great importance. What is certain is that a people of force, pride, and intelligence, driven, as the white people of South Carolina believed they were in 1876, to choose between violence and lawlessness for a time, and misrule for all time, will infallibly choose the former.

The overthrow of Republican or negro rule in South Carolina in 1876 was root-and-branch work. The fabric so long and laboriously built up fell in a day. Where was fancied to be strength was found only weakness. The vauntings were turned to cringings of terror. Poltroons and perjurers made haste to confess; robbers came forward to disgorge, intent only on personal safety; and the world saw an old phenomenon repeated, — the essential and ineradicable cowardice and servility of conscious wrongdoers. The avalanche caught the innocent with the guilty, the patriot and reformer with the corruptionist, the bribe giver and bribe taker. It could not be otherwise; it has never been otherwise in such convulsions.

The historian who studies this crowning event of reconstruction in South Carolina will be sure to meet or to raise the question, Why did Republican reformers there adhere to the Republican party in 1876? The answer to this is easy. They were, most of them, trained in another school than South Carolina. Resort to violence and bloodshed was not in their list of possible remedies for political wrongs or abuses. They were ready to risk or to lose their own lives in a contest for good government; they were not ready to take the lives or shed the blood of others for any political cause not involving actual physical self-defense.

A close or interested student of reconstruction will doubtless ask, In the light of retrospect and the disillusionment of later events, does it seem that good government could have been reached in South Carolina by a continuance of the union of a part — the reforming part — of the Republican party and the whole body of Democrats in the state? Speculation and reflection have been and will be expended on this question, for to some degree it touches a vital moral point. It

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has already been said that on this question the two wings — Republican and Democratic — of the reformers of 1874–76 held opposite opinions. It must be conceded that, unfortunately but inevitably, into the decision of the question in 1876 purely party considerations entered strongly. It would be vain for either side to deny it. Republican reformers were party men; so were Democratic reformers. Personal ambitions, also, played their usual part, — a large one. Instigations to a strict Republican party contest came freely from Washington. On the other hand, Mr. Tilden, who was made to bear in those days so heavy a load of responsibility for everything amiss in the eyes of his party opponents, was specially charged — a charge still current among the uninformed or the victims of ancient party prejudices — with influencing the Democratic party in South Carolina in this crisis to enter on a party canvass on the lines of violence and fraud. The writer thinks he now knows the charge to be unfounded; that, on the contrary, if Mr. Tilden's influence was felt at all, it was in the direction of a canvass for state officers and the legislature on non-partisan lines, and in any event a peaceful and lawful canvass. If there is any interest still attaching to the writer's own view, he is quite ready now to say that he feels sure there was no possibility of securing permanent good government in South Carolina through Republican influences. If the canvass of 1876 had resulted in the success of the Republican party, that party could not, for want of materials, even when aided by the Democratic minority, have given pure or competent administration. The vast preponderance of ignorance and incapacity in that party, aside from downright dishonesty, made it impossible. An experienced or observant eye can see the causes. The canvass on purely party lines in 1876 necessarily threw Republican reformers and Republican rascals again into friendly contact and alliance. Success would have given redoubled power to leaders who had been temporarily discredited or set aside; the flood gates of misrule would have been reopened; and, as was said by one of the leaders of reform when Whipper and Moses were elected judges, "a terrible crevasse of misgovernment and public debauchery" would have again opened. The real truth is, hard as it may be to accept it, that the elements put in combination by the reconstruction scheme of Stevens and Morton were irretrievably bad, and could never have resulted, except temporarily or in desperate moments, in government fit to be endured. As Macaulay's old Puritan sang in after years of Naseby, so may now sing a veteran survivor of reconstruction in South Carolina: —

> "Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
> And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod."

There is an important inquiry still to be noticed and answered: How did the victors use their victory? The just answer seems to be, "Not altogether well," but emphatically, "As well as could have been expected," — as well as the lot and nature of humanity probably permit. Some unfair, unjust, merely angry blows were struck after the victory was won. For the rest, forbearance and oblivion were the rule. Good government, the avowed aim, was fully secured. Economy succeeded extravagance; judicial integrity and ability succeeded profligacy and ignorance on the bench; all the conditions of public welfare were restored.

Of secondary results, it is hardly necessary to this review and picture of reconstruction in South Carolina to speak; but it would be an impressive warning for other like cases if it were added that the methods of 1876 have left scars and wounds which generations of time cannot efface or heal. The appeal for the truth of this remark may be safely made

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to the most ardent defender of those methods. The price of what was gained in 1876 will long remain unliquidated. No part of it can ever be remitted. The laws of human society, not written in statute books, proclaim that wrong and wrong methods are self-propagating. Long before Shakespeare told it, it was true, even from the foundation of the moral order: —

> "We but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips."

Every present citizen of South Carolina knows, and those who are truthful and frank will confess, that the ballot debauched in 1876 remains debauched; the violence taught then remains now, if not in the same, in other forms; the defiance of law learned then in what was called a good cause survives in the horrid orgies and degradation of lynchings.

The chapter of recent events covered by this paper is made up largely of the record of mistakes and crimes followed by the sure, unvarying retributions which all history teaches are the early or late result of evil courses in nations and states as well as in individuals. To whom, humanly speaking, are these woes and wastes chargeable? The answer must be, to those who devised and put in operation the congressional scheme of reconstruction, — to their unspeakable folly, their blind party greed, their insensate attempt to reverse the laws which control human society.

The designed plan of this paper does not extend to any discussion of the always grave topic of the condition and prospects of the negro race in South Carolina and the South. It has abundantly appeared in what has already been written that that race was used as the tool of heartless partisan leaders. As in all such cases, the tool was cast aside when its use was ended. Who can look on the picture, — the negro enslaved by physical chains for some two centuries and a half, then bodily lifted into freedom by other hands than his own, next mercilessly exploited for the benefit of a political party, and heartlessly abandoned when the scheme had failed, — what heart of stone, we say, would not be touched by these undeserved miseries, these woeful misfortunes, of the negro of the United States?

What had the negro to show after 1876 for his sufferings? Merely the paper right to vote, — a right which he had no earthly power or capacity to use or to defend; while, with smug faces, with hypocritic sighs and upturned eyeballs, the *soi-disant* philanthropists and charitymongers of the North looked on the negro from afar, giving him only an occasional charge to still stand by the grand old party that had set him free! To all who feel a real solicitude for the welfare of the Southern negro, it ought to be said that the conditions of his welfare lie in reversing at all points the spirit and policy of reconstruction which brought on him this Iliad of woes. Philanthropy without wisdom is always dangerous. Disregard of actual conditions is never wise. The negro depends for his welfare, not on the North, but on the South; not on strangers, however friendly or sympathetic or generous in bestowing bounty, but on his white neighbors and employers. Whatever can be done to promote good relations between him and his actual neighbors will be well done; whatever is done which tends otherwise will be ill done. By industry and thrift the negro can secure all he needs, both of livelihood and of education; whatever is given him gratuitously promotes idleness and unthrift. With all emphasis let it be said and known — and the writer's knowledge confirms the saying, as will

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like knowledge acquired by any honest and clear-sighted person — that the negro at the South is not, in the mass or individually, the proper object of charity.

And of his education let a word be said. Education is, no one disputes or doubts, essential to the welfare of a free or self-governing community. The negro in his present situation is not an exception to the rule. But what sort of education does he need? Primarily, and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand, he does not need, in any proper sense of the words, literary, scientific, or what we call the higher education. It is not too much to say that, up to this time, a great amount of money and effort has been worse than wasted on such education, or attempts at such education, of the negro. To an appreciable extent, it has been a positive evil to him. Give him, or rather stimulate him to provide for himself, education suited to his condition: to wit, abundant training in the three R's; and after that, skill in handicraft, in simple manual labor of all kinds, which it is his lot to do, — lot fixed not by us, but by powers above us. If there be aspiring spirits in the race, capable of better things, this is the soil from which they may rise, rather than from hotbeds or forcing grounds, — the so-called negro colleges and universities now existing in the South. Beyond this, let the negro be taught, early and late, in schools and everywhere, thrift, pecuniary prudence and foresight, the duty, the foremost duty, of getting homes, property, land, or whatever constitutes wealth in his community. Above all things, let him be taught that his so-called rights depend on himself alone. Tell him, compel him by iteration to know, that no race or people has ever yet long had freedom unless it was won and kept by itself; won and kept by courage, by intelligence, by vigilance, by prudence. Having done this, let Northern purses be closed; let sympathy and bounty be bestowed, if anywhere, upon far less favored toilers nearer home, and leave the negro to work out his own welfare, unhelped and unhindered. If these simple methods are adopted and rigorously observed, the negro problem at our South will tend toward solution, and the flood of ills flowing from reconstruction as imposed from without will at last be stayed; and they can be stayed in no other ways. Constitutional limits of aid by legislation have already been reached and overpassed. Rights, to be secure, must, in the last resort, rest on stronger supports than constitutions, statutes, or enrolled parchments. Self-government under constitutions presupposes a firm determination, and mental, moral and physical capacity, ready and equal to the defense of rights. Neither the negro nor the white man can have them on other terms.

Daniel H. Chamberlain.

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PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART SIXTH.

XXVI.

"There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

THE OLD HALL, DEVORGILLA,
Vale of the Boyne.

WE have now lived in each of Ireland's four provinces, Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught; but ages ago, Tuathal the Legitimate cut a portion from each of these and made a fifth, which was called Royal Meath. The division no longer exists, but in the midst of what was that most kingly territory, with the good republican's love of royal institutions, we have established ourselves.

The Old Hall, from which I write, is somewhere in the vale of the Boyne, somewhere near Yellow Steeple, not so far from Treadagh, only a few miles from Ballybilly (I hope to be forgiven this irreverence to the glorious memory of his Majesty, William, Prince of Orange!), and within driving distance of Killkienan, Croagh-Patrick, Domteagh, and Tara Hill itself. If you know your Royal Meath, these geographical suggestions will give you some idea of our location; if not, take your map of Ireland, please (a thing nobody has near him), and find the town of Tuam, where you left us a little time ago. You will see a railway line from Tuam to Athenry, Athlone, and Mullingar. Anybody can visit Mullingar, — it is for the million; but only the elect may go to Devorgilla. It is the captive of our bow and spear; or, to change the figure, it is a violet by a mossy stone, which we refuse to have plucked from its poetic solitude and worn in the bosom or in the buttonhole of the tourist.

At Mullingar, then, we slip on enchanted garments which conceal us from the casual eye, and disappear into what is, in midsummer, a bower of beauty. There you will find, when you find us, Devorgilla, lovely enough to be Tir-nan-og, that Land of the Ever Youthful well known to the Celts of long ago. Here we have rested our weary bodies and purified our travel-stained minds. Fresh from the poverty-ridden hillsides of Connaught, these rich grazing lands, comfortable houses, magnificent demesnes and castles, are unspeakably grateful to the eye and healing to the spirit. We have not forgotten, shall never forget, our Connemara folk, nor yet Omadhaun Pat and dark Timsy of Lisdara in the north; but it is good, for a change, to breathe in this sense of general comfort, good cheer, and abundance.

Benella is radiant, for she is near enough to Trim to go there occasionally to seek for traces of her ancestress, Mary Boyce; and as for Salemina, this bit of country is a Mecca for antiquaries and scholars, and we are fairly surrounded by towers, tumuli, and cairns. Added to these advantages of position, we are within a few miles of Rosnaree, Dr. La Touche's demesne, to which he comes home from Dublin to-morrow, bringing with him our dear Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun of Ardnagreena. We have been here ourselves for ten days, and are flattered to think that we have used the time as unconventionally as we could well

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have done. There are many parts of Ireland where one could not find a habitable house to rent, but in this locality they are numerous enough to make it possible to choose. We had driven over perhaps twenty square miles of country, with the view of selecting the most delectable spot that could be found, without going too far from Rosnaree. The chief trouble was that we always desired every dwelling that we saw. I tell you this with a view of lessening the shock when I confess that, before we rented the Old Hall where we are now settled for a month, we took three different houses, and lived in them for seven days, each in solitary splendor, like the Prince of Coolavin. It was not difficult to agree upon the district. The moment that we passed the town and drove along the flowery way that leads to Devorgilla, we knew that it was the road of destiny.

The white thorn is very late this year, and we found ourselves in the full glory of it. It is beautiful in all its stages, from the time when it first opens its buds, to the season when "every spray is white with May, and blooms the eglantine." Do not imagine, however, that we are all in white, like a bride: there is the pink hawthorn, and there are pink and white horsechestnuts laden with flowers, yellow laburnums hanging over whitewashed farm buildings, lilacs, and, most wonderful of all, the blaze of the yellow gorse. There will be a thorn hedge struggling with and conquering a gray stone wall; then a golden gorse bush struggling with and conquering the thorn; seeking the sun, it knows no restraints, and creeping through the barriers of green and white and gray, it fairly hurls its yellow splendors in great blazing patches along the wayside. In dazzling glory, in richness of color, there is nothing in nature that we can compare with this loveliest and commonest of all wayside weeds. The gleaming wealth of the Klondike would make but a poor showing beside a single Irish hedgerow; one would think that Mother Earth had stored in her bosom all the sunniest gleams of bygone summers, and was now giving them back to the sun king from whom she borrowed them.

It was at twilight when we first swam this fragrant golden sea, — twilight, and the birds were singing in every bush; the thrushes and blackbirds in the blossoming cherry and chestnut trees were so many and so tuneful that the chorus was sweet and strong beyond anything I ever heard.

"I did not believe such a thing possible, but it is lovelier than Pettybaw," said Francesca; and just here we came in sight of a pink cottage cuddling on the breast of a hill. Pink the cottage was, as if it had been hewed out of a coral branch or the heart of a salmon; pink-washed were the stone walls and posts; pink even were the chimneys; a green lattice over the front was the only leaf in the bouquet. Wallflowers grew against the pink stone walls, and there is no beautiful word in any beautiful language that can describe the effect of that modest rose-hued cottage, blushing against a background of heather-brown hills covered solidly with golden gorse bushes in full bloom. Himself and I have always agreed to spend our anniversaries with Mrs. Bobby at Comfort Cottage, in England, or at Bide-a-Wee, the "wee theekit hoosie" in the loaning at Pettybaw, for our little love story was begun in the one, and carried on in the other; but this, this, I thought instantly, must somehow be crowded into the scheme of red-letter days. And now we suddenly discovered something at once interesting and disconcerting, — an American flag floating from a tree in the background.

"The place is rented, then," said Francesca, "to some enterprising American or some star-spangled Irishman who has succeeded in discovering Devorgilla before us. I well understand how

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the shade of Columbus must feel whenever Amerigo Vespucci's name is mentioned!"

We sent the driver off to await our pleasure, and held a consultation in the road.

"I shall call, at any rate," I announced; "any excuse will serve which brings me nearer to that adorable dwelling. I intend to be standing in that pink doorway, with that green lattice over my head, when Himself arrives in Devorgilla. I intend to end my days within those rosy walls, and to begin the process at the earliest possible moment."

Salemina disapproved, of course. Her method is always to stand well in the rear, trembling beforehand lest I should do something unconventional; then, later on, when things romantic begin to transpire, she says delightedly, "Was n't that clever of us?"

"An American flag," I urged, "is a proclamation; indeed, it is, in a sense, an invitation; besides, it is my duty to salute it in a foreign land!"

"Patriotism, how many sins are practiced in thy name!" said Salemina satirically. "Can't you salute your flag from the highroad?"

"Not properly, Sally dear, nor satisfactorily. So you and Francesca sit down, timidly and respectably, under the safe shadow of the hedge, while I call upon the blooming family in the darling blooming house. I am an American artist, lured to their door alike by devotion to my country's flag and love of the picturesque." And so saying I ascended the path with some dignity and a false show of assurance.

The circumstances did not chance to be precisely what I had expected. There was a nice girl tidying the kitchen, and I found no difficulty in making friends with her. Her mother owned the cottage, and rented it every season to a Belfast lady, who was coming in a week to take possession, as usual. The American flag had been floating in honor of her mother's brother, who had come over from Milwaukee to make them a little visit, and had just left that afternoon to sail from Liverpool. The rest of the family lived, during the three summer months, in a smaller cottage down the road; but she herself always stayed at the cottage, to "mind" the Belfast lady's children.

When I looked at the pink floor of the kitchen and the view from the windows, I would have given anything in the world to outbid, yes, even to obliterate the Belfast lady; but this, unfortunately, was impossible. So, calling the mother in from the stables, I succeeded, after fifteen minutes' persuasion, in getting permission to occupy the house for one week, beginning with the next morning, and returned in triumph to my weary family, who thought it an insane idea.

"Of course it is," I responded cheerfully: "that is why it is going to be so altogether charming. Don't be envious; I will find something mad for you to do, too. One of us is always submitting to the will of the majority; now let us be as individually silly as we like for a week, and then take a long farewell of freakishness and freedom. Let the third volume die in lurid splendor, since there is never to be a fourth."

"There is still Wales," suggested Francesca.

"Too small, Fanny dear, and we could never pronounce the names. Besides, what sort of adventures would be possible to three — I mean, of course, two — persons tied down by marital responsibilities and family cares? Is it the sunset or the reflection of the pink house that is shining on your pink face, Salemina?"

"I am extremely warm," she replied haughtily.

"I don't wonder; sitting on the damp grass under a hedge is so stimulating to the circulation!" observed "young Miss Fan."

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XXVII.

"Have you been at Devorgilla,
Have you seen, at Devorgilla,
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain, —
The lovely maids of Devorgilla?"

The next morning the Old Hall dropped like a ripe rowan berry into our very laps. The landlord of the Shamrock Inn directed us thither, and within the hour it belonged to us for the rest of the summer. It had never been rented before; but Miss Llewellyn-Joyce, the owner, had suddenly determined to visit her sister in London, and was glad to find appreciative and careful tenants. She was taking her own maid with her, and thus only one servant remained, to be rented with the premises, as is frequently the Irish fashion. The Old Hall has not always been managed thus economically, it is easy to see, and Miss Llewellyn-Joyce speaks with the utmost candor of her poverty, as indeed the ruined Irish gentry always do. The Hall has a lodge, which is a sort of miniature Round Tower, at the entrance gate, and we see nothing for it but to import a brass-buttoned boy from the nearest metropolis, where we must also send for a second maid.

"That 'll do when you get him," objected Benella, "though boys need a lot of overseeing; but as nobody can get in or come out o' that gate without help, I shall have to go to the lodge every day now, and set down there with my sewin' from four to six in the afternoon, or whenever the callin' hours is. When I engaged with you, it was n't for any particular kind of work; it was to make myself useful. I 've been errand boy and courier, golf caddie and footman, beau, cook, land agent, and mother to you all, and I guess I can be a lodge keeper as well as not."

Francesca had her choice of residing either with Salemina or with me, and drove in my company to Rosaleen Cottage, to make up her mind. While she was standing at my gate, engaged in contemplation, she espied a small cabin not far away, and walked toward it on a tour of investigation. It proved to have three tiny rooms, — a bedroom, sitting room, and kitchen. The rent was only two pounds a month, it is true, but it was in all respects the most unattractive, poverty-stricken, undesirable dwelling I ever saw. It was the small stove in the kitchen that kindled Francesca's imagination, and she made up her mind instantly to become a householder on her own account. I tried to dissuade her; but she is as firm as the Rock of Cashel when once she has set her heart upon anything.

"I shall be almost your next-door neighbor, Penelope," she coaxed, "and of course you will give me Benella. She will sleep in the sitting room, and I will do the cooking; the landlady says there is no trouble about food. 'What to ate?' she exclaimed, leaning out sociably over the half-door. 'Sure it 'll drive up to your very doore jist.' And here is the 'wee grass,' as she calls it, where 'yous can take your tay' under the Japanese umbrella left by the last tenant. Think how unusual it will be for us to live in three different houses for a week; for 'there 's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More.' We shall have the advantages of good society, too, when we are living apart, for I foresee entertainment after entertainment. We will give breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and dinners to one another; and meanwhile I shall have learned all the housewifely arts. Think, too, how much better you can paint with me out of your way!"

"Very well, live in your wee hut, then, if you can persuade Benella to stay with you," I rejoined; "but I think there would best be no public visiting between you and those who live in Rosaleen Cottage and the Old Hall, as it might ruin their social position."

Benella confessed that she had not

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the heart to refuse Francesca anything. "She 's too handsome," she said, "and too winnin'. I s'pose she 'll cook up some dreadful messes, but I 'm willin' to eat 'em, to oblige her, and perhaps it 'll save her husband a few spells of dyspepsy at the start; though as far as my experience goes, ministers 'll always eat anything that 's set before 'em, and look over their shoulders for more."

We had a heavenly week of silliness, and by dint of concealing our real relations from the general public I fancy we escaped harsh criticism. Miss Monroe gave the most successful afternoon tea of all, on the "wee grass," under the Japanese umbrella. How unexpectedly good were her scones, her tea-cakes, and her cress sandwiches, and how pretty and graceful and womanly she was, all flushed with pride at our envy and approbation! Benella, I fancy, never had so varied a week in her life, and she was in her element. We were obliged to hire a side car by the day, as two of our residences were over a mile apart; and the driver of that vehicle was the only person, I think, who had any suspicion of our sanity. In the intervals of teaching Francesca cooking, and eating the results, while the cook herself prudently lunched or dined with her friends, Benella "spring-cleaned" the lodge at the Old Hall, scrubbed the gateposts, mended stone walls, weeded garden beds, made bags for the brooms and dusters and mattresses, burned coffee and camphor and other ill-smelling things in all the rooms, and devoted considerable time to superintending my little maid, that I might not feel neglected. We were naturally obliged, meanwhile, to wait upon ourselves and keep our frocks in order; but as long as the Derelict was so busy and happy, and so devoted to the universal good, it would have been churlish and ungrateful to complain.

On leaving the Wee Hut, as Francesca had, with ostentatious modesty, named her residence, she paid her landlady two pounds, and was discomfited when the worthy woman embraced her in a paroxysm of weeping gratitude.

"I cannot understand, Penelope, why she was so disproportionately grateful, for I only gave her five shillings over the two pounds rent."

"Yes, dear," I responded dryly; "but you remember that the rent was for the month, and you paid her two pounds five shillings for the week."

All the rest of that day Francesca was angelic. She brought footstools for Salemina, wound wool for her, insisted upon washing my paint brushes, read aloud to us while we were working, and offered to be the one to discharge Benella if the awful moment for that surgical operation should ever come. Finally, just as we were about to separate for the night, she said, with insinuating sweetness, "You won't tell Ronald about my mistake with the rent money, will you, dearest and darlingest girls?"

We are now quite ready to join in all the gayeties that may ensue when Rosnaree welcomes its owner and his guests. Our page in buttons at the lodge gives Benella full scope for her administrative ability, which seems to have sprung into being since she entered our service; at least, if I except that evidence of it which she displayed in managing us when first we met. She calls our page "the Button Boy," and makes his life a burden to him by taking him away from his easy duties at the gate, covering his livery with baggy overalls, and setting him to weed the garden. The Old Hall used simply to be called "Aunt David's house" by the Welsh Joyces, and it was Aunt David who made the garden; she who traced the lines of the flower beds with the ivory tip of her parasol; she who planned the quaint stone gateways and arbors and hedge seats; she who devised the interminable stretches of paths, the labyrinthine walks, the mazes, and the hidden flower plots. You walk on and on between

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high hedges, until, if you have not missed your way, you presently find a little pansy or rose or lily garden. It is quite the most unexpected and piquant method of laying out a place I have ever seen; and the only difficulty about it is that any gardener, unless he were possessed of unusual sense of direction, would be continually astray in it. The Button Boy, obeying the laws of human nature, is lost in two minutes, but requires two hours in which to find himself. Benella suspects that he prefers this wandering to and fro to the more monotonous task of weeding, and it is no uncommon thing for her to pursue the recalcitrant page through the mazes and labyrinths for an hour at a time, and perhaps lose herself in the end. Salemina and I were sitting this morning in the Peacock Walk, where two trees clipped into the shape of long-tailed birds mount guard over the box hedge, and put their beaks together to form an arch. In the dim distance we could see Benella "bagging" the Button Boy, and, after putting the trowel and rake in his reluctant hands, tying the free end of a ball of string to his leg, and sending him to find and weed the pansy garden. We laughed until the echoes rang, to see him depart, dragging his lengthening chain, or his Ariadne thread, behind him, while Benella grimly held the ball, determined that no excuses or apologies should interfere with his work on this occasion.

XXVIII.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the cool, calm eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining."

A Dublin car driver told me, one day, that he had just taken a picnic party to the borders of a lake, where they had had tea in a tram car which had been placed there for such purposes. Francesca and I were amused at the idea, but did not think of it again until we drove through the La Touche estate, on one of the first days after our arrival at Devorgilla. We left Salemina at Rosnaree House with Aunt La Touche and the children, and proceeded to explore the grounds, with the view of deciding on certain improvements to be made when the property passes, so to speak, into our hands.

Truth to say, nature has done more for it than we could have done; and if it is a trifle overgrown and rough and rank, it could hardly be more beautiful. At the very farthest confines of the demesne there is a brook, — large enough, indeed, to be called a river here. Tall trees droop over the calm water, and on its margins grow spearwort, opening its big yellow cups to the sunshine, meadow rue, purple and yellow loosestrife, bog bean, and sweet flag. Here and there float upon the surface the round leaves and delicate white blossoms of the frogbit, together with lilies, pondweeds, and water starworts.

"What an idyllic place to sit and read, or sew, or have tea!" exclaimed Francesca.

"What a place for a tram tea-house!" I added. "Do you suppose we could manage it as a surprise to Dr. La Touche, in return for all his kindness?"

"It would cost a pretty penny, I fear," said Francesca prudently, "but it is n't as if it were going out of the family. Now that there is no longer any need for you to sell pictures, I suppose you could dash off one in an hour or two that would buy a tram; and papa cabled me yesterday, you know, to draw on him freely. I used to think, whenever he said that, that he would marry again within the week; but I did him injustice. A tram tea-house by the river, — would n't it be unique? Do let us see what we can do about it through some of our Dublin acquaintances."

The plan proved unexpectedly easy to carry out, and not ruinously extrava-

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gant, either; for our friend the American consul knew the principal director in a tram company, and a dilapidated and discarded car was sent to us in a few days. There were certain moments — once when we saw that it had not been painted for twenty years, once when the freight bill was handed us, and again when we contracted for the removal of our gift from the station to the river bank — when we regretted the fertility of imagination that had led us to these lengths; but when we finally saw the car by the water side, there was no room left for regret. Benella said that, with the assistance of the Button Boy, she could paint it easily herself; but we engaged an expert, who put on a coat of dark green very speedily, and we consoled the Derelict with the suggestion that she cover the cushions and transform the interior.

All this happened some little time ago. Dr. La Touche has been at home for a fortnight, and we have had to use the greatest ingenuity to keep people away from that particular spot, which, fortunately for us, is a secluded one. All is ready now, however, and the following cards of invitation have been issued: —

The honor of your presence
is requested at the
Opening of the New Tea Tram
On the River Bank, Rosnaree Desmesne,
Wednesday, June 27th, at 4 p. m.
The ceremony will be performed by
H. R. H. Salemina Peabody.
The Bishop of Ossory in the Chair.

I have just learned that a certain William Beresford was Bishop of Ossory once on a time, and I intend to personate this dignitary, clad in Dr. La Touche's cap and gown. We spent this sunny morning by the river bank; Francesca hemming the last of the yellow window curtains, and I making souvenir programmes for the great occasion. Salemina had gone for the day with the Colquhouns and Dr. La Touche to lunch with some people near Kavan.

"Is she in love with Dr. Gerald?" asked Francesca suddenly, looking up from her work. "Was she ever in love with him? She must have been, must n't she? I cannot and will not entertain any other conviction."

"I don't know, my dear," I answered thoughtfully, pausing over an initial letter I was illuminating; "but I can't imagine what we shall do if we have to tear down our sweet little romance, bit by bit, and leave the stupid couple sitting in the ruins. They enjoy ruins far too well already, and it would be just like their obstinacy to go on sitting in them."

"And they are so incredibly slow about it all," Francesca commented. "It took me about two minutes, at Lady Baird's dinner where I first met Ronald, to decide that I would marry him as soon as possible. When a month had gone by, and he had n't asked me, I thought, like Beatrice, that I 'd as lief be wooed of a snail."

"I was not quite so expeditious as you," I confessed, "though I believe Himself says that his feeling was instantaneous. I never cared for anything but painting before I met him, so I never chanced to suffer any of those pangs that lovelorn maidens are said to feel when the beloved delays his avowals."

"The lack of positive information makes one so impatient," Francesca went on. "I am sure he is as fond of her as ever; but if she refused him when he was young and handsome, with every prospect of a brilliant career before him, perhaps he thinks he has even less chance now. He was the first to forget their romance, and the one to marry; his estates have been wasted by his father's legal warfares, and he has been an unhappy and a disappointed man. Now he has to beg her to heal his wounds, as it were, and to accept the care and responsibility of his children."

"It is very easy to see that we are not the only ones who suspect his senti-

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ments," I said, smiling at my thoughts. "Mrs. Colquhoun told me that she and Salemina stopped at one of the tenants' cabins, the other day, to leave some small comforts that Dr. La Touche had sent to a sick child. The woman thanked Salemina, and Mrs. Colquhoun heard her say, 'When a man will stop, coming in the doore, an' stoop down to give a sthroke and a scratch to the pig's back, depend on it, ma'am, him that 's so friendly with a poor fellow crathur will make ye a good husband.' "

"I have given him every opportunity to confide in me," I continued, after a pause, "but he accepts none of them; and yet I like him a thousand times better now that I have seen him as the master of his own house. He is so courtly, and, in these latter days, so genial and sunny. . . . Salemina's life would not at first be any too easy, I fear; the aunt is very feeble, and the establishment is so neglected. Benella said yesterday: 'Of course, when you three separate, I shall stay with the one that needs me most; but if Miss Peabody *should* settle over here anywhere, I 'd like to take a scrubbing brush an' go through the castle, or whatever she 's going to live in, with soap and sand and ammonia, before she sets foot in it.' . . . As for the children, however, no one could regard them as a drawback, for they are altogether charming; not well disciplined, of course, but lovable to the last degree. It is the little people I rely upon chiefly, after all. I wish you could have seen them cataract down the staircase to greet her, this morning. I notice that she tries to make me divert their attention when Dr. Gerald is present; for it is a bit suggestive to a widower to see his children pursue, hang about, and caress a lovely, unmarried lady. Broona, especially, can hardly keep away from Salemina; and she is such a fascinating midget, I should think anybody would be glad to have her included in a marriage contract. 'You have a weeny, weeny line between your eyebrows, just like my daddy's,' she said to Salemina the other day. 'It 's such a little one, perhaps I can kiss it away; but daddy has too many, and they are cutted too deep. Sometimes he whispers, "Daddy is sad, Broona;" and then I say, "Play up, play up, and play the game!" and that makes him smile.' "

"She is a darling," said Francesca, with the suspicion of a tear in her eye. "And for that matter, so is Jackeen. Did you notice Salemina with them at tea time, yesterday? It was such a charming scene. The heavy rain had kept them in, and things had gone wrong in the nursery. Salemina had glued the hair on Broona's dolly, and knit up a heart-breaking wound in her side. Then she mended the legs of all the animals in the Noah's ark, so that they stood firm, erect, and proud; and when, to draw the children's eyes from the wet window panes, she proposed a story, it was pretty to see the grateful little things snuggle in her lap and by her side."

"Yes, I noticed them; when does an artist ever fail to notice such things? I have loved Salemina always, even when she used to part her hair in the middle and wear spectacles; but that is the first time I ever wanted to paint her, with the firelight shining on the soft restful grays and violets of her dress, and Broona in her arms. Of course, if a woman is ever to be lovely at all, it will be when she is holding a child. It is the oldest of all old pictures, and the most beautiful, I believe, in a man's eyes."

"And do you notice that she and the doctor are beginning to speak more freely of their past acquaintance?" I went on, looking up at Francesca, who had dropped her work, in her interest. "It is too amusing! Every hour or two it is: 'Do you remember the day we went to Bunker Hill?' or, 'Do you recall that charming Mrs. Andrews, with whom we used to dine occasionally?' or, 'What has become of your cousin Sam-

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uel?' and, 'Is your uncle Thomas yet living?' . . . The other day, at tea, she asked, 'Do you still take three lumps, Dr. La Touche? You had always a sweet tooth, I remember.' . . . Then they ring the changes in this way: 'You were always fond of gray, Miss Peabody.' 'You had a great fancy for Moore, in the old days, Miss Peabody: have you outgrown him, or does the "Anacreontic little chap," as Father Prout called him, still appeal to you?' . . . 'You used to admire Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. La Touche. Would you like to see some of his letters?' . . . 'Are n't these magnificent rhododendrons, Dr. La Touche, — even though they are magenta, the color you specially dislike?' And so on. Did you chance to look at either of them last evening, Francesca, when I sang 'Let Erin remember the days of old'?"

"No; I was thinking of something else. I don't know what there is about your singing, Penny love, that always makes me think of the past and dream of the future. Which verse do you mean?"

And, still painting, I hummed: —

"'On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the cool calm eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining.

'Thus shall memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look thro' the waves of Time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.'

"That is what our two dear middle-aged lovers are constantly doing now, — looking at the round towers of other days, as they bend over memory's crystal pool and see them reflected there. It is because he fears that the glories are over and gone that Dr. Gerald is troubled. Some day he will realize that he need not live on reflections, and he will seek realities."

"I hope so," said Francesca philosophically, as she folded her work; "but sometimes these people who go mooning about, and looking through the waves of Time, tumble in and are drowned."

XXIX.

"Every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world."

No one ever had a better opportunity than we, of breathing in, so far as a stranger and a foreigner may, the old Celtic atmosphere, and of reliving the misty years of legend before the dawn of history. Mr. Colquhoun is one of the best Gaelic scholars in Ireland, and Dr. Gerald, though not his equal in knowledge of the language, has "the full of a sack of stories" in his head. According to the Book of Leinster, a professional story-teller was required to know seven times fifty tales, and I believe the doctor could easily pass this test. We have heard little of the marvelous old tongue until now, but we are reading it a bit under the tutelage of these two inspiring masters, and I fancy it has helped me as much in my understanding of Ireland as my tedious and perplexing worriments over political problems.

When we sit together by the river brink, on sunny days, or on the greensward under the yews in our old garden, we are always telling ancient Celtic romances, and planning, even acting, new ones. Francesca's mind and mine are poorly furnished with facts of any sort; but when the kind scholars in our immediate neighborhood furnish necessary information and inspiration, we promptly turn it into dramatic form, and serve it up before their wondering and admiring gaze. It is ever our habit to "make believe" with the children; and just as we played ballads in Scotland and plotted revels in the Glen at Rowardennan, so we instinctively fall into the habit of thought and speech that surrounds us here.

This delights our grave and reverend signiors, and they give themselves up to

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our whimsicalities with the most whole-hearted zeal. It is days since we have spoken of one another by those names which were given to us in baptism. Francesca is Finola the Festive. Eveleen Colquhoun is Ethnea. I am the harper, Péarla the Melodious. Miss Peabody is Sheela the Skillful Scribe, who keeps for posterity a record of all our antics, in The Speckled Book of Salemina. Dr. Gerald is Borba the Proud, the Ard-ri or overking. Mr. Colquhoun is really called Dermod, but he would have been far too modest to choose Dermot O'Dyna for his Celtic name, had we not insisted; for this historic personage was not only noble-minded, generous, of untarnished honor, and the bravest of the brave, but he was as handsome as he was gallant, and so much the idol of the ladies that he was sometimes called Dermat-na-man, or Dermot of the women.

Of course we have a corps of shanachies, or story-tellers, gleemen, gossipreds, leeches, druids, gallowglasses, bards, ollaves, urraghts, and brehons; but the children can always be shifted from one rôle to another, and Benella and the Button Boy, although they are quite unaware of the honors conferred upon them, are often alluded to in our romances and theatrical productions.

Aunt David's garden is not half a bad substitute for the old Moy-Mell, the plain of pleasure of the ancient Irish, when once you have the key to its treasures. We have made a new and authoritative survey of its geographical features and compiled a list of its legendary landmarks, which, strangely enough, seem to have been absolutely unknown to Miss Llewellyn-Joyce.

In the very centre is the Forradh, or Place of Meeting, and on it is our own Lia Fail, Stone of Destiny. The one in Westminster Abbey, carried away from Scotland by Edward I., is thought by many scholars to be unauthentic, and we hope that ours may prove to have some historical value. The only test of a Stone of Destiny, as I understand it, is that it shall "roar" when an Irish monarch is inaugurated; and that our Lia Fail was silent when we celebrated this impressive ceremony reflects less upon its own powers, perhaps, than upon the pedigree of our chosen Ard-ri.

The arbor under the mountain ash is the Fairy Palace of the Quicken Tree, and on its walls is suspended the Horn of Foreknowledge, which if any one looks on it in the morning, fasting, he will know in a moment all things that are to happen during that day.

The clump of willows is the Wood of the many Sallows. The summer house is the Greenan; that is, *grianán*, a bright, sunny place. On the arm of a tree in the Greenan hangs something you might (if you are dull) mistake for a plaited garland of rushes hung with pierced pennies; but it really is our Chain of Silence, a useful article of bygone ages, which the lord of a mansion shook when he wished an attentive hearing, and which deserved a better fate and a longer survival than it has met. Jackeen's Irish terrier is Bran, — though he does not closely resemble the great Finn's sweet-voiced, gracefully-shaped, long-snouted hound; the coracle lying on the shore of the little lough — the coracle made of skin, like the old Irish boats — is the Wave-Sweeper; and the faithful mare that we hire by the day is, by your leave, Enbarr of the Flowing Mane. No warrior was ever killed on the back of this famous steed, for she was as swift as the clear cold wind of spring, traveling with equal ease and speed on land and sea, an' may the divil fly away wid me if that same 's not true.

We no longer find any difficulty in remembering all this nomenclature, for we are "under gesa" to use no other. When you are put under gesa to reveal or to conceal, to defend or to avenge, it is a sort of charm or spell; also an obligation of honor. Finola is under gesa not to write to Alba more than six times

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a week and twice on Sundays; Sheela is bound by the same charm to give us muffins for afternoon tea; I am vowed to forget my husband when I am relating romances, and allude to myself, for dramatic purposes, as a maiden princess, or a maiden of enchanting and all-conquering beauty. And if we fail to abide by all these laws of the modern Dedannans of Devorgilla, which are written in The Speckled Book of Salemina, we are to pay eric-fine. These fines are collected with all possible solemnity, and the children delight in them to such an extent that occasionally they break the law for the joy of the penalty. If you have ever read The Fate of the Children of Turenn, you remember that they were to pay to Luga the following eric-fine for the slaying of their father Kian: two steeds and a chariot, seven pigs, a hound whelp, a cooking spit, and three shouts on a hill. This does not at first seem excessive, if Kian was a good father, and sincerely mourned; but when Luga began to explain the hidden snares that lay in the pathway, it is small wonder that the sons of Turenn felt doubt of ever being able to pay it, and that when, after surmounting all the previous obstacles, they at last raised three feeble shouts on Midkena's Hill, they immediately gave up the ghost.

The story told yesterday by Sheela the Scribe was The Magic Thread-Clue, or The Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker, Benella and the Button Boy being the chief characters; Finola's was The Voyage of the Children of Corr the Swift-Footed (the Ard-ri's pseudonym for American travelers); while mine, to be told to-morrow, is called The Quest of the Fair Strangers, or The Fairy Quicken Tree of Devorgilla.

XXX.

"Before the King
The bards will sing,
And there recall the stories all
That give renown to Ireland."

PÉARLA'S STORY.[1]

The Quest of the Fair Strangers, or The Fairy Quicken Tree of Devorgilla.

Three maidens once dwelt in a castle in that part of the Isle of Weeping known as the cantred of Devorgilla, or Devorgilla of the Green Hill Slopes; and they were baptized according to druidical rites as Sheela the Scribe, Finola the Festive, and Péarla the Melodious, though by the dwellers in that land they were called the Fair Strangers, or the Children of Corr the Swift-Footed.

This cantred of Devorgilla they acquired by paying rent and tribute to the Wise Woman of Wales, who granted them to fish in its crystal streams and to hunt over the green-sided hills, to roam through the woods of yew trees and to pluck the flowers of every hue that were laughing all over the plains.

Thus were they circumstanced: Their palace of abode was never without three shouts in it, — the shout of the maidens brewing tea, the shout of the guests drinking it, and the shout of the assembled multitude playing at their games. The same house was never without three measures, — a measure of magic malt for raising the spirits, a measure of Attic salt for the seasoning of tales, and a measure of poppy leaves to induce sleep when the tales were dull.

And the manner of their lives was this: In the cool of the morning they gathered nuts and arbutus apples and

[1] It seems probable that this tale records a real incident which took place in the garden. Penelope has apparently listened with such attention to the old Celtic romances as told by the Ard-ri and Dermot O'Dyna that she has, consciously or unconsciously, reproduced their atmosphere and phraseology. The delightful surprise at the end must have been contrived by Salemina, when she, in her character of Sheela the Scribe, gazed into the Horn of Foreknowledge and learned the events that were to happen that day. — K. D. W.

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scarlet quicken berries to take back with them to Tir-thar-toinn, the Country beyond the Wave; for this was the land of their birth. When the sun was high in the sky they went forth to the chase; sometimes it was to hunt the Ard-ri, and at others it was in pursuit of Dermot of the Bright Face. Then, after resting awhile on their couches of soft rushes, they would perform champion feats, or play on their harps, or fish in their clear-flowing streams that were swimming with salmon.

The manner of their fishing was this: to cut a long, straight sallow-tree rod, and having fastened a hook and one of Finola's hairs upon it, to put a quicken-tree berry upon the hook, and stand on the brink of the swift-flowing river, whence they drew out the shining-skinned, silver-sided salmon. These they would straightway broil over a little fire of birch boughs; and they needed with them no other food but the magical loaf made by Toma, one of their house servants. The witch hag that dwelt on that hill-side of Rosnaree called Fan-na-carpat, or the Slope of the Chariots, had cast a druidical spell over Toma, by which she was able to knead a loaf that would last twenty days and twenty nights, and one mouthful of which would satisfy hunger for that length of time.[1]

Not far from the mayden castle was a certain royal palace, with a glittering roof, and the name of the palace was Rosnaree. And upon the level green in front of the regal abode, or in the banqueting halls, might always be seen noble companies of knights and ladies bright, — some feasting, some playing at the chess, some giving ear to the music of their own harps, some continually shaking the Chain of Silence, and some listening to the poems and tales of heroes of the olden time that were told by the king's bards and shanachies.

Now all went happily with the Fair Strangers until the crimson berries were gathered from the quicken tree near the Fairy Palace. For the berries possessed secret virtues known only to a man of the Dedannans, and learned from him by Sheela the Scribe, who put him under gesa not to reveal the charm. Whosoever ate of the honey-sweet, scarlet-glowing fruit felt a cheerful flow of spirits, as if he had tasted wine or mead, and whosoever ate a sufficient number of them was almost certain to grow younger. These things were written in The Speckled Book of Salemina, but in druidical ink, undecipherable to all eyes but those of the Scribe herself.

So, wishing that none should possess the secret but themselves, the Fair Strangers set the Gilla Dacker[2] to watch the fruit (putting him first under gesa to eat none of the berries himself, since he was already too cheerful and too young to be of much service); and thus, in their absence, the magical tree was never left alone.

Nevertheless, when Finola the Festive went forth to the chase one day, she found a quicken berry glowing like a ruby in the highroad, and Sheela plucked a second from under a gnarled thorn on the Slope of the Chariots, and Péarla discovered a third in the curiously compounded, swiftly satisfying loaf of Toma. Then the Fair Strangers became very angry, and sent out their trusty, fleet-footed couriers to scour the land for invaders; for they knew that none of the Dedannans would take the berries, being under gesa not to do so. But the couriers returned, and though they were men able to trace the trail of a fox through nine glens and nine rivers, they could discover no proof of the presence of a foreign foe in the mayden cantred of Devorgilla.

Then the hearts of the Fair Strangers were filled with grief and gall, for they distrusted the couriers, and having con-

[1] Fact.

[2] Could be freely translated as the Slothful Button Boy.

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sulted the Ard-ri, they set forth themselves to find and conquer the invader; for the king told them that there was one other quicken tree, more beautiful and more magical than that growing by the Fairy Palace, and that it was set in another part of the bright-blooming, sweet-scented old garden, — namely, in the heart of the labyrinthine maze of the Wise Woman of Wales; but as no one of them, neither the Gilla Dacker nor those who pursued him, had ever, even with the aid of the Magic Thread-Clue, reached the heart of the maze, there was no knowledge among them of the second quicken tree. The king also told Sheela the Scribe, secretly, that one of his knights had found a bridle and a spear handle in the forest of Rosnaree; and the bridle was unlike any ever used in the country of the Dedannans, and the spear handle could belong only to a famous warrior known as Loskenn of the Bare Knees.

Now Sheela the Scribe, having fasted from midnight until dawn, gazed upon the Horn of Foreknowledge, and read there that it was wiser for her to remain on guard at the Fairy Palace, while her sisters explored the secret fastnesses of the labyrinth.

When Finola was appareled to set forth upon her quest, Péarla thought her the loveliest maiden upon the ridge of the world, and wondered whether she meant to conquer the invader by force of arms or by the power of beauty.

The rose and the lily were fighting together in her face, and one could not tell which of them got the victory. Her arms and hands were like the lime, her mouth was as red as a ripe strawberry, her foot as small and as light as another one's hand, her form smooth and slender, and her hair falling down from her head under combs of gold.[1] One could not look at her without being "all over in love with her," as Oisin said at his first meeting with Niam of the Golden Hair. And as for Péarla, the rose on her cheeks was heightened by her rage against the invader, the delicate blossom of the sloe was not whiter than her neck, and her glossy chestnut ringlets fell to her waist.

Then the Gilla Dacker unleashed Bran, the keen-scented terrier hound, and put a gold-embroidered pillion on Enbarr of the Flowing Mane, and the two dauntless maidens leaped upon her back, each bearing a broad shield and a long, polished, death-dealing spear. When Enbarr had been given a free rein she set out for the labyrinth, trailing the Magic Thread-Clue behind her, cleaving the air with long, active strides; and if you know what the speed of a swallow is, flying across a mountain side, or the dry wind of a March day sweeping over the plains, then you can understand nothing of the swiftness of this steed of the flowing mane, acquired by the day by the maydens of Devorgilla.

Many were the dangers that beset the path of these two noble champions on their quest for the Fairy Quicken Tree. Here they met an enormous wild stoat, but this was slain by Bran, and they buried its bleeding corse and raised a cairn over it, with the name 'Stoat' graven on it in Ogam; there a druidical fairy mist sprang up in their path to hide the way, but they pierced it with a note of their far-reaching, clarion-toned voices, — an art learned in their native land beyond the wave.

Now the dog Bran, being anhungered, and refusing to eat of Toma's loaf, as all did who were ignorant of its druidical purpose, fell upon the Magic Thread-Clue and chewed it in twain. This so greatly affrighted the champions that they sounded the Dord-Fian slowly and plaintively, hoping that the war cry might bring Sheela to their rescue. This availing nothing, Finola was forced to slay Bran with her straight-sided, silver-shining spear; but this she felt he would not mind if he could know that he would

[1] Description of the Princess in Guleesh na Guss Dhu.

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share the splendid fate of the stoat, and speedily have a cairn raised over him, with the word 'Bran' graven upon it in Ogam, — since this is the consolation offered by the victorious living to all dead Celtic heroes; and if it be a poor substitute for life, it is at least better than nothing.

It was now many hours after noon, and though, to the Fair Strangers, it seemed they had traveled more than forty or a hundred miles, they were apparently no nearer than ever to the heart of the labyrinth: and this from the first had been the pestiferous peculiarity of that malignantly meandering maze. So they dismounted, and tied Enbarr to the branch of a tree, while they refreshed themselves with a mouthful of Toma's loaf; and Finola now put her thumb under her "tooth of knowledge," for she wished new guidance and inspiration, and, being more than common modest, she said: "Inasmuch as we are fairer than all the other maydens in this labyrinth, why, since we cannot find the heart of the maze, do we not entice the invaders from their hiding place by the quicken tree; and when we see from what direction they advance, fall upon and slay them; and after raising a cairn to their memory and carving their names over it in Ogam, run to the enchanted tree and gather all the berries that are left? For this is the hour when Sheela brews the tea, and the knights and the ladies quaff it from our golden cups; and truly I am weary of this quest, and far rather would I be there than here."

So Péarla the Melodious took her timpan,[1] and chanted a Gaelic song that she had learned in the country of the Dedannans; and presently a round-polished, red-gleaming quicken berry dropped into her lap, and another into Finola's, and, looking up, they saw naught save only a cloud of quicken berries falling through the air, one after the other. And this caused them to wonder, for it seemed like unto a snare set for them; but Péarla said, "There is naught remaining for us but to meet the danger."

"It is well," replied Finola, shaking down the mantle of her ebon locks, and setting the golden combs more firmly in them; "only, if I perish, I prithee let there be no cairns or Ogams, for my soul is sick of them. Let me fall, as a beauty should, face upward; and if it be but a swoon, and the invader be a handsome prince, see that he wakens me in his own good way."

"To arms, then!" cried Péarla, and, taking up their spears and shields, the Fair Strangers dashed blindly in the direction whence the berries fell.

"To arms indeed, but to yours or ours?" called two voices from the heart of the labyrinth; and there, in an instant, the two brave champions, Finola and Péarla, found the Fairy Tree hanging thick with scarlet berries, and under its branches, fit fruit indeed to raise the spirits or bring eternal youth, were, in the language of the Dedannans, Loskenn of the Bare Knees and the Bishop of Ossory, — known to the children of Corr the Swift-Footed as Ronald Macdonald and Himself!

And the hours ran on; and Sheela the Scribe brewed and brewed and brewed and brewed the tea at her table in the Peacock Walk, and the knights and ladies quaffed it from the golden cups belonging to the Wise Woman of Wales; but Finola the Festive and Péarla the Melodious lingered in the labyrinth with Loskenn of the Bare Knees and the Bishop of Ossory. And they said to one another, "Surely, if it were so great a task to find the heart of this maze, we should be mad to stir from the spot, lest we lose it again."

And Péarla murmured, "That plan were wise indeed, save that the place seemeth all too small for so many."

Then Finola drew herself up proudly, and replied, "It is no smaller for one

[1] An ancient Irish instrument; not to be confounded with tin pan.

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than for another; but come, Loskenn, let us see if haply we can lose ourselves in some path of our own finding."

And this they did; and the content of them that departed was no greater than the content of them that were left behind, and the sun hid himself for very shame because the brightness of their joy was so much more dazzling than the glory of his own face. And nothing more is told of what befell them till they reached the threshold of the Old Hall; and it was not the sun, but the moon that shone upon their meeting with Sheela the Scribe.

XXXI.

"When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last."

It is almost over, our Irish holiday, so full of delicious, fruitful experiences; of pleasures we have made and shared, and of hardships we could not relieve. Almost over! Soon we shall all be in Dublin, and then on to London to meet Francesca's father; soon be deciding whether she will be married at the house of their friend the American ambassador, or in her own country, where she has really had no home since the death of her mother.

The ceremony over, Mr. Monroe will start again for Cairo or Constantinople, Stockholm or St. Petersburg; for he is of late years a determined wanderer, whose fatherly affection is chiefly shown in liberal allowances, in pride of his daughter's beauty and many conquests, in conscientious letter-writing, and in frequent calls upon her between his long journeys. It is because of these paternal predilections that we are so glad Francesca's heart has resisted all the shot and shell directed against it from the batteries of a dozen gay worldlings, and yielded so quietly and so completely to Ronald Macdonald's loyal and tender affection.

At tea time, day before yesterday Salemina suggested that Francesca and I find the heart of Aunt David's labyrinth, the which she had discovered in a less than ten minutes' search that morning, leaving her Gaelic primer behind her that we might bring it back as a proof of our success. You have heard in Péarla's Celtic fairy tale the outcome of this little expedition, and now know that Ronald Macdonald and Himself planned the joyful surprise for us, and by means of Salemina's aid carried it out triumphantly.

Ronald crossing to Ireland from Glasgow, and Himself from Liverpool, had met in Dublin, and traveled posthaste to the Shamrock Inn in Devorgilla, where they communicated with Salemina and begged her assistance in their plot.

I was looking forward to my husband's arrival within a week, but Ronald had said not a word of his intended visit; so that Salemina was properly nervous lest some one of us should collapse out of sheer joy at the unexpected meeting.

I have been both quietly and wildly happy many times in my life, but I think yesterday was the most perfect day in all my chain of years. Not that in this long separation I have been dull, or sad, or lonely. How could I be? Dull, with two dear, bright, sunny letters every week, letters throbbing with manly tenderness, letters breathing the sure, steadfast, protecting care that a strong man gives to the woman he has chosen! Sad, with my heart brimming over with sweet memories and sweeter prophecies, and all its tiny crevices so filled with love that discontent can find no entrance there! Lonely, when the vision of the beloved is so poignantly real in absence that his bodily presence adds only a final touch to joy! Dull, or sad, or lonely, when in these soft days of spring and early summer I have harbored a new feeling of companionship and oneness with Nature, a fresh joy in all her bounteous resource and plenitude of life,

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a renewed sense of kinship with her mysterious awakenings! The heavenly greenness and promise of the outer world seem but a reflection of the hopes and dreams that irradiate my own inner consciousness.

My art, dearly as I loved it, dearly as I love it still, never gave me these strange, unspeakable joys with their delicate margin of pain. Where are my ambitions, my visions of lonely triumphs, my imperative need of self-expression, my ennobling glimpses of the unattainable, my companionship with the shadows in which an artist's life is so rich? Are they vanished altogether? I think *not*; only changed in the twinkling of an eye, merged in something higher still, carried over, linked on, transformed, transmuted, by Love the alchemist, who, not content with joys already bestowed, whispers secret promises of raptures yet to come.

The green isle looked its fairest for our wanderers. Just as a woman adorns herself with all her jewels when she wishes to startle or enthrall, wishes to make a lover of a friend, so Devorgilla arrayed herself to conquer these two pairs of fresh eyes, and command their instant allegiance.

It was a tender, silvery day, fair, mild, pensive, with light shadows and a capricious sun. There had been a storm of rain the night before, and it was as if Nature had repented of her wildness, and sought forgiveness by all sorts of winsome arts, insinuating invitations, soft caresses, and melting coquetries of demeanor.

Broona and Jackeen had lunched with us at the Old Hall, and, inebriated by broiled chicken, green peas, and a half holiday, flitted like fireflies through Aunt David's garden, showing all its treasures to the two new friends, already high in favor.

Benella, it is unnecessary to say, had confided her entire past life to Himself after a few hours' acquaintance, while he and Ronald both, concealing in the most craven manner their original objections to the part she proposed to play in our triangular alliance, thanked her, with tears in their eyes, for her devotion to their sovereign ladies.

We had tea in the Italian garden at Rosnaree, and Dr. Gerald, arm in arm with Himself, walked between its formal flower borders, along its paths of golden gravel, and among its spirelike cypresses and fountains, where balustrades and statues, yellowed and stained with age (stains which Benella longs to scrub away), make the brilliant turf even greener by contrast.

Tea was to have been followed in due course by dinner, but we all agreed that nothing should induce us to go indoors on such a beautiful evening; so baskets were packed, and we went in rowboats to a picnic supper on Illanroe, a wee island in Lough Beg.

I can close my eyes to-day and see the picture, — the lonely little lake, as blue in the sunshine as the sky above it, but in the twilight first brown and cool, then flushed with the sunset. The distant hills, the rocks, the heather, wore tints I never saw them wear before. The singing wavelets "spilled their crowns of white upon the beach," across the lake, and the wild flowers in the clear shallows near us grew so close to the brink that they threw their delicate reflections in the water, looking up at us again, framed in red-brown grasses.

By and by the moon rose out of the pearl grays and ambers in the east, bevies of black rooks flew homeward, and stillness settled over the face of the brown lake. Darkness shut us out from Devorgilla; and though we could still see the glimmer of the village lights, it seemed as if we were in a little world of our own.

It was useless for Salemina to deny herself to the children, for was she not going to leave them on the morrow? She sat under the shadow of a thorn

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bush, and the two mites, tired with play, cuddled themselves by her side, unreproved. She looked tenderly, delectably feminine. The moon shone full upon her face; but there are no ugly lines to hide, for there are no parched and arid places in her nature. Dews of sympathy, sweet spring floods of love and compassion, have kept all fresh, serene, and young.

We had been gay, but silence fell upon us as it had fallen upon the lake. There would be only a day or two in Dublin, whither Dr. Gerald was going with us, that he might have the last word and hand clasp before we sailed away from Irish shores; and so near was the parting that we were all, in our hearts, bidding farewell to the Emerald Isle.

Good-by, Silk of the Kine! I was saying to myself, calling the friendly spot by one of the endearing names given her by her lovers in the sad old days. Good-by, Little Black Rose, growing on the stern Atlantic shore! Good-by, Rose of the World, with your jewels of emerald and amethyst, the green of your fields and the misty purple of your hills! Good-by, Shan Van Vocht, Poor Little Old Woman! We are going back, Himself and I, to the Oileán Ur, as you used to call our new island, — going back to the hurly-burly of affairs, to prosperity and opportunity; but we shall not forget the lovely Lady of Sorrows looking out to the west, with the pain of a thousand years in her ever youthful eyes. Good-by, my Dark Rosaleen, good-by!

XXXII.

"No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

Here we all are at O'Carolan's Hotel in Dublin, — all but the Colquhouns, who bade us adieu at the station, and the dear children, whose tears are probably dried by now, although they flowed freely enough at parting. Broona flung her arms tempestuously around Salemina's neck, exclaiming between her sobs, "Good-by, my thousand, thousand blessings!" — an expression so Irish that we laughed and cried in one breath at the sound of it.

Here we are in the midst of life once more, though to be sure it is Irish life, which moves less dizzily than our own. We ourselves feel thoroughly at home, nor are we wholly forgotten by the public; for on beckoning to a driver on the cab stand to approach with his side car, he responded with alacrity, calling to his neighbor, "Here 's me sixpenny darlin' again!" and I recognized him immediately as a man who had once remonstrated with me eloquently on the subject of a fee, making such a fire of Hibernian jokes over my sixpence that I heartily wished it had been a half sovereign.

Cables and telegrams are arriving every hour, and a rich American lady writes to Salemina, asking her if she can purchase the Book of Kells for her, as she wishes to give it to a favorite nephew who is a bibliomaniac. I am begging the shocked Miss Peabody to explain that the volume in question is not for sale, and to ask at the same time if her correspondent wishes to purchase the Lakes of Killarney or the Giant's Causeway in its stead. Francesca, in a whirl of excitement, is buying cobweb linens, harp brooches, creamy poplins with golden shamrocks woven into their lustrous surfaces; and as for laces, we spend hours in the shops, when our respective squires wish us to show them the sights of Dublin.

Benella is in her element, nursing Salemina, who sprained her ankle just as we were leaving Devorgilla. At the last moment our side cars were so crowded with passengers and packages that she

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accepted a seat in Dr. Gerald's carriage, and drove to the station with him. She had a few last farewells to say in the village, and a few modest remembrances to leave with some of the poor old women; and I afterward learned that the drive was not without its embarrassments. The butcher's wife said fervently, "May you long be spared to each other!" The old weaver exclaimed, "'T would be an ojus pity to spoil two houses wid ye!" While the woman who sells apples at the station capped all by wishing the couple "a long life and a happy death together." No wonder poor Salemina slipped and twisted her ankle, as she alighted from the carriage! Though walking without help is still an impossibility, twenty-four hours of rubbing and bathing and bandaging have made it possible for her to limp discreetly, and we all went to St. Patrick's Cathedral together this morning.

We had been in the quiet churchyard, where a soft misty rain was falling on the yellow acacias and the pink hawthorns. We had stood under the willow tree in the deanery garden, — the tree that marks the site of the house from which Dean Swift watched the movements of the torches in the cathedral at the midnight burial of Stella. They are lying side by side at the foot of a column in the south side of the nave, and a brass plate in the pavement announces: —

"Here lies Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral."

Poor Stella, at rest for a century and a half beside the man who caused her such pangs of love and grief, — who does not mourn her?

The nave of the cathedral was dim, and empty of all sight-seers save our own group. There was a caretaker who went about in sloppy rubber shoes, scrubbing marbles and polishing brasses, and behind a high screen or temporary partition some one was playing softly on an organ.

We stood in a quiet circle by Stella's resting place, and Dr. Gerald, who never forgets anything, apparently, was reminding us of Thackeray's gracious and pathetic tribute: —

"Fair and tender creature, pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that the whole world loves you and deplores you? Scarce any man ever thought of your grave that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady! so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your story, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story."

As Dr. Gerald's voice died away, the strains of Love's Young Dream floated out from the distant end of the building.

"The organist must be practicing for a wedding," said Francesca, very much alive to anything of that sort. "'Oh, there 's nothing half so sweet in life,'" she hummed. "Is n't it charming?"

"You ought to know," Dr. Gerald answered, looking at her affectionately, though somewhat too sadly for my taste; "but an old fellow like me must take refuge in the days of 'milder, calmer beam,' of which the poet speaks."

Ronald and Himself, guidebooks in hand, walked away to talk about The Burial of Sir John Moore, and look for Wolfe's tablet, and I stole behind the great screen which had been thrown up while repairs of some sort were being made or a new organ built. A young man was evidently taking a lesson, for the old organist was sitting on the bench beside him, pulling out the stops, and indicating the time with his hand. There was to be a wedding, — that was certain;

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for Love's Young Dream was taken off the music rack, at that moment, while "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" was put in its place, and the melody came singing out to us on the vox humana stop.

"Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

Francesca joined me just then, and a tear was in her eye. "Penny dear, when all is said, 'Believe me' is the dearer song of the two. Anybody can sing, feel, live, the first, which is but a dream, after all; but the other has in it the proved fidelity of the years. The first song belongs to me, I know, and it is all I am fit for now; but I want to grow toward and deserve the second."

"You are right; but while Love's Young Dream is yours and Ronald's, dear, take all the joy that it holds for you. The other song is for Salemina and Dr. Gerald, and I only hope they are realizing it at this moment, — secretive, provoking creatures that they are!"

The old organist left his pupil just then, and disappeared through a little door in the rear.

"Have you The Wedding March there?" I asked the pupil who had been practicing the love songs.

"Oh yes, madam, though I am afraid I cannot do it justice," he replied modestly. "Are you interested in organ music?"

"I am very much interested in yours, and I am still more interested in a romance that has been dragging its weary length along for twenty years, and is trying to bring itself to a crisis just on the other side of that screen. You can help me precipitate it, if you only will!"

Well, he was young and he was an Irishman, which is equivalent to being a born lover, and he had been brought up on Tommy Moore and music, — all of which I had known from the moment I saw him, else I should not have made the proposition. I peeped from behind the screen. Ronald and Himself were walking toward us; Salemina and Dr. Gerald were sitting together in one of the front pews. I beckoned to my husband.

"Will you and Ronald go quietly out one of the side doors," I asked, "take your own car, and go back to the hotel, allowing us to follow you a little later?"

It takes more than one year of marriage for even the cleverest Benedict to uproot those weeds of stupidity, denseness, and non-comprehension that seem to grow so riotously in the mental garden of the bachelor; so, said Himself, "We came all together; why should n't we go home all together?" (So like a man! Always reasoning from analogy; always, so to speak, "lugging in" logic!)

"Desperate situations demand desperate remedies," I replied mysteriously, though I hope patiently. "If you go home at once without any questions, you will be virtuous, and it is more than likely that you will also be happy; and if you are not, somebody else will be."

Having seen the backs of our two cavaliers disappearing meekly into the rain, I stationed Francesca at a point of vantage, and went out to my victims in the front pew.

"The others went on ahead," I explained, with elaborate carelessness, — "they wanted to drive by Dublin Castle; and we are going to follow as we like. For my part, I am tired, and you are looking pale, Salemina; I am sure your ankle is painful. Help her, Dr. Gerald, please; she is so proud and self-reliant that she won't even lean on any one's arm, if she can avoid it. Take her down the middle aisle, for I 've sent your car to that door," — the last of a series of happy thoughts on my part. "I 'll go and tell Francesca, who is flirting with the organist. She has an appointment at the tailor's; so I will drop

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her there, and join you at the hotel in a few minutes."

The refractory pair of innocent middle-aged lovers started, arm in arm, on what I ardently hoped would be an eventful walk together. It was from instead of toward the altar, to be sure, but I was certain it would finally lead them to it, notwithstanding the unusual method of approach. I gave Francesca the signal, and then disappearing behind the screen, I held her hand in a palpitation of nervous apprehension that I had scarcely felt when Himself first asked me to be his. (He asked several times, and I am only sorry now that I did not accept him at the earliest opportunity, instead of waiting till a later one, and wasting many valuable months.)

The young organist, blushing to the roots of his hair, trembling with responsibility, smiling at the humor of the thing, pulled out all the stops, and The Wedding March pealed through the cathedral, the splendid joy and swing and triumph of it echoing through the vaulted aisles in a way that positively incited one to bigamy.

"Dr. Gerald cannot help himself," whispered Francesca. "Anybody would ask anybody else to marry him, whether he was in love with her or not; and he is, and always has been. If it were n't so beautiful and so touching, would n't it be amusing? Is n't the organist a darling, and does n't he enter into the spirit of it? See him shaking with sympathetic laughter, and yet he never lets a smile creep into the music; it is all earnestness and majesty. May I look now and see how they are getting on?"

"Certainly not! What are you thinking of, Francesca? Our only justification in this whole matter is that we are absolutely serious about it. We shall say good-by to the organist, wring his hand gratefully, and steal with him out of the little door. Then in a half hour we shall know the worst or the best; and we must remember to send him cards and a marked copy of the newspaper containing the marriage notice."

. . . . . .

Salemina told me all about it that night, but she never suspected the interference of any *deus ex machina*, save that of the traditional God of Love, who, it seems to me, has not kept up with the requirements of the age in all respects, and leaves a good deal for us women to do nowadays.

"Would that you had come up this aisle to meet me, Salemina, and that you were walking down again as my wife!" This was what Dr. Gerald had surprised her by saying, when the wedding music had finally entered into his soul, and driven away for the moment his doubt and fear and self-distrust; and I am sure that the hopelessness of his tone stirred her tender heart to its very depths.

"What did you answer?" I asked breathlessly, on the impulse of the moment.

We were talking by the light of a single candle. Salemina turned her head a little away from me, and there was a look on her face that repaid me for all my labor and anxiety, a look in which her forty years melted away and became as twenty, a look that was the outward and visible expression of the inward and spiritual youth that has always been hers; then she replied simply: —

"I told him what is true: that my life had been one long coming to meet him, and that I was quite ready to walk beside him to the end of the world."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*The end.*)

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THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

THERE is no epic like the making of a state. Beneath the hard, homely, even repulsive details of pioneer life are hidden all heroisms, all sacrifices, all achievements. The ox team, the flatboat, the prairie schooner, and the log cabin will some day become invested with the halo of the Golden Fleece, and they will be far nobler historically, because the symbols of a grander epoch.

In this age of railway and telegraph we do not appreciate the period of the pioneers. Immigration has become almost a science at the present day. Whole cities are picked up and moved West bodily. But this period of state-making, in all its railroad swiftness and continental vastness, began with the flatboat and the immigrant train, and these were preceded by the hunter and the explorer. In the space between the first explorers (six months across the continent) and the vestibule train, sleepers, dining car, and all (five days from New York to Seattle), has been enacted the epic of one of our latest states. Of all that group of states carved out of the majestic wilderness with which this continent faces the mightiest ocean, none now excites a livelier interest than that named for the Father of his Country. But it must be remembered that Washington as a state, even as a settled country, is very young. She was practically unpeopled, except in a few places, twenty-five years ago. She became a state only twelve years ago. Her heroic age was as a part of Old Oregon Territory. Glance at a map of that lordly domain marked Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. A land of thrilling and romantic history, of scenic grandeur and beauty, of pleasant and healthful climate, of rich and varied resources, — such was Old Oregon Territory, the "Westmost West" of a generation ago. Oregon had her heroes of discovery, — Bodega, Drake, Juan de Fuca, Heceta, Gray, Vancouver, Lewis and Clarke, and many more whose deeds are unrecorded. There were heroes of the fur trade, — Hunt, McKay, McLeod, Day, Wyeth, Bonneville, Smith, McLoughlin, Ross, Meek, — some of whom have told their own stories, some of whom have found preservation in Irving's fascinating pages, while many others exist only in the fireside tale. There were also heroes of missions, — Whitman, Lee, Wilbur, Eells, Spalding, — whose works follow them.

Without doubt the Spanish claim to the Pacific coast by right of discovery was just. But in 1579 came the advance guard of that race whose descendants were destined to deprive the Spaniard of his misused realms in all the western hemisphere. For in that year Francis Drake, boldest and most picturesque of English freebooters, reached lat. 43°, some claim 48°, on our western shore. Then, in 1592, old Juan de Fuca, whether myth or man no one knows, left his name for the strait which now separates Washington from British Columbia, and which he supposed to be the long-sought Strait of Anian. But the era of discovery passed, leaving many names of many nations built into our state; for each bore a part in the great epic. There gradually became evolved from the mass of myth a definite impression that there was somewhere between lat. 43° and lat. 47° a great river, variously named River of Kings, River of Aguilar, River of the West, Rio San Roque, River Thegayo, and at last the Oregon, so first named by Carver, an American, in 1774. All felt that the discovery of this river would constitute the best title to possession. In 1792 the mystery was solved; the Columbia bowed his neck to the foot of civilized man. Three nations had

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contributed to the discovery, — Spain, United States, Great Britain. But we shall probably not be thought too partial if we believe that the shrewd Yankee skipper, Gray, from Boston, in the gallant bark Columbia Rediviva, was the Jason that first set foot on our western Colchis, and delivered to us the best title to the Golden Fleeces of the Far West.

Following the explorers by sea came those by canoe, foot, and horse. After Napoleon, with one of those lightning glances by which he was accustomed to outrun time and forestall destiny, had said that he would help build upon the western hemisphere a maritime power that would sometime humble England; and after Jefferson and Monroe had, with equal quickness, grasped the transcendent opportunity of the Louisiana purchase, thereby stretching out beyond "the crack of doom" the westward destiny of the United States, there came an eager public interest in our sunset domain; and in 1804 Lewis and Clarke ascended the Missouri, crossed the "Shining Mountains," descended the torrents of Snake River, embarked upon the Columbia, and in the autumn drizzle looked through the parted headlands upon the infinite expanse of the sea. In 1811 the first town in Oregon, Astoria, was founded; and to execute the designs of its founder, John Jacob Astor, the ill-fated Tonquin and her consort ships rounded Cape Horn for the Columbia River, while the land force of trappers, led by the gallant Hunt, crossed the continent, encountering incredible hardships amid the cañons of the Snake, — "that accursed mad river," in the imprecatory phrase of the Canadian voyageurs.

And now came on apace the second era of the history of Oregon, that of the fur trade. It had started long before. Bering had led Russia into the North Pacific, and in 1771 the first cargo of furs had been transported to China. Then it became known that the waters of Kamtchatka joined the China Sea, thence leading to the island empires of the South Sea, and that the same ocean throb of the Aleutian Islands beat against the stormy battlements of Cape Horn. Then first Europe realized the vastness of the Pacific.

All nations joined eagerly in search for furs. But England and the United States soon distanced their rivals in Oregon. Then the British Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies outgeneraled, and finally put out their American competitors; and after a brief struggle between themselves for supremacy, they united, stretched their Briarean hands over a dozen degrees of latitude and longitude, and to all appearance Oregon was destined to be the perpetual home of Indians, trappers, and fur-bearing animals. But through the joint occupation treaties of 1818 and 1826 our nation still retained an interest in Oregon, and in 1834 there entered a champion into the lists apparently so puny that the nabobs of the fur trade would have noticed him but to laugh at him, if they had noticed him at all. Yet he was destined to be one of the great epic figures of our history, the Siegfried to deliver the Kriemhild of the American state from the dragons of the desert and the giants of commercial despotism. And this champion of the American state was the American missionary.

A strange thing occurred in 1832. Three Flathead Indians came to St. Louis in search of the "white man's book which should show them the way to heaven." The pathetic story reached the churches at that time of profound religious and missionary sentiment, and was interpreted as an inspired cry for the gospel. As a result, the Methodists, under Jason Lee, established a mission in the Willamette Valley in 1834; and two years later, Marcus Whitman, under commission of the American Board, settled at Walla Walla. In this last man and place there was the destiny of empire, for his mission became the out-

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post of the American state, the entering wedge of American occupation. Of Whitman's midwinter ride to Washington city in 1842 for the purpose of showing the government the momentous importance of this region to our nation, of the great immigration of 1843 which he led across the Rocky Mountains, and of his martyrdom at the hands of the Indians in 1847, we cannot speak. Suffice it to say that, of many who bore a part in bringing Oregon into the Union, the missionary and martyr, Whitman, must be accorded a foremost place.

Hard upon the period of the missionary came the establishment of a provisional government by American settlers in 1843. Then the question of the ownership of this land was appealed to the wider tribunal of the English and American governments; very nearly, indeed, to the arbitrament of war. For Oregon became the burning question of two administrations, and "Fifty-four forty or fight!" was the cry of at least one campaign. Then came the treaty of 1846, by which the parallel of 49° became the boundary, and our territorial destiny was secured. We say "secured," for if the American state-builder had not raised his banner of triumph over Oregon, it is possible that we might have delayed the acquisition of California until too late. But the Tancreds and Godfreys of American emigration had triumphed over the English trader, and, unlike the successors of Tasso's heroes, we hold what they won. Such was the heroic age of Oregon.

Washington became a separate territory in 1853. It was a land of magnificent distances. Walla Walla County then included all of what is now eastern Washington, Idaho, and the western third of Montana. One of the county commissioners lived near the present site of Missoula, and it would have taken him three months to visit the county seat and return. He never qualified. The new territory grew very slowly until 1883, the period of railroad-building. Then she sprung into a life that astonished the country, and in 1889 she became a state.

And now, with this hurried outline of the ancient epic days, our sketch requires an answer to these two questions: What is the nature of the land thus won from the wilderness and from contending nations, and what are the descendants of the heroes making of it?

First, then, what are the resources, actual and potential, of the state of Washington? Take your map, and note its physical features and the international location, and data for an answer will be at command. To a person of information and imagination, a map is a picture gallery and encyclopædia combined. Three salient local features are revealed by map, — Puget Sound, the Cascade Mountains, and the Columbia River. Though the geological history of the state has not yet been written, it is evident that its physical features are the work of fire and water, of volcano and inland sea, of glacier and torrent. The soil, now marvelous for fertility, was made of volcanic dust, covered by the silt of rivers, drained by stupendous erosion, and then covered with the grass and decomposition of ages.

When the sky-piercing heads of the Cascades were uplifted they created two climates, and consequently two divisions of natural productions and resources. The oceans of warm vapor from the Pacific, condensed upon the snowy crests of the mountains, pour down their floods upon the western slopes; giving to that part of the state a soft, humid, and uniform climate, the home of giant trees and succulent grasses. East of the mountains is a land of sunshine, of wheatfield and bunch grass. But all parts of the state are much warmer than the same latitudes on the Atlantic coast. The Japan ocean current sweeps the vast circuit of the Aleutian Islands, and gives Washington about the average temperature of Virginia, and a growing season nearly

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two months longer than that of New England or the Lake states.

With respect to the productive capacity of Washington, accounts so glowing as to excite incredulity have sometimes found their way into the Eastern press. Yet, in truth, the "frozen facts" are more and more enlisting the interest and the industry of shrewd and far-seeing men. The state is not a paradise, and it has its drawbacks; but the consensus of opinion of capable observers is that it is conspicuous among American states for ability to supply all the needs of civilized man. The great fact is its variety of resources. Substantially every industry possible to a temperate climate is represented here, either actually or potentially. Lumbering, shipbuilding, fishing, dairying, mining of every sort, agriculture, horticulture, fruit-raising, stock-raising of all kinds, manufacturing of every manner of fabrics, utensils, and structures, — all these industries not only have every natural facility, but exist in such relation to each other as to give the utmost variety and fullness of development.

The state is naturally divisible into four great zones of geography, climate, and production. The first zone is that of the sea, the Sound, and the Lower Columbia. Here the chief industries are lumbering, fisheries, shipbuilding, and manufacturing, though dairying, gardening, fruit-raising, and hop-growing have a vast field of development. But the timber! Between the Cascade Mountains and the ocean stand the finest known forests of fir, spruce, pine, cedar, and hemlock. Along the multiplied arms of Puget Sound (and the Columbia River, Gray's Harbor, and Shoalwater Bay are similar in character, only less extensive), these forests, in close juxtaposition to innumerable water powers and mountains of coal and iron, afford resources for shipping and manufacturing that will some day create here another England. Puget Sound is one vast harbor, in which the navies of all nations might almost be lost. It needs no prophetic eye to see that here will be the future lumberyard and shipyard of the world. Already the biggest sawmill on earth is on Puget Sound, and the yearly output is about a billion and a half feet. Yet the forests are hardly more than scratched. But the forests of the Great Lakes are giving out.

During May of last year, orders for 30,000,000 feet of bridge stuff and ties were placed in Washington by railway companies of the East and Middle West. Most remarkable to Eastern readers is the yield of an acre of Washington timber land. A single acre has been known to produce 500,000 feet, and one tree has yielded 50,000. It is estimated that within a radius of eight miles from Skomokawa is standing 600,000,000 feet of yellow fir. There is poetry in one of these swaying forests, which carry their coronals of green 300 feet aloft, with the sunlight filtering through greenishly, as if in leafy eclipse; but there are dollars in the knotless stems when sawed, and of the latter feature only the lumberman thinks.

We cannot linger to tempt the disciple of the gentle Walton with visions of trout so numerous as to block the course of streams, and it must suffice to say of our piscatorial resources that the royal Chinook salmon, noblest of the finny tribes, has furnished yearly, for two decades, upon the Columbia River (which belongs to Oregon and Washington together), from 400,000 to 650,000 cases of his toothsome sides, and probably twice as much more in other forms. Puget Sound formerly yielded about half as much fish as the Columbia, but during the past year considerably exceeded it. Deep-sea fishing promises to rival the fisheries of Newfoundland.

The second zone is that of the mountains. Grand, sombre, mysterious, beautiful, sublime, the Cascade Mountains are the repositories of mineral wealth of many kinds, coal, iron, gold, silver, cop-

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per, ledges of onyx, marble, and granite, hardly touched as yet; only waiting for capital to develop and bring them into the markets of the world.

The third zone, so different from the others that it is hard to realize that it belongs to the same state, is the arid centre; seeming desert, yet blossoming like the rose when touched with water. This borders the Columbia, Snake, and Yakima rivers, with smaller areas on other streams. This is the land of the orchardist and gardener, of the dairyman and hop-grower. We cannot speak of the treasures of vine and tree, which the hot sun, the rich soil, and the glad streams cause to drop so bounteously in the valleys of Walla Walla, Yakima, and Wenatchee. Even a picture of a Snake River peach or cherry or apricot or bunch of grapes is tantalizing, and we forbear.

The last zone is the eastern border, with long arms on the south and north central. This is the wheat belt. Fringing the snowy chains of the Blue, Bitter Root, Cœur d'Alene, Klikitat, and Badger mountains is an irregular semicircle of rolling prairie, where 40, 50, even 60 bushels of wheat to the acre is not uncommon, 100 has been known, while the average for the state exceeds that of any other state in the Union. There are about 14,000 square miles of these wheat lands. The crop for this year will probably be 30,000,000 bushels, worth perhaps $15,000,000, — nearly $30 to every man, woman, and child in the state, and doubtless over $100 to every inhabitant in the wheat zone.

But the imperial resources of Washington would lie idle were it not for the transportation lines, and in the number and character of these the state is singularly fortunate. There are four transcontinental lines, and, in effect, a fifth. These are the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific, and Canadian, while the Southern Pacific, reaching Portland, is also accessible. Of these lines the Northern Pacific was the great pioneer, and the completion of its line to Wallula in 1883, and to Tacoma in 1887, marked an epoch in the history of the state and of the nation. The Northern Pacific and the Washington and Columbia River railroads recently performed the unexampled act of lowering their passenger rates to three cents per mile, without compulsion from legislature or people; being quickly followed by the Great Northern and Union Pacific in the good work. This fact well shows the healthy nature of business and the effect of active competition, as well as a liberal policy on the part of the railroad lines. As a sample of the amount of local work on the new lines of this region we may take a few figures from the Washington and Columbia River Railroad, which is a line connecting the Northern Pacific with the wheat region of Walla Walla and Umatilla counties, the latter being in Oregon. The road has about 160 miles of line, and the population tributary does not exceed 40,000. Moreover, the Union Pacific traverses most of the same territory, doing about as much business. Yet this line carried in, during 1900, 40,000 tons of freight, and carried out 150,000 tons. About 130,000 tons was wheat and flour. It carried 2,000,000 grain sacks. Double these figures, to include both roads, and we get some conception of the energy with which both people and railroads are applying themselves to the practical epic of building their state.

But great as is the sum of the commerce already reached here, it sinks into insignificance compared with the prospective transcontinental and oceanic business that is heading for Puget Sound. Consult the map again, and note the position that this body of water occupies with respect to the world. It sounds extravagant now, but sober and cool-headed business men, familiar with the facts, believe that Washington holds the key to the future commerce of the world. She stands at the crossroads of the na-

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tions, at the confluence of the commodities of the four quarters of the globe. She is the successor of Phœnicia, Carthage, Italy, and England, as the natural exchange point of all lands. Europe and the United States are at her back, Alaska and British Columbia at her right hand, the tropics at her left, and the Orient, with half the population of the world, in front. Formerly California was supposed to be the natural centre of our western frontage. We cannot discredit the magnificent location and resources of that state, but it is true that Washington is gaining on California by leaps and bounds. This is due to three causes: first, Washington has five transcontinental railways in reach, California is under the despotism of one; second, the vast developments of Alaska and British Columbia have made Puget Sound the hub of Pacific coast trade; third, and most important, the route to the Orient, owing to the rotundity of the earth, is materially shorter by Puget Sound than by the Golden Gate.

The epic of Washington is going to involve the nations of the earth. The great fact of the twentieth century will undoubtedly be the commerce of the Pacific Ocean and the disposition of the Orient. And at what point is that mighty commerce first to touch the American continent?

A student of maps, history, and contemporary trade can hardly doubt that Puget Sound is to be the place of destiny, the great wharf line of the continent. And not alone are Occident and Orient about to clasp hands over the "Mediterranean of the Pacific," but Alaska rises from her boreal mists to join with tropic islands in a grasp of this handle of the world's trade. Latitudes and longitudes are merging along these fair archipelagoes which the mythical old Greek pilot of Cephalonia, Juan de Fuca, imagined to link Atlantic and Pacific. The genius of this railway age has created a substitute for the fabled Strait of Anian. That dream of the older navigators has been realized, though it lies between lines of steel instead of headlands of the sea. As we "dip into the future, see the vision of the world and all the wonder that will be," converging toward the western approaches of this new Northwest Passage,

> "We can see the heavens fill with commerce,
> argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down
> in costly bales."

But the great question of an epic is, after all, the character of the hero. "Men, high-minded men, constitute a state;" and what of our men? First of all, it is not so easy as some imagine to differentiate a Pacific "type." There is no distinct Washington type. Eastern people often suppose that the West is essentially different from the East, forgetting that only yesterday it was transplanted from the East. "Do you mean to tell us, then, that if we came West we should fail to encounter desperadoes? Are you going to bereave us ruthlessly of the heroes of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Mark Twain?"

All peace to the men who have immortalized the age of the Argonauts of '49, but truth compels us to suggest that Roaring Camp is not a universal picture of the Pacific coast. Of course California is "peculiar." Washington is "peculiar." So is every other country. But strangers and travelers habitually exaggerate peculiarities. They first note the rougher, wilder, more sensational phases of life. The quiet, unobtrusive life of home, school, office, and shop is not visible from the train, street, or hotel, which are the main points of observation for the ordinary passer-through. Travelers are usually all agog to see the sensational, grotesque, criminal aspects of the West, the job lots of desperadoes and frontier ruffians, but their eyes are closed to the common virtues of home. They did not go West to see that sort of thing. Human nature loves the marvelous, and

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bids good-by to the commonplace after it crosses the Mississippi. And it may be observed that the faithful Westerner usually does his best to provide the kind of spice that his visitor wants. Hence arise reports partly unjust, partly ludicrous. There is nothing more exasperating or amusing to the old-timer than the calm assumption of superior moral virtue by visitors from the East, and their tranquil assurance that flaunting vice is an every-day affair "out West." The truth is that a traveler to any country is most likely to see the worst, and is often unaware that the very same thing exists down the back alleys of the town he lives in, in some other social stratum than his own.

Every traveler in another land adventures into a domain whose counterpart exists right around his own home without his knowledge. A story is told of a Scotchman in the Far West, disappointed in not finding the typical "bad man" whom he supposed to be the common product of the country; and while thus hungering to be thrilled, suddenly encountering his man on a steamboat. There he was, sure enough, — ferocious mustaches, cowboy hat, fringed "shapps," buckskin coat, "gun" in belt, vitriolic breath, and all, strictly according to Bret Harte. Our Scotchman gazed upon this "Western type" some time, and at last ventured to interrogate him. The "bad man," as soon as he heard the Caledonian tones, leaned over confidentially and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, I 'm jast oot from Inverness!" It was another Scotchman, on a Western steamboat, who, seeing a man at the table distinguishing himself by his horrible voracity and greed, was remarking to his American neighbor, "There! Just look at that specimen of the West. We never see a thing like that in Scotland," when the "specimen" suddenly shouted, "Hi, waiter, hae ye ony mair fash?" The writer was once told, by a delightful man of Hartford, about going into a hotel in a California town, when a gigantic "Western ruffian" stumped up to the register, and on discovering the stranger's name thundered out, "Where is that man from Connecticut?" Our friend, though expecting that he would at least have to treat the crowd, and probably get a shot through his hat, at last timidly acknowledged his identity, when the giant bore down on him with broad grin and extended hand, exclaiming, "Shake, pard! I 'm from Connecticut myself."

Do we have no Pacific coast type, then? Yes, we have, but it is elusive and indefinable, a composite of many types. The Atlantic and Pacific seem, indeed, very dissimilar, but the dissimilarity is of environment rather than of character of people. There are only four real generic types in the United States, — the Down East Yankee, the Southern colonel, the "Pike," and the Western "cowboy." There is no Pacific type of such distinctness; or rather, there is a heterogeneous mixture of all types, with a resulting "blend" in the native product. The following table of birthplaces of the 597 registered voters of Yakima, an agricultural town in the central part of the state, will be of interest as showing the composition of an ordinary town in Washington: —

New York	51	Kentucky	14
Illinois	41	Virginia	12
Missouri	39	Ireland	12
Ohio	38	Kansas	10
Oregon	36	Texas	10
Indiana	35	Vermont	10
Iowa	34	Scotland	9
Wisconsin	25	Massachusetts	7
Pennsylvania	25	New Jersey	6
Germany	25	Nova Scotia	5
Canada	24	Tennessee	5
Washington	21	Austria	5
England	18	Maryland	5
California	18	Denmark	4
Minnesota	15	Norway	4
Michigan	15	Sweden	4
Maine	15		

In addition, there were three each from Holland, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, West Virginia, New

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Hampshire, Switzerland; two each from Ontario, Arkansas, Italy, Georgia, and New Brunswick; and one each from Connecticut, Florida, India, Luxemburg, Utah, South Carolina, Wyoming, Prussia, Alabama, France, Louisiana, Isle of Jersey, Isle of Man, and New Mexico.

With such an exhibition of the cosmopolitanism of our communities, the reader will see the impossibility of any distinct type as yet. Surprised Eastern visitors sometimes say, "Why, this state is not so very wild and woolly, after all." And inasmuch as the majority of the people that they meet have been out from the East only four or five years, this is not strange.

But "East," it must be remarked in passing, does not mean to us what it means to the New Englander. Anything the other side of the Missouri is "East" to us. A new arrival from Massachusetts was once greeted very cordially, in my hearing, by a lady who had been here some time, and who said, "I came from the East myself!" "Ah!" said the New Englander. "From what place?" "From Iowa," was the unexpected answer.

It is evident that if we cannot distinguish between the Pacific coast and the West in general, we shall be unable to discriminate Washington from her immediate sisters. Yet there is a subtle something by which the older resident will recognize his own. California has, in general, more glare and glitter and "style;" Oregon is less venturesome and progressive; Washington is, with some qualifications, more solid and reliable than either. In business methods and spirit, Washington is more like the East, especially the Lake states, than are the other Pacific states. With regard to manners and outer semblance, the men are less reserved, more flexible, less mindful of dress, style, and appearances, than men of like wealth and education in the East. Outside show counts for very little with one of these hard-headed, keen-sighted pioneers, who, in his varied career, has "rubbed up" against nearly every species of human being. It will never do, in Washington, to judge a man by dress or immediate surroundings. You may think that you have a country bumpkin or a raw backwoodsman, only to find, when you have "scratched him," that you have a university star or a veteran of half a dozen wars. But the women and children of the Far West come nearer to being "types" than do the men. The average Western man leaves literature, art, and society to his wife and girls. The Western woman is an institution in herself, keen, alert, eager for impressions, education, culture, experience, career, independence, — anything, in short, that will widen her "sphere." The native Pacific girl is conspicuously bright, ambitious, rather spoiled by excessive petting from the men; not so regular and "cultured," in general, as her Eastern sister, but thoroughly womanly and fascinating, and possessing good sense, and capacity for improving her own powers and imparting inspiration to others, beyond most of her sex.

The majority of Western men are out of their element in anything except business and politics. The wife usually acts as head of the family in all manner of social and religious crises, as inviting a ministerial guest to ask a blessing at table or conduct family worship; while the masculine partner slouches around, at such times, in hulking and uncomfortable consciousness of his own lack of piety and polish. That solemn sense of his own dignity as head of the house, that shrinking deference paid to him by the "weaker vessels" of his family, which magnify the *paterfamilias* in England, and to some degree in the old-fashioned New England community, — these never lighten the pathway of the average Western householder. He may consider himself in great luck if he is not discrowned entirely. The independ-

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ence and "go-aheadativeness "of women seem to coexist with a general high standard of intelligence; for statistics show that Washington is third on the list of states in freedom from illiteracy, being surpassed by Iowa and Nebraska only. In fact, the Pacific coast ranks very high in average education and intelligence, though there is not, of course, so much real cultivation as in some circles of older communities.

The schools of Washington have not yet had time to reach the standard of Massachusetts or Michigan, or even of California; those of the last state being among the best in the country. Yet nearly every town of three or four thousand or more has a high school; and the high schools, as well as the primary schools, are laid out on such a basis as will give the state an excellent educational system when time has had due opportunity. There is a State University at Seattle, superbly located, and provided with excellent buildings and a generous support, with a faculty of 32 and over 600 students during the present year; and this bids fair to become an acceptable sister of Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and the other high-grade state universities of the country. The State Agricultural College and School of Science at Pullman is equipped with fine buildings and apparatus, has an annual income of $60,000 from state and national funds, and during this year had an enrollment of over 500 students and a faculty of 28. There are three well-equipped normal schools in the state. There are also four colleges under private control, the leading one of which is Whitman College, at Walla Walla, bearing the name of the martyr missionary whose foresight and heroism were factors in making Oregon a part of the Union. Whitman College had 14 professors and 265 students during the year 1900. A number of academies have been established in various sections.

With regard to the other agencies of an intellectual life, it may be said that Washington has the usual large Western number of newspapers, 204 in the last gazetteer, four of which, the Times and Post-Intelligencer of Seattle, the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, and the Ledger of Tacoma, will compare favorably with almost any of the newspapers of the land, aside from the great metropolitan dailies. The Times inaugurated the bold experiment of a two-cent daily, and to all appearance is succeeding, from both a pecuniary and journalistic standpoint. Washington has a state law for the maintenance of free public libraries, under which all the larger towns are making excellent beginnings. Seattle has about 24,000 volumes; Spokane, about half that number; Walla Walla, about 7000; and the movement is active throughout the state. There are 47 women's clubs, and this genuine American idea is leading to many practical steps in public improvement. As to permanent literature, there has not yet been time for a native growth of poets, essayists, and philosophers. The prevailing atmosphere, like that of the West in general, is materialistic. Dollars, not ideals, constitute the staple of men's thoughts. Nevertheless, all the natural conditions, scenery, climate, environment, history, and future outlook, favor the hope that there will be, in due season, a due meed of honor for the makers of ideas as well as of money, and that we shall have our proportion of "those rare souls, poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

Of Washington politically, it must be confessed that there is more need than hope of a high standard. In this we have plenty of company, East and West. Yet few Westerners, loath as they are to acknowledge that the East is superior in anything, venture to claim equality with New England in the character of men chosen to office. If we should institute a comparison between Washington and Maine, while we could

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claim for the former an infinite superiority in every sort of natural resource, and at least an equality in intelligence and character of people, we should have to retire without a contest in comparing legislators and members of Congress. The reason is not far to find. Maine has usually looked for national and intellectual qualifications, while Washington, like the West in general, has sought, with some honorable exceptions, local and pecuniary qualifications. The curse of the West is that politics is made a mere tool for business. Greed and commercialism have worked like the canker. Men are chosen to office, not to devise statesmanlike methods of raising the standard of life for the whole state, but to engineer some scheme for squeezing tribute out of the state for the benefit of private business enterprises.

The West is not peculiar in this respect, for this is the common history of men; but it is a curious anomaly that such consummate selfishness in business and politics coexists with such intelligence and such hearty good will in the other relations of life. The cause is plain. It is the individualistic and competitive system of business. The extreme individualism, which from its good side has made all that is best in American history, our ambition, our self-reliance, and our originality, and from its evil side has created our monopolies, our bossisms, and our partisanships, — this is keener, more eager, more speculative, and (sometimes, at least) more unscrupulous on the Pacific coast than elsewhere. In California this guerrilla strife for personal and corporate gain is most intense, and its evils are most flagrant. There, according to the local press (we would not venture to say it ourselves), the question in regard to a legislature is not whether it will be honest, — nobody expects that, — but simply whether it will steal more or less than its predecessor. In the newer state of Washington the evils of excessive individualism are not yet so gross, but they exist in pretty sturdy infancy. The spirit of coöperation is correspondingly weak. Statistics of 1897 show that there was municipal ownership of water works in 52.3 per cent of towns in New England, in 67.3 in the middle states, and in 37.5 in the West. Massachusetts led the list, and California ended it. These figures no doubt indicate in a rough way the degree of coöperation, and hence of public spirit, in these different sections. And yet this individualistic spirit of the West is simply one stage in its growth toward a higher civic life. Coöperation is essential to a noble state, but the first requisite of a strong union is strong units. The work of our bold, overbearing, scheming West is the creation of these units. The units will unite in time.

The present state administration of Washington is "fusion," — Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans. The fusion leaders are largely "reformers," old anti-slavery and anti-monopoly men, "Lincoln Republicans," temperance "cranks," radicals, and the "dangerous" element in general; while the conservative, "respectable," business class usually belong to the Republican party. The state went Republican in 1900 by a good majority, except in case of Governor Rogers, who ran about 15,000 votes ahead of his ticket. The Philippine question has cut sharply across the former alignment of parties, and produced "confusion worse confounded." The sentiment of all parties is strongly in favor of the retention of the islands. In nine cases out of ten, the sole reason assigned is that it will help American trade, and especially favor the introduction of Washington flour and lumber into Asia. It must be confessed that the Western man's treatment of the "inferior" races has not been dictated by philanthropy or sentiment. And yet, underneath the apparently harsh and mercenary spirit of commercial aggres-

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sion there is a basis of the rugged fair play and good-heartedness which are the saving grace of our masterful Anglo-Saxon race.

Of all features of Washington, as of the Pacific group in general, the most interesting and encouraging is the ambition and originality of the young people. They are intensified Americans, the legitimate offspring of the epic heroes of American immigration from Plymouth Rock down. The vital air of the land is freedom. Conventionality and affectation are hated. The beaten track is abandoned for some new road across some new wilderness. The Pacific boy and girl are born explorers, experimenters, and inventors. They are singularly susceptible to all sorts of new impressions and aims, and, in consequence, furnish the best kind of material for grafting culture and scholarship upon. It is remarked by educators who come West as teachers that the native boys, while sometimes lacking in external polish and regular discipline, are conspicuous for versatility, native force, ability to "get on," and capacity of rapid improvement. And the young men who have gone from our state to Eastern colleges have in many cases become distinguished as scholars and athletes.

Pioneer qualities of mind are indeed liable to abuse, haste, superficiality, presumption, and lawlessness, but out of such mental soil have sprung all the heroic growths of history. It has made the epics of our race. It has made the trails westward over plain and mountain, through forest and sea. Our state of Washington is simply one more of those marvels of the conquests of nature which have made America "the last best hope of earth."

W. D. Lyman.

DANTE'S QUEST OF LIBERTY.

Dean Stanley, fresh from the study of the Divine Comedy, declared, in his enthusiasm, that the Purgatorio was the most religious book he had ever read. While it lacks the dramatic force and the dark magnificence of the Inferno, and comes short of the blazing glories and the heights of vision of the Paradiso, it still touches life as we know it more intimately than either of the other portions of this strange mediæval poem. Dante here describes those things which we know in our daily lives. We are familiar with the trembling of the sea, the silent splendor of the stars, the burdensome weight of pride, the harsh irritation of envy, and the blinding smoke of wrath. The characters are neither demons nor glorified beings, but human spirits who are being made perfect through suffering. Our own experiences are here portrayed, and the resistless power of the book lies in its penetrating insight into the struggles of the soul and the forces by which it wins its liberty.

Marvelous it is how the dream of one steeped in mediæval lore has survived the lapse of centuries. The huge tomes of the master minds over which he pored with such eager interest lie neglected on the shelves, or are translated merely to interpret his weird and mystic poem; but the weighty truths they held, sinking into the passionate heart of this incomprehensible man, and distilled in the alembic of his fiery sufferings with his own life's blood, became instinct with an immortal youth. Carlyle calls Dante "the voice of ten silent centuries." Those ages may have been dumb, awaiting their interpreter, but their heart was

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hot, passion-swept, fermenting with intense aspirations, and he who could comprehend and utter the deep things of its spirit must speak words which the world will always gladly hear. Deep ever calls to deep. Heine has said that every age is a sphinx that plunges into the abyss after it has solved its problem. Dante heard the secret of the Middle Ages from the lips of the mighty creature ere it leaped into the dark below. What he heard he told, and the secret of the life of any age is of perennial interest. Certainly, the conception of religion held in the most distinctively religious centuries in history, the centuries that projected the cathedrals and produced spiritual geniuses of unrivaled lustre and power, cannot be unattractive. The soul changes not; neither do the powers which ransom it.

The book is vital, because life is purgatorial. Dante asks a question old as the race, and deep as the human heart: How can a man be freed from his sin? He answers it, too, in the way earnest and clear-seeing minds have often answered it. This grim and saturnine poet does not use the same terms which our modern thinkers employ, but he felt the steady pressure of the same sins, and he laid hold substantially of the same sovereign remedies. He placed more emphasis on the human side of the problem than we; and for this reason he deserves attentive study, having set forth most powerfully some truths which our age, so eager to break with the narrowness of the past, has overlooked in its haste. We sometimes call the Middle Ages dark, but he whose spirit brooded over its tumultuous and valorous life until he became its prophet can turn rays of clearest light upon many of our unsolved enigmas.

But Dante is not merely a prophet; he is a poet. He never forgets that his duty is to charm as well as to teach. He is the supreme poet-prophet of modern times, because in his verse truth loses nothing of its austerity, and poetry nothing of its exquisite beauty. The account of his entrance into the Earthly Paradise John Ruskin affirms to be "the sweetest passage of wood description that exists in literature;" while Charles Eliot Norton has said that the thirtieth and thirty-first cantos are "quite the highest expression of sentiment anywhere to be found." Lacking the tragic power of the Inferno, this book appeals to the subtler elements of beauty with a delicacy that gives to it a perpetual fascination.

The main purpose of this book is to point out the way to achieve the primal virtue which was lost in Eden; it is to teach us how to repair the havoc wrought by sin, and to return to the estate surrendered by the Fall. The master minds of the early Church pondered much on how a man can become what Adam was, pure, happy, free; how efface the guilt, the power, the stain of sin, and restore the individual to the Edenic liberty. They answered the problem by the doctrines of baptism, penance, and purgatory. The sin of Adam and its awful consequences rest upon each individual. This inherited guilt is atoned for by the death of Christ, and the infant or the believer becomes a partaker of the benefit of Christ's sufferings in baptism, which washes away the stain of original sin, saves him from its consequences, and makes him a recipient of divine grace. The sins committed after baptism are expiated and purged by the sacrament of penance, the integral parts of which are confession, contrition, and satisfaction; the form being the absolution pronounced by the priest. This "satisfactory punishment both heals the relicts of sin and destroys the vicious habits acquired by an evil life, by contrary acts of virtue." But life is short, and men die before the footprints of evil are rubbed out. They are not fit for heaven, they are not subjects of hell; there must, therefore, be an intermediate state, where they are cleansed from all unrighteousness. In purga-

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tory, retributive sufferings are designed both to satisfy a violated moral order and to become remedial toward the sufferer. Yet the sinner need not bear the full recoil upon himself. The intercessory prayers and deeds of love on the part of others take the place of punishment without weakening justice, for one act of love is dearer to God than years of penalty. This purgatorial process not only completely cleanses the soul; it restores it to its normal vigor by reviving all the good which sin had weakened or defaced. Dante accepted these teachings of the Church heart and soul, and they are the architectonic principles of his wondrous poem.

Assuming the spirit in baptism has been delivered from the penalties of inherited guilt, the process by which he believed a soul is purified from personal sin by the whole purgatorial experience of life, here and hereafter, is most exquisitely put in miniature in canto ix. Following Virgil, he moves to a cliff which rises sheer before him, where in a rift, he says, "I saw a gate, and three steps beneath for going to it, of divers colors, and a gate keeper who as yet said not a word. . . . Thither we came to the first great stair; it was of white marble, so polished and smooth that I mirrored myself in it as I appear. The second, of deeper hue than perse, was of a rough and scorched stone, cracked lengthwise and athwart. The third, which above lies massy, seemed to me of porphyry as flaming red as blood that spurts forth from a vein. Upon this the Angel of God held both his feet, seated upon the threshold that seemed to me stone of adamant. Up over the three steps my Leader drew me with good will, saying, 'Beg humbly that he undo the lock.' Devoutly I threw myself at the holy feet; I besought for mercy's sake that he would open for me; but first upon my breast I struck three times. Seven P's upon my forehead he inscribed with the point of his sword, and, 'See that thou wash these wounds when thou art within,' he said."

The three stairs are the three steps one must take in penance, namely, confession, contrition, and satisfaction. The angel is the type of the priest who administers absolution. The breast is struck three times to denote sincere repentance for sins of thought, of word, of deed. The seven P's — Peccati — signify the seven mortal sins which must be purged away. They are not evil deeds, but the bad dispositions out of which all sin springs; for it is not what we do, but what we are, that makes us sinners in the sight of God. It is exceedingly significant that all of the P's were incised on Dante's forehead. He may not have been guilty of every kind of sin; but in him were the potentialities of all, and he has come to a full consciousness of them. He now passes within the gate, which is the symbol of justification, and the healing process begins. Having been justified, the evil dispositions are already overcome; but their foul records are still staining his soul, and their power is not all gone. A noble type of humanity is this sombre figure, as with the seven scars of sin on his forehead he begins to climb the rugged and toilsome mountain in quest of liberty! The first note he hears is Te Deum Laudamus, chanted by sweet voices; for there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth. The Catholic Church has enumerated seven evil dispositions which exclude God from the life, and thus deliver man unto death. They are pride, envy, anger, sloth, avarice, gluttony, and lust. Upon each of the seven ledges of the purgatorial mountain the scum of one of these mortal sins is dissolved from off the conscience, and the lustre of grace and reason is restored by enduring the sacrament of penance.

On each the soul's confession, contrition, and absolution are either described or understood, but the satisfaction is always minutely and comprehensively

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delineated; for this ever thinking artist, who never seems to have made a careless touch, has three dominant thoughts appearing in every scene he pictures on the seven ledges. The first is the effect of each mortal sin upon the soul. With rare ethical insight, and almost incredible conciseness and power, this is set forth, either in the action of the sufferer, or in the color and nature of his environment, or in his personal appearance. The second is that the debt the sinner has incurred must be paid to the last farthing. He cannot leave his prison house until, with just penalties, he has rendered complete satisfaction to a violated moral order. The third, which is most prominent of all, impresses us with the fact that expiatory afflictions are not arbitrary or vindictive, but are adjusted to the purification of the penitent.

"There are two things," says Hugo of St. Victor, "which repair the divine likeness in man,—the beholding of truth and the exercise of virtue." Dante confirms this as his philosophy when he asserts that sins of habit are overcome by substituting virtuous habits, and sins of temperament by good thoughts, created by the ardor of love which truth rains into the soul. To be free, the sinful soul must know the truth. The proud see it bodied forth in the visible language of sculpture; the envious learn the nature of their guilt by hearing voices proclaim the worth of love and the fell results of envy; the wrathful, in the midst of their blinding smoke, behold the truth in vision; the slothful shout it as they run day and night. But the truth must not only be known; it must be wrought into character and habit. The proud purge out the old leaven by continuously exercising a humble disposition; the envious habitually speak well of others; the slothful "fasten upon slothfulness their teeth" by unremitting energy. Pope Martin by "fasting purges the eels of Bolsena and the Vernaccia wine," while the avaricious ripen their good will by gazing constantly at the dust to which their souls had cleaved, piteously praising examples of poverty and bounty, and lamenting the evils of the accursed thirst for gold. Our Puritan Dante, Jonathan Edwards, quaintly prescribed the same medicine: "Great instances of mortification are deep wounds given to the body of sin; hard blows which make him stagger and reel. We thereby get strong ground and footing against him, he is weaker ever after, and we have easier work with him next time." Absolution is pronounced on every ledge by the act of the angel removing a P from the poet's forehead, while assurance is made complete by hearing the sweet words of an appropriate beatitude. From the beginning to the end of this toilsome climb divine grace has helped the weary soul over the hard places, and guided him in moments of doubt, until, at last, when all wounds are healed, the whole mountain trembles with sympathetic joy, and the enfranchised spirit, crowned and mitred over itself, roams in the ancient paradise in all "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Yet even after the summit of the mountain has been reached, every wrong having been thoroughly forgiven, and the spirit cleansed of all evil dispositions, there still remains the memory, whose chambers are hung with the black pictures of guilt. Such darkness cannot enter into the celestial light. Said Macbeth to his physician: —

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

The vision of God is impossible until sin, if it is remembered at all, is remembered as belonging to a vanquished self. "Wash me throughly!" is the cry of the soul. The conscience and the memory cannot be left out. For this deep

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need Dante provides. When he recovers from the swoon into which he fell at the rebuke of Beatrice, Matilda draws him into the river Lethe, while sweet voices from the blessed shore sing, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." When he had drunk of the strange waters all memory of his former sins was obliterated. Thus this great teacher would instruct us that a life of active virtue leads to a forgetfulness of past evil.

One more experience must be undergone before the redeemed soul is fit to wing its flight to the stars. The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of "reviving merit." The good which men have done lives in them. The fair as well as the foul is written on the tablets of the mind, and what is good God never allows to be blotted out. And so into the river Eunoë, flowing from the same source as Lethe, the poet is led, and takes of that sweet draught which revives his powers, crippled by sin. "I returned from the most holy wave, renovated as new plants renewed with new foliage, pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

In pondering the way of life by which this passionate thirteenth-century prophet proclaims that men attain perfect liberty, one cannot but remark the stress he lays upon a principle which has well-nigh faded from the Protestant mind. It is that of expiation. Dante has elsewhere very tersely stated this satisfaction which must be rendered to the moral law: "And to his dignity he never returns, unless, where sin makes void, he fill up for evil pleasures with just penalties."

This stern and august conception of the retributive recoil of the moral order upon sin has grown somewhat dim in the modern religious consciousness. We emphasize the fatherhood rather than the justice of God. We make the penalties for crime corrective rather than punitive, and rightly; nevertheless, we must reinstate in our thought, in something of its former grandeur and power, the unvarying law which to the swarthy Florentine prophet works through all life: that "where sin makes void," man must "fill up for evil pleasures with just penalties." Nemesis was no idle dream of classical antiquity, and the doctrine of expiation which has loomed so large in the thought of the profoundest minds of the Church, while it may need restatement, will refuse to be so jauntily rejected as it is by much of our newer theology. Neglected in the religious teachings of the day, it is reappearing as the dominant truth in the masterpieces of fiction. But although it needs fuller recognition than it receives, there tower above it other monumental verities, whose shining glory neither Dante nor our modern novelists have beheld.

It is doubtless true that the Purgatorio is one of the most deeply religious books in the world; yet it still comes far short of embodying the loftiest spiritual ideals. Its way to liberty is not the path pointed out by him who said, "I am the way." Christ laid emphasis on the intimate relationship of his disciples with himself as the power that would redeem them from sin. Their love for him and his presence in them were to free them from the power and relicts of evil. Paul faced identically the same problem that confronted our austere prophet; but his answer was far different: "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." He did not think of himself as creeping up some almost inaccessible height. A stupendous power of life had gotten hold of him, mastered him to his being's core, and was working out its own purpose in him. The love of Christ constrained him, and not a desire for personal salvation. John Wesley felt he had not been converted until he had given up "will-work" and "self-regeneration," and trusted in the indwelling Christ for his sanctification. Dante is not merely the

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child of his time in thus seeking liberty; he is the child of his temperament. St. Francis, whom he praises so ardently in the Paradiso, was loosed from the bondage of his sin through his rapturous love of an ever present Saviour. He repented of his sins and confessed them in genuine contrition, but all thought of expiation was lost in the sea of his love. He was conscious of no long, sad years of dreary labor, in order that he might fill up the void made by evil pleasures with just penalties. His thoughts were not centred upon his own sufferings, but Christ's, until the very print of the nails appeared upon his hands and feet. He did not set himself resolutely to break down evil habits by a toilsome building up of virtuous ones. His ceaseless activities sprang spontaneously out of his fervent love for his divine master, and this made his earthly purgatorial life exultant with a joy that is wanting in Dante's purgatory. St. Bernard, whom Dante so reverenced as to choose him as interpreter in that supreme moment when he looked into the face of God, could not have left a sense of sweet personal communion with Christ so completely out of the Purgatorio and Paradiso. He said to the people who flocked to his cloister: "If thou writest, nothing therein has savor to me unless I read Jesus in it. If thou discussest or conversest, nothing there is agreeable to me unless in it also Jesus resounds. Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, a song of jubilee in the heart."

This startling omission grew partly out of the fact that Dante emphasized God's manifestation of himself in a system of theology rather than in a saviour, — Beatrice, not Christ, was the supreme revelation of the Father, — and partly out of the vicious and artificial distinction which the schoolmen made between the moral and the religious. St. Thomas sought to draw a line between what a man can know and attain through the exercise of his own faculties and what must be disclosed to him. He recognized a gulf between the natural and the supernatural. Man's native reason is able to show him the nature and consequences of sin, and to lead him to temporal felicity and purity of heart. But God, immortality, and high spiritual truths are beyond reason, and must be revealed. Upon this distinction are built the Purgatorio and the Paradiso; yet it is hurtful. It is the old baneful separation of the ethical and spiritual life. Cardinal Newman has said that the atonement should not be preached to the unconverted, but that the preacher should mark out obedience to the moral law as the ordinary means of attaining to the Christian faith; that is, first moral purity, then religion. Paul's programme was different. When he went to Corinth, he preached first of all the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection. He brought the repentant soul, not through a long process of moral purgation, but face to face with the living Christ: this infuses a new life, and calls forth an answering love. The expulsive power of this ardent affection makes a new creature, who does not set himself doggedly to break down old habits and form better ones, but, constrained by love, gives himself to grateful service. This is the way to the "glorious liberty of the children of God;" and it is a diviner way than that over which this sad-souled prophet, who had not yet caught sight of the robes of Christ or seen the beautiful eyes of Beatrice, pressed his weary feet. Yet Dante's way of life is a true way, traveled often by men in all communions, who purify their souls by the beholding of truth in the lives of others, by the constant practice of virtue, and by patiently following reason, instead of joyfully serving Christ.

Purgatory is a process rather than a place. We may deny the place, but the process is life itself, which no one can ponder deeply and describe without writing a Purgatorio. Most of the masterpieces of

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fiction are but a restatement of Dante's task. Their problem is to show how sins are expiated and souls purified by pain and toil. Purgatory banished from theology has made its home in literature; yet in this metamorphosis from a dogma of the theologian to the plot of the novelist its essential character is unchanged. The purgatorial process portrayed in literature comes much nearer the standard of the Tuscan poet than the ideals of the New Testament.

I can find no indication in Hawthorne's life that he ever read a canto of Dante. The Scarlet Letter was written before he learned Italian, but the similarity between this powerful novel and the Purgatorio is very striking. The scene of one is in Boston, and of the other on the holy mountain; but in both the interest centres in tracing the rugged and fiery path by which liberty from the stain and power of sin is attained. The weird and gloomy genius of the Protestant has drawn even a more terrible picture than did the Catholic of the Middle Ages. Hawthorne's purpose was to show how Hester Prynne, who for the sin of adultery was condemned to wear the scarlet letter A exposed upon her bosom, and Arthur Dimmesdale, her unrevealed partner in guilt, purified their souls through purgatorial sufferings. So closely do the minds of these two powerful writers keep together in unfolding their common thought that sometimes almost identical forms of expression and experience are used. In one place Hawthorne employs a sentence to describe the lot of his hero that reminds us very forcibly of Dante's famous account of his own experiences. Mr. Dimmesdale had chosen single blessedness: therefore he is compelled "to eat his unsavory morsel always at another's board, and endure the lifelong chill which must be his lot who seeks to warm himself only at another's fireside." Very similar is Dante's statement of his own homeless condition in the well-known prophecy of Cacciaguida:

> "Thou shalt have proof how savoureth of salt
> The bread of others, and how hard a road
> The going down and up another's stairs."
> (Par. xvii. 58–60. Longfellow's trans.)

The sweetest passage in the Inferno is the poet's recital of his meeting with Francesca da Rimini. Leigh Hunt calls it "a lily in the mouth of Tartarus." The only consolation left to poor Francesca, as she was swept about on the never resting blast, was that from Paolo she would never be separated. Their sin had made them one forever. Hester had been carried into the same Inferno by the impetuous rush of the same passion, and while there her solace was also the same. She might have fled from the Puritan colony, and thus have escaped part of her penalty; but she refused, because "there dwelt, there trode the feet of one with whom she deemed herself connected in a union that, unrecognized on earth, would bring them together before the bar of final judgment, and make that their marriage altar, for a joint futurity of endless retribution. Over and over again, the tempter of souls had thrust this idea upon Hester's contemplation, and laughed at the passionate and desperate joy with which she seized, and then strove to cast it from her. She barely looked the idea in the face, and hastened to bar it in its dungeon." Thus did Hester for a moment taste of the sweet comfort which was Francesca's sole alleviation in torment, but she escaped from her own hell into purgatory because she thrust it from her, and with acquiescent mind endured her punishment.

Dante's problem was to erase the seven P's from his forehead; Hawthorne's was to let the scarlet letter A burn on the breast of Hester until it purified her soul. Each shows that the way to absolution is up the three steps of contrition, confession, expiation. True contrition there was in the hearts of both Hester and the clergyman; but the latter's life was a sickening tragedy, be-

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cause he lacked the courage to confess his crime. He would have two steps rather than three by which to enter into the gate, but he learned that there can be no true contrition without a confession. "Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! Had I one friend — or were it my worst enemy! — to whom, when sickened with the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself, and be known as the vilest of all sinners, methinks my soul might keep itself alive thereby. Even thus much of truth would save me. But, now, it is all falsehood! — all emptiness! — all death!" And it is not until he makes a public confession on the scaffold that he dies in hope. In that last tragic scene he attests that God's grace, working through the stern and indispensable trinity, confession, contrition, satisfaction, which Dante recognized, had ransomed his soul: "God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! by sending yonder dark and terrible old man to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever!" But the absorbing interest of Hawthorne's powerful story lies in the revelation of how expiatory sufferings cleanse Hester's soul. The shades whom Dante saw upon the mountain preferred to remain constantly in their torments, so that the sooner they might be purified. Hester abode near the scene of her guilt, that "perchance the torture of her daily shame would at length purge her soul, and work out another purity than that which she had lost; more saint-like, because the result of martyrdom." These continual sufferings, at once expiatory toward the moral sense of the community and remedial to herself, finally changed the scarlet letter from a badge of shame to a symbol of purity and holiness.

We miss in Hawthorne what we missed in Dante. There is no strong sense of the forgiveness of God, no mighty and triumphant love healing the soul and urging it to joyful service. The cross is but a dim light in the background, not a living reality changing a vague hope to love. The novelist doubtless portrayed common life, but Mary Magdalene, with her loving devotion to the Christ, walked in a better way than Hester Prynne.

What is true of The Scarlet Letter is true of all the great works of modern fiction. They are Dantean rather than Christian.

There are three ineffaceable impressions made upon the mind of every earnest student of the Purgatorio. The first is the inevitable and fearful consequences of sin. In the Inferno we were appalled by a vision of sin in its essential nature. Here we behold it in its terrible effects. It is no slight thing, easily overlooked. It is a crime against God. It creates a void in the moral universe, which must be filled with just penalties. It is a blow at the divine order, and the recoil is as sure as the decrees of the Almighty. Moreover, it is an injury to the individual. No slightest evil temper can be indulged without a black registry upon the soul itself. The blow anger aims at another falls upon one's own soul, and the lust that burns toward others kindles a fiercer fire in the sinner's spiritual nature.

The second impression is that it is impossible to enter into life and joy until these effects are expunged. The debt must be paid in full to an outraged moral order; there can be no shuffling. It may demand the death of the Son of God, and the unspeakable sufferings of

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the race; but, cost what it may in pain and tears and passionate love, the scales of God's justice must balance. The scars also which sin has made upon the soul must all be erased, even though the price paid is a millennium of wandering upon the mount of pain.

The third impression is that while the divine love works upon a man in a thousand ways, yet human coöperation must be continuous, absorbed, energetic. The stain of sin is no trivial thing, easily wiped out by a prayer. Salvation is no ready-made article, which man has but to accept. The soul is not saved unless it keeps thinking. It drives out bad thoughts by good ones. Constant contemplation of virtue creates love for it, and hate for sin, while the new thought and the new love are converted into character by ceaseless practice.

These truths the swarthy prophet learned upon the holy mountain. In words of sweetest music and pictures of imperishable beauty he wrote them upon tables of stone, and then, with face shining from his vision, he brought them down to the people upon the plain, who feasted and danced about their golden calf.

Charles A. Dinsmore.

THE PASSING OF MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I DO not exactly remember when I came to understand that the little old lady sitting opposite me in the studio was my model. Portraits, you know, like children, have their slow process of mental development, and I cannot say precisely when my period of infancy came to an end, and was followed by unbroken consciousness. It seems to me that the artist was tinkering with a flesh tint on my right cheek when I first began to experience the joy of living, and to take notice of things around me. Certainly from that moment I grew greatly interested in the little old lady, and watched her with the keen delight that led me to suspect there was a bond of the most cordial sympathy between us. I fancy that even the artist himself could not have been more solicitous for her physical condition, or the requisites for a successful sitting. Instinctively I seemed to know when things were not going right, and often I have said to myself: "This is our off day," or, "We are not keyed up to it," or, "We shall have to do this all over to-morrow." If artists only had a little of our sensitiveness, our perception of wrong conditions, how much time and fruitless labor might be saved!

The little old lady was not beautiful, although she had a certain dignity and strength of bearing that greatly impressed me at the time. She was then about seventy years of age, and I remember that she wore a funny old cap on her head, tied under her chin with black strings, and that her gray hair was brushed rather severely down over her temples. Her dress was of black silk, and a bit of lace was around her throat, fastened with a cameo brooch, which seemed to me then the most beautiful of all possible ornaments. I recollect with what a thrill I felt the artist painting in the lace around my throat, and decorating me with the gorgeous cameo. Everything was new and joyous to me, and I had that feeling of intoxication which comes to every picture firmly persuaded it is a masterpiece.

Notwithstanding the gentle dignity of the little old lady and her general air of reserve, there were times when she was loquacious, and then I became familiar with our family history, and picked up points of extreme value at a later day.

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And as the work progressed, her daughter Caroline and her son-in-law George dropped in to make suggestions; and daughter Martha from the country and a son from the West, and various other relations of near and remote degree, were summoned for consultation; and among them all I was subjected to many alterations. The artist bore patiently with these suggestions, and I have never ceased to regard his profession with a feeling of the highest respect coupled with the sincerest pity. But there is an end to all trials, even in a studio, and at last I was pronounced perfect, and borne triumphantly to my new home.

George and Caroline lived, as I am now aware, in a pleasant but unfashionable quarter of the city. To me, unacquainted with any habitation save the studio, the dwelling seemed a palace. George was a young man of excellent business habits, steady and industrious, and fully able to support in comfort his wife, her mother, the little old lady, and the two young daughters, Elizabeth and Bertha. To my inexperienced eye and modest taste, there seemed nothing left on earth to be desired.

Ah, those were happy days! The memory of them remains to cheer me, now that my gilt has gone, my lustre has vanished. Whenever a visitor would come to the house, Caroline would march her up in front of me, and say proudly, "Did you ever see a more perfect picture than this of mother?" And the little old lady would look up at me and shake her head, and say deprecatingly, "Now, Caroline, if I were you, I would n't say anything more about it." George — he was a jovial fellow, was George — quite fastened himself on my affections; for he often passed through the parlor when he came down to breakfast, and called out to me, just as cheerily as if I were the real article, — which, of course, just then, I was not, — "Hello, grandma!" How I smiled at him at those times!

I suppose things must have run on like this for about a year. One morning the little old lady did not join us as usual, and all that day and the next day, and through the week, there was a great stillness in the house. And one night I heard the sound of weeping upstairs; and very soon Caroline came down, and threw herself on the sofa just under me, and gave way to her grief, until George came in, and gently led her away. And two days later all the neighbors and friends assembled at the house; and when they left, I heard the nurse tell the girl next door that they had taken the little old lady with them on her long journey. You see I did not know at that time what death was, and I thought it very kindly and beautiful to take such an interest in the journey of a friend.

With the passing of the little old lady the gravity of my new duties began to appeal to me more strongly. I noticed with some perplexity that I had aged considerably in my feelings, and that I seemed to be governed by a familiar spirit and to possess an unaccountable knowledge of the past, a phenomenon in psychology I am unable to explain. This sense of responsibility was materially intensified when Caroline, in her first moments of loneliness and grief, would stand before me with clasped hands and say mournfully, "You are all that is left to me of her." At such moments I tried to comfort her, and I really believe that in a great measure I succeeded.

We were all very happy together, and it was pleasant for me, after the children had gone to bed, to be in the little parlor with George and Caroline, and hear them discuss our brightening prospects. The sight of so much domestic bliss was a perpetual pleasure, and often I have confided to my little crewel friend and neighbor, God-Bless-Our-Home, my conviction that a happier group of persons and pictures never existed in the world.

I shall not attempt to dwell on the eight happy years I spent in the little parlor, though it is true that I thought I

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saw an occasional tendency to get away from the old traditions, and I gathered from the conversation of the ladies who called in the afternoon that Caroline had become a woman of considerable importance in the neighborhood; but I freely confess that I did not understand a word of their talk about clubs and papers and conventions and federations, and a hundred things that were never heard of when I was a girl. It was all very hollow and profligate to me, and God-Bless-Our-Home quite agreed with me that mothers and wives could be much more profitably employed in their domestic duties. One night — I think it was the first evening in six since we were together in the little parlor — George said to Caroline, "Well, my dear, I closed the bargain to-day for the house on the avenue." Such a scene of congratulation! Elizabeth said, "Thank Heaven, I shan't be ashamed now to receive company!" I could not understand what the child meant, for it seemed to me that nothing could be more beautiful than our parlor, with its new furniture and its spick-span rugs. I said as much to my neighbor on the left, A Cloudy Morning on Lake George; but Cloudy Morning rudely laughed at me. He was a supercilious fellow.

That period of moving! Shall I ever forget it? For twenty-four hours I was lost in a blinding dust, and then for three whole days I stood up against the baseboard of the dining room, with my face pressed against the wall, utterly unable to see a thing that was going on. What I suffered during this period of retirement only a woman can understand. Another day of torture would have led me to disgrace myself before the household effects. It had never occurred to me that I should not occupy my old position on the parlor wall of our new home, and I was much surprised when I heard Caroline say: "What shall we do with mother's picture? Of course it will never do to hang it in the drawing-room." I did not know then what they meant by the drawing-room, but the imputation that any place was too good for me was not to be passed over without resentment.

However, it was finally decided that I should be hung back in the library; and I found, to my great pleasure, that it was a most cheerful and inviting room, relieved of that terrible primness that characterized the parlor, or, as they called it, the drawing-room. For a week or more I was quite happy and contented with my new surroundings. Once or twice I thought I saw the old love light come back into Caroline's eyes, as she looked up at me smiling down on the library table, but I dare say I was mistaken. One evening — George and Caroline had gone upstairs, and I had composed myself for the night — who should follow Elizabeth into the library but young Mr. De Vivian! Now I never could abide De Vivian, and why Elizabeth tolerated him I could never understand, for in my day he would have been laughed at for a fop and a dandy. I caught him staring at me several times in the most impertinent manner, and you may depend upon it I returned his gaze with a haughtiness that would have rebuffed a fellow less presumptuous. After one of my most scornful looks, he turned to Elizabeth and drawled: —

"I say, Elizabeth, who is the queer old party on the wall, in the cap and sackcloth?"

Conceive, then, my amazement, my chagrin, my discomfiture, when my own grandchild positively blushed, and, fingering a paperknife nervously, stammered, for the words must have choked her: —

"That? Why, that, I believe, is one of mamma's distant relations."

And this from my granddaughter, whom, when a little child, I brought through the croup after the doctors had given her up, the baby I had watched and petted, the girl I had loved and guided! I suppose I was an old fool,

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but, do you know, at that moment something seemed to swim before my eyes; the whole room was blurred, young De Vivian had vanished, and I was back in the nursery, crooning to a little babe, and thanking God that so fair a child had been given to comfort us and make us happy. And I thought of the little old lady lying peacefully under the snow in the silent city, and I wondered if it is spared to her to know what is sometimes said of us after we are gone by those we have loved.

Well, I thought it all over during the night, and came to the conclusion that my granddaughter would be much ashamed of her conduct, so I was prepared to forgive her at the first genuine manifestation of repentance. But Elizabeth was in a frightful humor in the morning. She looked at me viciously by way of preparing me for the worst, and then she said:

"Mamma, why don't you take that awful daub out of the library?"

"I don't think I should call it a daub, Elizabeth," answered Caroline, "but perhaps it is out of place. It may be more respectful to put it where it will not excite derision. I think I 'll have William hang it in my room. Family portraits are more in keeping with bedrooms."

"Mrs. Benslow does n't keep her mother's portrait in the bedroom," spoke up little Bertha. "She has it hanging right in the front hall, where everybody can see it the first thing." I could have hugged the child for her brave words.

"Mrs. Benslow's mother was a Colonial dame," said Elizabeth; "that 's quite another thing."

"I don't see what difference that makes," replied the stout little Bertha; "a grandmother 's a grandmother, is n't she?"

"Yes, and a child 's a child," said Elizabeth angrily; "and when you have grown a little more, you will appreciate a good many things you know nothing about now."

I fancy that Bertha saw the way I smiled upon her, and I believe that, somewhere near, the spirit of a little old lady was hovering to guard her from knowing that sort of world that cherishes its ancestors merely from pride of place and pomp of condition.

After William had hung me up over Caroline's bed, I discovered, to my annoyance, the crayon portrait of George's uncle Ben grinning at me from the opposite wall. Ben Chisholm and I were children together, and we had quarreled from the very moment we met. Up to this time Ben had occupied an inferior position in the family, and I think would not have been tolerated at all had he not left George quite a sum of money when he died. It gave me a terrible shock, after all these years, to see him grinning and chuckling to himself.

"Well," said Ben, after William had gone away, "you 've come to it, have you? I guessed it was only a question of time. Of course it was natural enough for you to suppose that the fate of an obstinate and disagreeable bachelor uncle could never overtake a nice, considerate, amiable mother, but I knew it was sure to come." And he laughed so uproariously that he jarred a Madonna and two Magdalenes off their level.

"I do not know," said I shortly, "what you mean by this gibberish about 'fate' and 'time;' and you will oblige me by stopping that grinning and chuckling, and by behaving like a reasonable being."

"Then I shall have to explain," he continued, with such a frightful leer that the two Magdalenes shivered and huddled together, and the Madonna humbly cast down her eyes. "It came easy to me. I started in the back sitting room two months before the funeral, and went up on the second floor shortly after the will was read, notwithstanding my efforts to do what I could to help along the family. Is n't that amusing? You observe that I do not spare myself, and run the risk of spoiling a joke."

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"It is very likely," said I, "that the family was anxious to put you out of the way; for anything that would remind anybody of you must be necessarily painful."

"Yes, I was somewhat trying, I dare say; but their disposition of me does not explain, so far as I can see, why dear mother should be shunted first into the library, and then into an upstairs bedroom. That is what is worrying me, dear friend."

Happily for me, the conversation, humiliating as it was in the presence of the three strange ladies, was interrupted by the entrance of the maid; though I must say for the ladies that their sympathy was wholly with me, and that they have since acknowledged that for many weeks Ben Chisholm had kept them in a condition of terror by his ribald jokes and boisterous laughter. But it would be useless to deny that the poison of Ben Chisholm's discourse had entered my system. I could not divest myself of the suspicion he had excited, that I had been put out of the way because I was no longer acceptable to a family that had made such advancement in the business and social world. Caroline barely noticed me, although I employed every artifice to attract her attention; and she was continually away from home, taken up with her worldly prospects, her clubs, receptions, and never ending round of evening gayeties. The Madonna never ceased to give me admirable counsel from her wonderful storehouse of knowledge. She spoke long and earnestly of the evils of wealth and fashion, of the temptations that beset the worldly rich, of the quickness with which a life of frivolity dries up the human heart; and she besought me to be prepared at all times for such changes in fortune as might be appointed.

For this reason I was tranquil, even cheerful, when Caroline, suddenly pointing to me one morning, said to the maid, "Mary, you may take that picture down to-day, and hang it in the sewing room." This was somewhat startling; but I soon gathered from the conversation of the servants that Caroline was preparing for a grand evening reception, and that the room was to be given over to the women for the removal of their wraps, and the putting on of the final touches. It came over me all at once that I was banished not merely because, in my sober garb, I did not fit in with such splendor, but because Ben Chisholm was right, and my family was ashamed of the comments of these worldly fashionables. Time was when I might have wept for such unfilial conduct, but how would idle tears have availed? And so I bore myself bravely, with just that old dead pain at the heart I have never quite succeeded in banishing.

I was vastly cheered, as Mary bore me to my new stopping place, to observe, smiling at me from above the closet door, my little crewel friend, God-Bless-Our-Home, whom I had not seen since we were neighbors and cronies in the old-fashioned parlor. I had mourned her as dead, and here she was, — a trifle weather-beaten, perhaps, but otherwise as cheerful and stimulating as ever.

"I know it is unbecoming to complain," said my little crewel friend, with a sigh, "but, as you are aware, it is hard, when one has presided over a parlor, and stood for as much as I represent, even on my face value, to be exiled, without a word of apology or explanation, to a back room upstairs. Ben Chisholm was here for a few days, and he dwelt, rather maliciously, I thought, on the fact that my old place in the parlor is now given up to a painting wholly unscriptural, and, I fear, not altogether decorous. But I prefer to believe that the shift was not so much the result of a change of heart as of the recognition of things in their proper places."

"And that is why you are over the closet door in a back room?" said I, with a touch of bitterness.

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"Wherever I am," answered God-Bless-Our-Home very sweetly, "it is enough for me to know that I am not responsible for any failure of my mission, and that it is not my fault that there are other things more beautiful and alluring to the world than myself."

I was ashamed of my outburst, and begged my little friend to forgive my hasty words. And I asked her to tell me about the sewing room; whether Caroline and the girls assembled there for family consultation, and worked and talked together, as in the good old times when I was a girl just learning the domestic arts.

God-Bless-Our-Home smiled, but, it seemed to me, a little sadly. "Times have changed, my dear old friend, since you were young, and you forget that necessity for labor with the needle no longer exists in your family. It is true that I do see your daughter and the girls occasionally; for they come here to be fitted, and then the telephone is always a source of distraction. I must say that I have no special fondness for gossip, and yet I cannot help overhearing much that is said, pleasant and unpleasant. You know that it is through the sewing women, who work by the day or week, that our fashionable ladies pick up much, if not all of their general information on personal matters, and in this way I have acquired a stock of knowledge surprising in its extent, if not in its accuracy."

And with this introduction God-Bless-Our-Home proceeded to regale me with the choicest bits of family information. I heard how Caroline had become a woman of the most tremendous importance in club and fashionable life, and how she constantly berated George for his indifference to social affairs, and bewailed his indisposition to play an active part in the gay world in which she moved. I learned that George had accumulated a vast fortune, which served only to make him more restless and dissatisfied than ever, and that while Caroline and the girls gave themselves up to their pleasures he became more engrossed with his business, finding in the pursuit of wealth his greatest happiness. That Elizabeth had given her troth to young Mr. De Vivian pained but did not surprise me, but that the wedding had been put off until the family moved into the new house gave me much disquietude. I dreaded the thought of the fate in store for me, and with trepidation I communicated my fears to my friend.

"It is true," said God-Bless-Our-Home, "that our family feels that it has outgrown this house and its surroundings, and that it has made preparations to move into a more elegant home in a still more fashionable quarter of the city. I have heard Caroline say as much to her friends, over the telephone; and George has frequently come in at night to call the architect and contractors, to hurry them along with the work. I do not know what will become of us, but I try not to think of unpleasant things."

Much more, from time to time, God-Bless-Our-Home told me of the family doings, and often I picked up interesting matter from the gossip of the sewing women and the frequent conversation over the telephone. For Elizabeth was accustomed to spend many moments, idly it appeared to me, in calling up young Mr. De Vivian and speaking of things of a most frivolous and empty character, such as I was ashamed to hear discussed in the presence of my little friend.

Thus several months went by without special incident, and we were beginning to think that possibly we were settled for the winter, when one morning Mary entered the room, bringing our former companion, the Titian Magdalene. My pleasure at the sight of her was somewhat tempered by the discovery that she was in unusual depression of spirits, and seemed to be laboring with the most painful emotions. As often as I tried

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to ask the reason of her coming my courage failed; but I was not long kept in suspense, for, having partly recovered from her agitation, she spoke with great frankness.

"Everything is in confusion," said the Magdalene. "The house is torn up; my sister, the Correggio, has been carried I know not where, and the Madonna is lying, face downward, on the bedroom floor. Strange men have entered the house, laying lawless hands on what they could reach; and it was through their carelessness that I received this abrasion of the skin on my right arm. I know that a great upheaval has come into our life, and I shudder for the consequences to us all."

"Let us not be discouraged," replied God-Bless-Our-Home, with the utmost cheerfulness, "but let us hope for the best, even when we naturally fear the worst. Perhaps it will not be so bad as we think, and perhaps we shall all come together in our new abode. For I see from what Magdalene tells us that another period of restlessness has come, and that we must shortly go to another home."

The time was even shorter than she thought; for hardly had the words escaped her, when the strange men broke into the room, and laid violent hold on us, and tore us from the wall, and bore us away downstairs, where lay the Madonna in the shameful condition described by Magdalene, with certain secular and low-class prints and engravings piled ignominiously on her frame. I shall not linger on the disgrace and confusion of those awful hours; nor shall I dwell on the humiliating manner in which we were all jumbled into a moving van, wholly regardless of propriety and dignity, and jostled about in a most agonizing journey. I remember that the Madonna, covered with dirt, and hardly recognizable in the accumulation of two days' dust on the littered floor, never lost her admirable composure, but earnestly besought us to be patient and to bear our misfortunes with humility. However, I could not refrain from crying out against the inhuman treatment to which family portraits and old and constant picture friends are so wantonly subjected.

When we had come to our journey's end, and had been carried roughly into the house, which was indeed a palace in beauty and extent, the Madonna warned us to prepare ourselves for any indignity. "For I perceive," said she, "that this dwelling is on a scale of grandeur far beyond our condition." A malignant chuckle greeted this remark, most humbly and piously uttered, and, turning, we saw for the first time that Ben Chisholm had been put down in our corner, whereat we all shuddered.

"You ought not to expect anything," said he coarsely, "you and those two women there, for you are only copies. But look at me. I'm an original. And yet I dare say that I have as little to hope for as any of you. But I don't complain. I'm used to it, and I know the people. You 'll allow me to add that it's about time for you and dear mother to scrape up a fair knowledge of our precious family," and he grinned so diabolically that we turned away, sick at heart. There is nothing so terrible, in periods of wretchedness, as a malicious philosopher.

For thirty-six hours we lay on the floor, while one by one our companions were picked up and borne away. I was at the bottom of the heap, with my face resting — not inappropriately, all things considered — on a scrubbing brush, and bearing many grievous burdens, of the nature of which I knew nothing, on my back, when George contemptuously punched me with his foot, and asked: —

"What are you going to do with all this truck?"

(Think of that! Mother's portrait, a Madonna, a Titian, and a Correggio, — truck!)

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"I really don't know," answered Caroline. "There is so much I wish we had destroyed or thrown away before we left the old place. Most of it is fit only for the ash barrel."

"Here is grandmother's picture," said Bertha, vainly endeavoring to rescue me from the pile. "I recognize the frame. Certainly you don't mean to throw that into the ash barrel?"

"No," replied Caroline, "I cannot throw it away, though I sometimes wish I could. It's an atrocious likeness, — always was; positively too frightful to hang where anybody can see it."

"I thought you used to like it," said Bertha innocently. I believe I have said that Bertha was my favorite grandchild, and a girl of uncommon penetration.

"I never liked it, though I admit that I have tolerated it before."

"Before she became rich and fashionable," said I to myself bitterly; "why does n't she finish her sentence?"

"So I think, for the present," continued Caroline, "we 'd better stow it away in a safe place. William, suppose you carry this picture up to the top floor and put it in the trunk room. And while you are about it you may as well dispose of the rest of these old traps."

Indeed! So hereafter I was to be regarded a part of the "truck" and "old traps," — a pretty ending of my dream of a happy and honored old age! As William took me out of the room, I could not forbear calling out, in my indignation, "Remember, Caroline, I am all that is left to you of her!" But if she heard me she gave no indication; and, in truth, I am inclined to think that my reproach would have carried little weight, so completely had her nature been changed by the vanities and pomp of her new life.

Behold me, then, in the trunk room, a good-sized but dark and poorly ventilated apartment, just off the ballroom, at the top of the house. The room was fairly filled with a great variety of household effects, which, I recall, were groaning and complaining loudly as William threw me, somewhat contemptuously and very roughly, into a corner, behind a large box. I lost, through this treatment, quite a section of gilt from the right of my frame. It was altogether too dark to recognize my neighbors; still, I knew that the Madonna and the two Magdalenes and God-Bless-Our-Home were my companions in exile, and it was not many minutes before I discovered that Ben Chisholm was in a distant corner, mercifully held down by two dress-suit cases and a steamer trunk. But nothing could repress that fellow's malevolence of spirits.

"And so we are all together once more," he piped up, in his shrill, squeaky voice. "Well, if this is n't real pleasant and homelike! I am sorry you ladies cannot get a better look at me, — the lighting arrangements here are execrable, — for I think this new hole in my left arm would interest you. And just to think that after so many days and months of separation we should be reunited! Was n't it thoughtful of George and Caroline to arrange for this charming meeting? Do you suppose there is any danger they will tear us apart again?"

We were too much occupied with our own grief to answer, and, after chuckling to himself a few minutes, he went on: —

"So this is the trunk room and rubbish closet. Is n't it cosy in here? A trifle warm in summer, perhaps, but think how comfortable we shall be in winter! I hope you ladies don't mind mice," — the Correggio gave a little scream, — "for I distinctly heard a mouse gnawing over by my right hand. Personally I don't bother about mice; but I have understood that women are afraid of them, and I deem it my duty to warn you in time. It seems rather strange that we should have everything possible up here except a mouse trap. Perhaps, if mother would speak about it

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to her thoughtful and loving daughter, she would provide one."

This sarcastic reference to my unfilial child gave me a more bitter sense of my misfortune, and excited the indignation of my companions, who violently reproached Ben for his ill-timed levity.

"What 's the use of pretending to so much virtue?" he grumbled. "You all know that we are in the last ditch, and have nothing to look forward to except the ash heap or kindling box. Let us make the best of it while it lasts. At the worst we are next to the ballroom, where we can hear the music, and at other times we shall have plenty of leisure for reflection over a giddy and more or less exciting past. I 'm going to be philosophical, but I must confess that this steamer trunk is uncommonly heavy."

There was a good deal of sense in what Ben said; and while I do not wish to give him credit for anything useful or helpful, he did, however unwittingly, cheer us up. He was right, too, in his conjecture as to the music; for Caroline began straightway a series of lavish entertainments, and three or four evenings of every week the strains of the dance came plainly to us, and the chatter of voices and the sound of laughter made us forget our isolation. At times I thought I could detect Caroline's voice, and her tones invariably set me to thinking of the quiet evenings in the little front parlor, when God-Bless-Our-Home was the ruling spirit, and when life seemed the brightest and happiest and best of all possible conditions. At these times I think I should have wept, had it been possible for me again to weep.

But it must not be thought that we had seen the last of Caroline. I remember the first day she opened the door, and, entering the room, began to peer around. My heart gave a great leap, and I thought, "Perhaps she has come for me!" In this I was mistaken, for after rummaging eagerly a few minutes — barely giving me a glance — she seized an old teapot of lacquered tin, and bore it away triumphantly. Another day she came again, and this time she carried out an old-fashioned gilt mirror of the preceding century. To these succeeded a dingy pewter plate and a rusty sword which, I remember hearing, her great-great-grandfather wore in the war of the Revolution. Then we realized that Caroline had become infected with the craze for antiques, and great hopes sprang up in the trunk room, and there was much speculation as to our respective chances. Ben Chisholm, however, refused to be dazzled by the prospect. "Whatever happens, there 's no show for you or me, old mother," he said gruffly; "for we 're neither one thing nor the other, and we 'll be lucky if they let us stay on here. When we go out, we go to the garbage can."

I was not to be discouraged by this dreary croaker. It came to me how, when I hung on the wall in the library, my neighbor (he was one of the old masters; I cannot remember which one) told me he had lain many years in a dismal attic, wholly forgotten and unrecognized. And one day a strange man, prowling about, picked him up, and carried him to the light, and detected his almost priceless value. In a few hours he was in a brilliant room, eagerly stared at by hundreds of admiring connoisseurs of art. Whereupon I thought: "Why should I not have similar fortune? Why should I give way to dejection and hopelessness? It may be true that Caroline is dead to me or I am dead to her, and that she, and Elizabeth and Bertha, and their children, and their children's children, may pass away while I am lying forlorn and forgotten and covered with dust in this dark corner. But may it not be that in generations to come I too shall have a part to play, and shall begin a new life? May I not be recognized as a forbear of a distinguished house, a Daughter of the Civil War, a Dame before the Empire, and be carried proudly to the drawing-room or the most

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illustrious chamber, to be venerated by my descendants, and admired by their friends and kinsmen?"

In this timid hope and expectation I am living. When the house is quiet, and grumbling Ben has sulked off to sleep, and those of my companions who are left have found the sweet oblivion which comes to us all alike, I try to picture the glory that awaits me, and to content myself with the belief that I shall be great and famous and happy. But my heart keeps asking me, Will it pay? Is the flattery of future generations worth the few years of love that should now be mine? Will all the exultation I may feel in the ages to come atone for this bitter pang of knowing that those who were dearest to me rejected me? And constantly in these sad moments I am traveling back to the old-fashioned parlor, and I see the peaceful face of the little old lady as she looked that afternoon when they bore her away on her long journey. And my heart tells me that it would be far better to have gone with her and passed beyond while love was strong and faith was unshattered.

Roswell Field.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I.

Oh, the days, the arbutus days!
They come from heaven on high;
They wrap the world in brooding haze,
They marry earth and sky.

What lures me onward o'er the hills,
Or down the beaten trail?
Vague murmuring all the valley fills,
And yonder shouts the quail.

Like mother bird upon her nest
The day broods o'er the earth;
Fresh hope and life fill every breast;
I share the spring's new birth.

II.

Awake! arise! and April wise
Seek out a forest side,
Where under wreaths of withered leaves
The shy sweet flowers hide.

I hear the hum of red-ruff's drum,
And hark! the thrasher sings;
On elm tree high against the sky,
List to his mimickings.

Upon my soul, he calls the roll
Of all the birds o' the year:

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"Veery!" "Chewink!" "Oriole!" "Bobolink!"
"Haste!" "Make haste!" "Spring is here!"

Now pause and mark the meadow lark
Send forth *his* call to spring:
"Why don't you hear? 'T is spring o' the year!"
A piercing note from golden throat
Like dart from sounding string.

Ah! the golden-shaft, 't was he that laughed
And lifted up his bill:
"Wick, wick!" "Wick, wick!" "Wake up! be quick!"
The ant is on her hill.

The bloodroot's face, with saintly grace,
Stars all the unkempt way;
Upon the rocks, in dancing flocks,
Corydalis is gay.

The hemlock trees hum in the breeze,
The swallow 's on the wing;
In forest aisles are genial smiles
That greet thy blossoming.

III.

Again the sun is over all,
Again the robin's evening call
Or early morning lay;
I hear the stir about the farms,
I see the earth with open arms,
I feel the breath of May.

John Burroughs.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE TRAGIC STAGE.

STUDY of the tragic stage proceeds but a little way before the student recognizes that for two thousand years we have been but the pensioners of the great Greeks of the fifth century before Christ. The strangeness of the long supremacy of their drama is apparent. For if we assume that the function of the Greek stage was to amuse, yet in our public amusements we do not usually measure ourselves by Greek standards; if to teach, yet the moral ideas of the world to-day are not Greek; if the Greek drama was religious ceremony, yet the gods it honors are to us names, not powers.

It is true the writers of Greek tragedy had high genius; but the centuries since have not lacked men of genius, and surely the human heart feels not less keenly, nor does the intellect less eagerly devise fit means of expression, now than then. Why should the Greek drama seem to be so unapproachable? Why should critics continue to measure modern works

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by those which represent a faith now dead, and a civilization long since passed away? Such questions are full of significance. If any satisfactory answer is to be given, it must be found in the Greek plays themselves. To them we turn; and, remembering that the theme of every tragic drama, in Greece as elsewhere, must concern itself with the most serious aspect of a man's fortunes, the aspect which shows him as missing in life that good which he would naturally most care not to miss, it remains for us to find the special view or treatment of this theme which one may consider as characteristically Greek, and which will determine the real base of the supremacy of the Greek tragedy. Once found, this base should indicate the genesis and bearing of those perfections of form so often praised and copied; and, what is of more practical importance, it should also indicate the field of effort most hopeful for the playwright of our day.

In looking for what may be thought to be characteristically Greek in choice or treatment of tragic material, we come at once upon a notable peculiarity. The Greek play was a religious ceremony. But, it may be answered, so were the Mysteries of the Middle Ages; and it is impossible to maintain that the association of sincere religious feeling with the drama can of itself suffice to give us great works of art. If any clue whatever lies in this direction, it must therefore be sought in some more special inspiration of the Greek stage, such as the embodiment of a particularly happy, profound, or fundamental apprehension of the religious idea. Among all possible superiorities, certainly this is the one we are least prepared to concede to the Greeks; but, notwithstanding our reluctance to make such a concession, with the indictment of our own time it involves, there is evidence which constrains us to admit that this particular superiority did in fact belong to the Greeks, and that it may well be the ground of the lasting supremacy of the Greek drama.

That tragic art grounds itself on the deepest things in man's heart may be readily admitted, since the basis of a man's reflections concerning his own or his neighbor's fortunes in life is to be found, of course, in his personal conception of the general order of the universe, although this conception is often not clearly formulated, but is vaguely apprehended, or even held unconsciously. It covers, on the one hand, a formless confidence; on the other hand, a shadowy fear of heart. These may be unnamed, yet with these alone most men in all times have lived out their lives. Some such theory of destiny, or conception of the general order of the universe, determines not only the aspect in which life appears to a man, but also his view of the possibilities and conditions of a life after death; any view on the hereafter being but a corollary of a more far-reaching conclusion or confidence.

In our era, the most vitalized theory of destiny, if formulated, is found to be colored by the enthusiastic utterances of men who were moved by mystical and passionate exaltation of spirit. We have St. Paul's triumphant statement of his personal outlook: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." With the echo of such words in our ears, the phrase sounds cold and halting with which a great and brave man long before met the unseen. "I believe," that other said, "I believe that no evil can happen to a good man, whether he be alive or dead." Yet, though it sound cold in our ears, a man may well face courageously either death or life in such a persuasion as this, — the ultimate persuasion of the greatest thinker of the greatest age of Greece. It affirms for the entire universe a centralized and self-consistent rule, which allows a man's own rectitude of purpose to determine his life happily. This was the confidence of a philosopher; no such assurance of a possible conquest of destiny

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can be thought of as the common possession of the Greek people. For them, the gods on Olympus, so powerful for good or evil, were capricious and irresponsible, divided in their own councils, and often hostile to mankind. The lot of man, as seen, even the lot of the good man, is checkered and uncertain, and full of unexplained evil. Of him who dies it was held that he lives on, indeed, but has exchanged the sunshine of a fair land for cold and darkness in the realms of Dis, efficiency of thought and deed for a clouded mind and shadowy wanderings. To the man whose outlook gave him so little reasonable assurance for hope, how impossible, though enviable, would have seemed such a confidence as that of Socrates: "I believe that no evil can happen to a good man, whether he be alive or dead."

Socrates was not yet; but just as Athens entered the centuries which were to make her renown, there suddenly rose to great popularity the cult of Dionysus, a half-forgotten faith that had nothing to do with the great gods of Olympus whose altars filled the land. Of this faith, and especially of its history before this revival of interest in it, scholars have gathered little in the way of definite facts; yet this much may be said: the worship of Dionysus was a survival from a distant past; and when other gods, colder and saner in their ceremonies, held the cities of the newer Greek civilization, it had still lingered on in the remote country places of Greece. In its essence it was a mystical and poetic worship. It suggested far more than it asserted. When at last it was presented afresh to the notice of the Athenians, their hearts were stirred to new insight, and they found in it a revelation.

The rise of the Greek drama is one with the sudden popularity of this ancient cult of Dionysus, when its ceremonies, having been brought, as by a happy chance, to imperial Athens, were apprehended there as shadowing forth the assurance that an ultimate and benign power, behind the vicissitudes of life, behind all seeming confusion and mischance, still calmly works the ordered ways of justice and blessing. So the theory of destiny, which Socrates reached and formulated through philosophy, presented itself to the people of a former generation as a vague but poetic possibility, to which the ceremonies of the Dionysus cult seemed to lend themselves as argument, by an analogy or a metaphor.

For the amplification of the rites of Dionysus at Athens the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were written. There is no reason to suppose that their purpose was alien from that which prescribed those hidden ceremonies in honor of the same god and of Demeter at Eleusis, of which Pindar wrote: "Blessed is he who sees these mysteries; . . . he knoweth the end of life; he knoweth, too, its god-disposed beginning." These "blessed" ones, we are told, held the clue to life, not through learning directly any new thing, but by receiving "impressions." These impressions, however, were such as make men "more pious, more upright, and in every way better than their former selves;" though the learner "could produce no demonstration or proof of the beliefs acquired."

The public ceremonies of Dionysus, with a like end in view, seem ordered quite simply. Most of the old stories of valiant men long current among the Greeks drew their interest from the recitation of the fortunes of a hero who endures disaster with such nobility and resolute courage as would touch a people themselves deficient in neither. The special function assigned by the Hellenes to the religious office which we call a Greek tragedy was to cast such a light upon those familiar old stories that the evils the hero endures, however poignant and afflicting, shall yet be recognized in the end as the necessary incidents of a larger good; perhaps even themselves the testimony of a reign of

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order and justice in human affairs. To divine such a justification of suffering, and to apply it in the mythic stories which had grown up with no thought of any such interpretative reading, was no slight thing, but this was the task which the inspiration of the coming of Dionysus to Athens imposed on those who arranged the services in his honor.

Not only must a justification of suffering be divined by the seer-poet, but it is necessary that the story which is to be its exemplification shall be presented in such a vivid way that The Many, with the poet, may divine the great truth, — the truth which can never be fully demonstrated, but which, through the visible though delicate reiteration of story after story as enacted before the people, might be *suggested* as the great resolvent of all that is perplexed and sad in human life. The dramatic setting forth of a theory of destiny, if it carry conviction to the mind, will not only require the representation of the supreme and decisive moment of the hero's experience, but must also involve his past and his future, and show his life and its outcome as a plan, a unified whole; because such is the world, as man sees it, that a benign plan working in destiny must be conceived of either as one which, involving a longer time than ever falls under one man's cognizance, misses his grasp who of necessity can see only part, or else as a plan which has in view an end not yet recognized by man as worth all it costs.

These, then, are the initial conclusions reached. First, of the subject: the preoccupation of the Greek stage with problems of destiny arises directly and necessarily, with the drama itself, from the special significance found by the Athenians in the cult of Dionysus. Secondly, of its scope or field: the adequate setting forth of problems of destiny, such as the Greek poet proposed to himself, involves the consideration of the life of the hero as a whole. Thirdly, of its end or aim: though the story to be presented is expected to be one full of distinct calamity, yet for the audience its issue, though solemn, is not to be sad, for it is to suggest cause for trust in the final triumph of order and justice in human affairs. It is to clear the eyes, so that they may catch, dimly at least, a glimpse of light ahead, the sufficient end and consummation of suffering and striving. This induction of the soul to a vision of the end of suffering was called by Aristotle the Katharsis.

The three poets who were most renowned in the arrangement of these solemn spectacles did their work, so far as it is known to us, within the years of the life of Sophocles; yet so swift were the changes in the interpretation of the hope Dionysus brought to the Athenians that each of the three stands practically for a distinct phase of thought in regard to it. Æschylus, the first of these great seers, found his solution of the problem of evil in human life in such a plan as might lie open before a power to whom the ages of man are as yesterday. In Zeus he saw, not the Homeric god who sends storm, lightning, and thunder, but a power of everlasting righteousness, dispensing justice and vengeance, and visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

Sophocles, the second seer, shows life upon his stage, not as a divine plan, justified by the slow resolution of events to which man's activities but lend a foreordained instrument, but as a plan which emphasizes the immediate dependence of its issue upon character in the individual. Though the sins of the father be visited on the children, yet the suffering is shown to be very closely connected with defect of some kind in the sufferer himself. So in the story of Œdipus the reader is left in no doubt that the hero's self-willed actions, the consequences of his pride of intellect, are far more cogent workers of unhappiness for him than was ever the

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curse that lay upon his house. Sophocles differs from Æschylus not only in his interpretation of the cause of suffering, but also in his view of its ordained outcome. With him pain no longer looks only backward as expiation; it also looks forward as discipline. Yet though Sophocles shows faith in some form of justification of human suffering, he still leaves the disquieting impression that the mystery of pain must, after all, remain forever unsolved. He seems to say, Man's reason can never suffice to guide or even to interpret man's life; but prayer and humble faith must at last avail, and eternal and righteous order overrule all. If he reaches peace of heart, it is by less high and simple ways than Æschylus. The end or aim of a plan in life is transferred from the divine to the human need.

When Æschylus made of Zeus an unerring and holy Power, he tacitly refused to credit baseness and injustice in the divine. The nobility of such a conception of Zeus was a touchstone on which the old fables of the Olympian gods would sooner or later be tried. Many reasons withheld Sophocles from any emphasis of this point of antagonism between the old faith and the new hope. It was Euripides who faced the question inevitable after Æschylus; but, unfortunately, he had no clear vision of the great Zeus of Æschylus, or of any certain superhuman power. The hopelessness which the chorus of Sophocles sang is the burden of the chorus of Euripides also. It is the cry of The Many. But with Euripides the action of the play has no clearer message than the chorus. The theory of destiny he has to proclaim from the stage of Dionysus is not a peace resting on the conviction of righteousness in all the ways of Zeus, as with Æschylus; nor is it a spiritual humility persuaded of the blindness of reason, and resting on obedience and prayer to overrule all for good, as with Sophocles; but trusting in reason, convinced that the old gods are evil if they be anything, and uncertain of the new, Euripides places the hope of life in the common joy of mutual sympathy and sacrifice. This is not a theory of destiny which commends itself as inspiration. It is no more than solace. The moment stress was laid on what a man may see for himself, — that is, on reason, — the ordered view of life for which the Greeks asked their seer was no longer possible, and the hope of Dionysus was lost from the dramatic form which it had raised to high beauty. Yet Euripides does not lightly abandon hope; he relinquishes it sadly and under compulsion. His last play, the Bacchantes, is a powerful and pathetic summing up of the arguments against any hope in a possible beneficent destiny.

Of Euripides, Aristophanes said sharply, "'T is well not to sit by Socrates and chatter, having neglected the most important parts of the tragic art." Yet if it might have been that, sitting by Socrates, Euripides had found the final trust of his friend, "No evil can happen to a good man," the close of the glory of the drama in Greece would have been, not averted, but only delayed; for the history of this tragic stage is, in truth, the history of a hope that died for the Athenians when, not for a few philosophers or poets only, but most of all for The Many, Dionysus the deliverer faded again into the Bacchus of revelry and drunkenness.

There is every reason to believe that the difference in the theme and technique of the three dramatists of whom we have spoken is not so much the result of difference in extent of personal endowment as it is the result of difference in the inspiration of the thought of the day. Such may be also the difference between the Greek tragedy and those dramas which have succeeded it. For never since the days of Pericles have the people of a great city called their poets to set life before them in such a way that its deepest currents might be made manifest, revealing the dominion of that order in the universe which is man's only

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base for a reasonable hope in life or death. If it be held that thoughtful men everywhere must always have cared so to assure their own hearts, yet in what other land or time has the desire so strongly asserted itself that the state at large held wealth and art and artist generously free for the soul's quest? It may indeed be held that, having once been fairly set before the world, these three theories of destiny, which have divided the kingdom of the human mind since Greek days, can never again arouse masses of men to such enthusiasm as when these thoughts of the people were first forged by the poet; and that on this account, if on no other, the stage which has in later days revived one or the other theme can of necessity never stand as high as the stage of Greece. It may be held that Seneca, Calderon, Corneille, Racine, are not of the greatest, because they record no modification of the thought of man on the profoundest interests of life; that in Shakespeare and Goethe the hand of the Reformation touched the theme of Sophocles to new interest, but that neither in Faust nor in Macbeth does the audience receive the illumination of life which we call inspiration. It may be held, again, that the theme of Euripides, the theory of destiny which sees chance as ruling, and human courage and tenderness as the uttermost hope of life, has afforded the theme of a thousand tragedies, but that in no other do we find it energized by such passion in its renunciation of a better hope, in none deepened by such full comprehension of its own limitations, as in Euripides.

Reviewing these things, on what ground may we hope that we have indeed, as men say, come to the dawn of a tragic renaissance?

It is reasonable to believe that the form of living expression called the drama, having had its birth in the need for an interpretation of life not to be demonstrated or adequately presented in abstract formulas, must be advanced beyond Greek achievement, if advance be possible, upon its own proper ground or soil. To speak of this ground or soil as religious is to indicate but vaguely its confines. If by religious drama we mean, not pious, orthodox, or ecclesiastical plays, but such as are concerned adequately to set forth some fundamental interpretation of human life, then it is not too much to say that if there is to be a great renaissance of the stage we shall see a religious drama. But the Greek followed to its end every line of interpretation he knew. The stage awaits one that throws clearer light upon man's way; that over mischance and mistake, sore trial and final-seeming catastrophe, will mark the good prevail, and lead the soul to the vision of ultimate peace.

Has there then been given no new interpretation of life in twenty-five hundred years? Have the Greeks indeed said the last word in this domain as elsewhere? Must the thoughtful man count himself, with Æschylus, the tool of some unerring prescience, and await the just issue of a far event? Or shall he, with Sophocles, in spiritual humility, with prayer and patience, look to the keeping of his own heart? Or, barring these alternatives, is he driven, with Euripides, to say, Chance rules; the day is short and sad; let us be gentle with each other?

Within the centuries since these men wrote lie the thirty-three years of the human life that has set the sign of the cross upon our churches, upon our foreheads, and haply upon our hearts. Has that life brought to our understanding no new interpretation of life? Are the voices we hear in this year of our Lord 1901 still echoing the themes of the Greek tragedy, the impulse of the ceremonies of the cult of Dionysus?

A fairer hope has, in truth, been proclaimed to man than the hope Dionysus gave, and it has found occasional literary expression, as in the poems of Robert Browning; but it has never yet swept away the people with the great

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longing that could call for its most vivid and convincing presentation. It is that view and interpretation of this world which, even in the face of life's uttermost calamity, accounts a mortal blessed, not in some far at last, but here and now, first as last, if he be numbered with those who pass through the world in the preoccupation of a higher beauty or hope than the world has seen. That the world may be well lost for the unworldly can never be demonstrated to the reason; but the power of the drama resides, not in demonstration, but in suggestion. This is its own old field. This is the office for which it was created. This is the impulse that fashioned its perfections of form among the Greeks. And though centuries lie between, a day may yet come when a new Athens shall carry further the soul's quest of the old Hellenes; and, seeking, shall find for the world that here lies the bud and promise of a new and greater tragic stage, through the working out and exemplification of another and a true Katharsis.

Martha Anstice Harris.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XXII.

THE heads of the high Vitré houses nodded together above their narrow streets, as if to gossip about two unexpected cocked hats that passed below. This uniform of the Continental navy was new enough, but old Vitré had seen many new and strange things since she herself was young. The two officers had an air of proud command about them, and seemed to expect the best rooms at the inn, and the best wines.

"'T was here the famous Marchioness de Sévigné dwelt!" exclaimed Wallingford, with triumph. "My mother often read a book of her letters to my father, on a winter evening. I thought them dull then, but I know now 't was most pretty reading, with something of fresh charm on every page. She had her castle here at Vitré; she was a very great lady," continued the lieutenant, explaining modestly. "She spoke much in her letters about her orange trees, but I think that she was ill at ease, so far from Paris."

"We could visit her to-night, if she were still in Vitré," said the captain. "'T would pass our time most pleasantly, I dare say. But I take it the poor lady is dead, since we have her memoirs. Yes, I mind me of the letters, too; I saw them in a handsome binding once at Arbigland, when I was a lad. The laird's lady, Mrs. Craik, read the language; she had been much in France, like many of our Scottish gentlefolk. Perhaps 't was her very castle that we observed as we came near the town, with the quaint round tower that stood apart."

"'T was the chapel of Madame," said the old French serving man on a sudden, and in good English. "Messieurs will pardon me, but my grandfather was one of her head foresters."

The gentlemen turned and received this information with a politeness equal to that with which it was given.

"'T is a fine country, France," said the little captain handsomely. "Let us fill our glasses again to the glory of France and the success of our expedition." Then, "Let us drink to old England too, Mr. Wallingford, and that she may be brought to reason," he added

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unexpectedly, when they had drunk the first toast. "There is no such soldier-breeder as England; and as for her sailors, they are the Northmen of old, born again for the glory of a later time."

The next day but two they came into the gate of Paris, and saw the dark prison of the Bastille, the Tour St. Jacques, and the great cathedral of Notre Dame. It was late afternoon, and Paris looked like a greater Vitré, but with higher houses that also nodded together, and a busier world of shops and palaces and churches. Wallingford returned with older eyes to see much that had escaped him as a boy. And to Captain Paul Jones there was a noble assurance in finding the capital city of his adopted country's allies so rich and splendid; above all, so frankly gay. There was none of the prim discretion of those English and Scottish towns with which he was most familiar. Paris was in her prime, and was wholly independent of trifles, like a fine lady who admitted these two admiring strangers to the hospitality of her house, with the unconcern of one whose dwelling was well furnished and well served. The old French kings had gone away one by one, and left their palaces behind them, — the long façades of the Louvre, and the pleasant courts of the Palais Royal, and many another noble pile. Here in Paris, Mr. Benjamin Franklin, the Bon Homme Richard, was bearing his difficult honors as first citizen of a new republic, and living on good terms with the best gentlemen of France. His house, which he had from Monsieur Le Ray de Chaumont, was at the other end of Paris, at Passy, a village beyond the suburbs of the great town; and next morning, the young men, well mounted, rode thither with a groom behind them, and alighted at the Commissioner's door.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was in the midst of his morning affairs. He was dressed in a suit of reddish-brown velvet, with white stockings, and had laid his white hat beside him on a table which was covered with papers and a few serious-looking books. It was a Tuesday, and he had been to court with the rest of the diplomatic corps, having lately been presented with the two American Commissioners, his fellows, to the King.

He rose with a courteous air of welcome, as the young men entered, and looked sharply at them, and then at their uniforms with much indulgent interest.

"You are the representatives of our navy. 'T is a very dignified dress; I am glad to see it, — and to receive its wearers," he added, smiling, while the officers bowed again gravely.

"I was in a poor enough undress at my first visit, and fresh from travel in the worst of weather," said Paul Jones, lowering his voice at the sad remembrance.

"Mr. Wallingford!" and the old Commissioner turned quickly toward the younger guest. "I remember you as a lad in Portsmouth. As for my good friend your honored father, he will be unforgettable to those who knew him. You begin to wear his looks; they will increase, I think, as you gather age. Sit ye down, gentlemen, sit ye down!" and he waved them to two straight chairs which stood side by side at some distance down the room, in the French fashion. Then he seated himself again behind his table, and gave audience.

Captain Paul Jones was occupied for a moment in placing his heavy sword. Wallingford was still looking eagerly toward their host.

"You are very good to remember me, sir," he said. "I counted it a great honor that my father let me attend him that day, at Mr. Warner's dinner. You will be pleased to know that the lightning conductors are still in place on his house, and are much shown to strangers in these days as being of your planning."

The philosopher smiled at his young

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friend's warmth; there was something most homely and amiable mingled with his great dignity.

"And my friend Mr. John Langdon? I have deeply considered our dispatches from him, and especially the letter from Morris, which agrees in the main with your own ideas, sir," and he bowed to Captain Paul Jones. "And my friend Mr. Langdon?" he repeated, looking for his answer to the lieutenant.

"Mr. Langdon was very well, sir, though much wearied with his cares, and sent his best remembrances and respects in case I should be so honored as to see you. And also Mr. Nicholas Gilman, of Exeter, who was with him, beside many Portsmouth gentlemen, your old friends."

"Our men at home carry the heaviest burdens," said Mr. Franklin, sighing, "yet I wish every day that I might be at home, as they are."

"My first lieutenant, Mr. Simpson, is the brother-in-law of Major Langdon," said Captain Paul Jones, flushing like a boy as he spoke. He could not help a somewhat uncomfortable sense of being on the quarter-deck of a commander much greater than himself, and an uncertain feeling about their relations that tried him very much, but he wore a manly look and kept to his quietest manners. He had parted from the Commissioner, at their last interview, in deep distress and a high passion.

"You have found Lieutenant Simpson an excellent officer, no doubt, with the large experience of a Portsmouth shipmaster," observed Mr. Franklin blandly. He cast a shrewd look at the captain; but while his firm mouth set itself a little more firmly, there was a humorous gleam of half inquiry, half indulgence, in his wide-set eyes.

"You have spoken him, sir," acknowledged Captain Paul Jones, while with equal self-possession and a touch of deference he waited for the Commissioner to lead the conversation further, and thereby did not displease Mr. Franklin, who had feared an interview of angry accusation and indignant resentment. Wallingford too was conscious of great pleasure in his captain's bearing.

There was a pause, and Mr. Franklin looked again at the captain, and bowed slightly from his chair.

"You may say what you have come to say to me, Captain Paul Jones. You can no doubt trust Mr. Wallingford, and you see that I have for the moment dismissed my secretary."

"I can trust Mr. Wallingford," answered the captain, holding himself steady, but rising from the chair unconsciously, and taking a step nearer to the table. His new cocked hat was crushed under his arm, and Wallingford could see that the whole figure of the man was in a nervous quiver.

"I can trust Mr. Wallingford," he repeated sternly, "but I am sorry that I cannot say the same of Lieutenant Simpson. I have suffered too much already at his hands through his endeavors to supplant me as commander of the Ranger. He has descended to the poor means of disputing my authority before my crew, and stimulating them in their rebellion and surly feelings. A crew is easily prejudiced against its superiors. You must be well aware, sir, how difficult a proper government may become at sea; 't is a hard life at best for crew or captain, and its only safety is in wise control and decent obedience."

"Do you desire to make formal complaint of your lieutenant? It is hardly my province," said the Commissioner. The amused look had left his eyes, and they were as firm now as if he were a great judge on the bench.

"I respect your anxieties," he added next moment, when he saw that he held the captain in check. "I am not unaware of your high aims, your great disappointment, or your most difficult conditions of the present. But these conditions and the varieties of human nature among so large a ship's company were

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not unknown to you. The uncongenial man and the self-seeking, unwilling assistant must always be borne with patience, among our fellows. Besides, we pardon anything to those we love, and forgive nothing to those we hate. You may go on, sir."

"The trouble has come in great measure from an open understanding, long before we set sail out of Portsmouth, that I was to be given another frigate immediately upon my arrival, and that Simpson was to take command of the Ranger in my stead," said Paul Jones. "Now that all is over in regard to the Indien, he can fret under the long delay no worse than I, but shows his impatience of my orders at times and seasons when it ill befits him, and most wrongs and debases me; he behaves, on the slightest provocation, as if I had deeply injured him, and gives no reason why. He is my senior in age, which has added much to the difficulty between us. He loses no chance to hint that I am bent on selfish ends; even, I believe, that my principles, my character, may be questioned in this matter. My crew have become sensitive to the fear that I cannot be trusted, owing to my Scottish birth and early life spent upon British vessels, — as if they were any of them of a very different blood and descent! There is a worse man than Simpson on board, a man named Dickson, who, to further his own ends, furthers the lieutenant's. He has insisted from the first that Mr. Wallingford is a Tory spy, and that the Ranger should be in the hands of those who could fill their pockets with prize money. He, and perhaps Simpson himself, bewails their disappointment at discovering that a man-of-war is not the same as a privateer. And their ignorance of statecraft and the laws of naval science and duty seems to make them smile with derision at all proper discipline as if at some pompous horseplay."

The captain's face was red now, and his voice sharpening to undue loudness; but at an anxious gesture from Wallingford he grew quiet again.

"I come to ask you, Mr. Commissioner, if by any means I can further this business and hasten my transfer to another ship; but I must first do what I can with the Ranger. She is unfit for any great action, but we can make a pretty showing in small matters. My head is full of ideas which I should be glad to lay before you. I desire to strike a smart blow at the English coast, to counteract the burnings of our towns at home, the interference with our shipping, and to stop the prisoning of our sailors. I can light a fire in England that will show them we are a people to be feared, and not teased and laughed at. I ask you now how far France is ready to help me."

"We have good friends in England still," said the Commissioner quietly. "Some of the best minds and best characters among Englishmen see our question of the colonies with perfect fairness; the common people are in great part for us, too, and I have not yet lost hope that they may win the day. But of late things have gone almost too far for hope. Mr. Wallingford," and he turned abruptly toward the lieutenant, "I must not forget to ask you for your mother's health. I have thought of her many times in her widowhood; she would ill bear the saddest loss that can fall upon any of us, but she would bear it nobly."

The captain felt himself silenced in the very gathering and uplift of his eloquence, when he was only delayed out of kind consideration. Roger Wallingford answered the kind old man briefly and with deep feeling; then the conference went on. The captain was in full force of his honest determination.

"Since I cannot have the Indien, as we well know, what ship can I have?" he demanded. "Shall I do what I can with the Ranger? 'T were far better than such idleness as this. When I have seen

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my friend the Duke de Chartres again, things may take a turn."

"He can do much for you," answered Franklin. "I have been told that he speaks of you everywhere with respect and affection. These things count like solid gold with the indifferent populace, ready to take either side of a great question."

"I feel sure, sir, that the blow must be struck quickly, if at all," urged the captain. "If nothing is to be expected from France, I must do the best I can with the means in my hand. I must make some use of the Ranger; we have already lost far too much time. They hampered and delayed me in Portsmouth for month upon month, when I might have been effective here."

"When you are as old as I, Captain Paul Jones, you will have learned that delays appear sometimes to be the work of those who are wiser than we. If life has anything to teach us, it is patience; but patience is the hardest thing to teach those men who have the makings of a hero in their breasts." And again he fell into expectant silence, and sat behind his table looking straight at the captain. Wallingford's heart was touched by a recognition of Paul Jones's character, which had been so simply spoken; but that man of power and action took no notice himself, except to put on a still more eager look, and shift his footing as he stood, doing honor from his heart to Mr. Franklin.

"Will you not sit, captain? We have much talk before us. It astonishes me that you should have gained so warm a love for your adopted country," said the Commissioner.

"I have to confess that England has been to me but a cruel stepmother. I loved her and tried to serve her, boy and man," answered the other. "When I went to live in Virginia, I learned to love my new country as a lover loves his mistress. God forgive me if I have sometimes been rash in my service, but Glory has always shone like a star in my sky, and in America a man is sure of a future if it is in his own breast to make one. At home everything is fixed; there are walls that none but the very greatest have ever climbed. Glory is all my dream; there is no holding back in me when I think of it; my poor goods and my poor life are only for it. Help me, sir, help me to win my opportunity. You shall see that I am at heart a true American, and that I know my business as a sailor. Do not join with those who, with petty quibbles and excuses, would hold me back!"

The passion of Paul Jones, the fire and manly beauty in his face, his look of high spirit, would have moved two duller hearts than belonged to his listeners. Mr. Franklin still sat there with his calm old face, and a look of pleasant acceptance in his eyes.

"Yes, you are willing to go forward; the feet of young men are ever set toward danger," he said. "I repeat that we must sometimes be heroes at waiting. To your faith you must add patience. Your life of effort, like mine, must teach you that, but I have had longer to learn the lesson. I shall do all that I can for you. I respect your present difficulties, but we have to live in the world as it is: we cannot refashion the world; our task is with ourselves."

"Quel plaisir!" said the little captain under his breath.

The pleasant French room, with its long windows set open to the formal garden, was so silent for a time that at last all three of the men were startled by a footstep coming out of the distance toward them, along the loose pebbles of the garden walk. They could not help the feeling that a messenger was coming from the world outside; but as the sound approached the window they recognized the easy clack of a pair of wooden shoes, and the young gardener who wore them began to sing a gay little French song. Captain Paul Jones moved impatiently,

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but Mr. Franklin had taken the time for thought.

"My friend Mr. David Hartley, a member of Parliament, who has been my willing agent in what attempts could be made to succor our prisoned sailors, begs me to have patience," he said reflectively. "He still thinks that nothing should persuade America to throw herself into the arms of France; for times are sure to mend, and an American must always be a stranger in France, while Great Britain will be our natural home for ages to come. But I recalled to him, in my answer, the fact that his nation is hiring all the cutthroats it can collect, of all countries and colors, to destroy us. It would be hard to persuade us not to ask or accept aid from any power that may be prevailed with to grant it, for the reason that, though we are now put to the sword, we may at some future time be treated kindly!

"This expects too much patience of us altogether," he continued. "Americans have been treated with cordiality and affectionate respect here in France, as they have not been in England when they most deserved it. Now that the English are exasperated against us we have become odious as well as contemptible, and we cannot expect a better treatment for a long time to come. I do not see why we may not, upon an alliance, hope for a steady friendship with France. She has been faithful to little Switzerland these two hundred years!"

"I cannot find it in my heart to think that our friendship with our mother country is forever broken," urged Wallingford, speaking with anxious solicitude. "The bond is too close between us. It is like the troubles that break the happiness of a family in a day of bad weather; it is but a quarrel or fit of the sulks, and when past, the love that is born in our hearts must still hold us together."

"You speak truly, my young friend," said the old Commissioner; "but we have to remember that the lives of nations are of larger scope, and that the processes of change are of long duration. I think that it may be a century before the old sense of dependence and affection can return, and England and America again put their arms about each other."

Paul Jones fretted in his gilded chair. The carved crest of Monsieur de Chaumont was sharp against his back, and the conversation was becoming much too general.

"Our country is like a boy hardly come to manhood yet, who is at every moment afraid that he will not be taken for a man of forty years," said Mr. Franklin, smiling. "We have all the faults of youth, but, thank God, the faults of a young country are better than the faults of an old one. It is the young heart that takes the forward step. The day comes when England will love us all the better for what we are doing, but it provokes the mother country now, and grieves the child. If I read their hearts aright, there have been those who thought the mother most deeply hurt, and the child most angry. You will have seen much of the Loyalists, Mr. Wallingford, if I mistake not?"

Wallingford colored with boyish confusion. "It would seem most natural, sir, if you take my mother's connection into account," he answered honestly. "She and her family are among those who have been sure of England's distress at our behavior. She is of those who inherit the deepest sentiments of affection toward the Crown."

"And you have been her antagonist?"

The question was kindly put, but it came straight as an arrow, and with such force that Paul Jones forgot his own burning anxiety for the French frigate, and turned to hear Wallingford's answer. All his natural jealousy of a rival in love, and deep-hidden suspicion of a man who had openly confessed himself a conservative, were again roused.

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"I have taken oath, and I wear the uniform of our American navy, sir," replied Wallingford quietly. "My father taught me that a gentleman should stand by his word. I was not among those who wished to hasten so sad a war, and I believe that our victory must be the long defeat of our prosperity; but since there is war and we have become independent, my country has a right to claim my service. The captain knows the circumstances which brought me here, and I thank him for giving me his confidence." The young man blushed like a girl, but Captain Paul Jones smiled and said nothing.

"You have spoken like your father's son, — and like the son of Madam Wallingford," added Mr. Franklin. "I must say that I honor your behavior. I trust that your high principle may never fail you, my young friend, but you are putting it to greater strain than if you stood among the Patriots, who can see but one side." The sage old man looked at the lieutenant with a mild benevolence and approval that were staying to the heart. Then a shrewd, quick smile lighted his eyes again.

"You should be one of the knights of old come out on his lady's quest," said Mr. Benjamin Franklin; and the young man, who might have blushed again and been annoyed at the jest, only smiled back as he might have smiled at his own father, whose look had sometimes been as kind, as wise and masterful, as this of the old Commissioner.

Captain Paul Jones was in no mind that this hour should be wasted, even though it was a pleasant thing to see an old man and a young one so happily at home together. He wished to speak again for himself, and now rose with a formal air.

"Sir, I pray you not to condemn me without hearing me. I have my enemies, as you have come to know. I am convinced that at least one of Mr. Lee's secretaries is a British spy. I do not blame England for watching us, but I accuse Mr. Lee. If his fault is ignorance, he is still guilty. I desire also to lay before you my plans for a cruise with the Ranger."

Mr. Roger Wallingford left his own chair with sudden impulse, and stood beside his captain. He was a head taller and a shoulder-breadth broader, with the look of an old-fashioned English country gentleman, in spite of his gold lace and red waistcoat and the cocked hat of a lieutenant of marines.

"I have already reminded you, sir, and the other honorable Commissioners," the captain continued, speaking quickly, "that I have the promise of a better ship than the Ranger, and that my opportunities of serving the Congress must wait in great measure upon the event of that promise being fulfilled. I have also to make formal complaint of the misdemeanors of some members of my present crew. I have fixed upon the necessity of this, and the even greater necessity for money, as our men lack clothes, and we are running short in every way. Our men are clamorous for their pay; I have advanced them a large sum on my own account. And we are already short of men; we must soon take action in regard to the exchange of prisoners toward this end."

"Sit ye down again, gentlemen," said the Commissioner. "Mr. Deane and Mr. Adams should listen to your reasonable requests and discuss these projects. With your permission, we can dispense with the advice of Mr. Lee. I have here under consideration some important plans of the French Minister of Marine."

There was a happy consciousness in the hearts of both the younger men that they had passed a severe examination not wholly without credit, and that the old Commissioner would stand their friend. There were still a few minutes of waiting; and while the captain hastily reviewed his own thick budget of

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papers, Wallingford glanced often at Mr. Franklin's worn face and heavy figure, remembering that he had lately said that his life was now at its fag-end, and might be used and taken for what it was worth. All the weight of present cares and all the weariness of age could not forbid the habit of kindly patience and large wisdom which belonged to this very great man.

"You are a dumb gentleman!" exclaimed the captain as they came away. "You sat there, most of the time, like an elder of the kirk, but you and Mr. Franklin seemed to understand each other all the better. The higher a man gets, the less he needs of speech. My Lord Selkirk and his mates and my dear Duke de Chartres, they do it all with a nod and a single word, but poor folks may chatter the day through. I was not so garrulous myself to-day?" he said, appealing for approval; and Wallingford, touched by such humility, hastened to assure him that the business of the Ranger had been, in his opinion, most handsomely conducted. The captain's fiery temper might well have mounted its war chariot at certain junctures.

"Listen!" said Paul Jones, as they climbed the long slopes toward Paris and their good horses settled into a steady gait. "I have often been uncertain of you since we came to sea; yet I must have a solid knowledge that you are right at heart, else I could not have had you with me to-day. But you have been so vexingly dumb; you won't speak out, you don't concern yourself!" and the captain swore gently under his breath.

Wallingford felt a touch of hot rage; then he laughed easily. "Poor Dickson will be disappointed if I do not prove a spy in the end," he said. "Look, captain; Mr. Franklin gave me these letters. The packet came for us by the last ship."

The lieutenant had already found time to take a hasty look at two letters of his own; his young heart was beating fast against them at that moment. His mother's prim and delicate handwriting was like a glimpse of her face; and he had seen that Mary Hamilton had also written him in the old friendly, affectionate way, with complete unconsciousness of those doubts and shadows which so shamed his own remembrance.

XXIII.

In midwinter something happened that lifted every true heart on board. There had been dull and dreary weeks on board the Ranger, with plots for desertion among the crew, and a general look of surliness and reproach on all faces. The captain was eagerly impatient in sending his messengers to Nantes when the Paris post might be expected, and was ever disappointed at their return. The discipline of the ship became more strict than before, now that there was little else to command or insist upon. The officers grew tired of one another's company, and kept to their own quarters, or passed each other without speaking. It was easy, indeed, to be displeased with such a situation, and to fret at such an apparently needless loss of time, even if there were nothing else to fret about.

At last there was some comfort in leaving Nantes, and making even so short a voyage as to the neighboring Breton port of L'Orient, where the Ranger was overhauled and refitted for sea; yet even here the men grumbled at their temporary discomforts, and above all regretted Nantes, where they could amuse themselves better ashore. It was a hard, stormy winter, but there were plenty of rich English ships almost within hand's reach. Nobody could well understand why they had done nothing, while such easy prey came and went in those waters, from Bordeaux and the coast of Spain, even from Nantes itself.

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On a certain Friday orders were given to set sail, and the Ranger made her way along the coast to Quiberon, and anchored there at sunset, before the bay's entrance, facing the great curve of the shores. She had much shipping for company: farther in there lay a fine show of French frigates with a convoy, and four ships of the line. The captain scanned these through his glass, and welcomed a great opportunity: he had come upon a division of the French navy, and one of the frigates flew the flag of a rear admiral, La Motte Piqué.

The wind had not fallen at sundown. All night the Ranger tossed about and tugged at her anchor chains, as if she were impatient to continue her adventures, like the men between her sides. All the next day she rode uneasily, and clapped her sailcloth and thrummed her rigging in the squally winter blast, until the sea grew quieter toward sundown. Then Captain Paul Jones sent a boat to the French fleet to carry a letter.

The boat was long gone. The distance was little, but difficult in such a sea, yet some of the boats of the country came out in hope of trading with the Ranger's men. The poor peasants would venture anything, and a strange-looking, swarthy little man, who got aboard nobody knew how, suddenly approached the captain where he stood, ablaze with impatience, on the quarter. At his first word Paul Jones burst with startling readiness into Spanish invective, and then, with a look of pity at the man's poverty of dress in that icy weather, took a bit of gold from his pocket. "Barcelona?" said he. "I have had good days in Barcelona, myself," and bade the Spaniard begone. Then he called him back and asked a few questions, and, summoning a quartermaster, gave orders that he should take the sailor's poor gear, and give him a warm coat and cap from the slop chests.

"He has lost his ship, and got stranded here," said the captain, with compassion, and then turned again to watch for the boat. "You may roll the coat and cap into a bundle; they are quaint-fashioned things," he added carelessly, as the quartermaster went away.

The bay was now alive with small Breton traders, and at a short distance away there was a droll little potato fleet making hopefully for the Ranger. The headmost boat, however, was the Ranger's own, with an answer to the captain's letter. He gave an anxious sigh and laid down his glass. He had sent to say frankly to the rear admiral that he flew the new American flag, and that no foreign power had yet saluted it, and to ask if his own salute to the Royal Navy of France would be properly returned. It was already in the last fluster of the February wind, and the sea going down; there was no time to be lost. He broke the great seal of his answer with a trembling hand, and at the first glance pressed the letter to his breast.

The French frigates were a little apart from their convoy, and rolled sullenly in a solemn company, their tall masts swaying like time-keepers against the pale winter sky. The low land lay behind them, its line broken here and there by strange mounds, and by ancient altars of the druids, like clumsy, heavy-legged beasts standing against the winter sunset. The captain gave orders to hoist the anchor, nobody knew why, and to spread the sails, when it was no time to put to sea. He stood like a king until all was done, and then passed the word for his gunners to be ready, and steered straight in toward the French fleet.

They all understood now. The little Ranger ran slowly between the frowning ships, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging; her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian Majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns.

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There was a moment of suspense. The wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held his letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke, and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air, — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, *nine;* and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid mount of St. Michael.

"Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our Republic, and the first high honor to our colors," said the captain proudly to his steersman. But they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, — that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers, who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world." The captain lifted his hat, and stood looking up at the Flag.

XXIV.

Early in April the Ranger was still waiting to put to sea. She had been made ready and trained for action like a single gun, in her long weeks at Brest. The captain had gone away on a mysterious errand, afterward reported to be a visit to Amsterdam directed by Mr. Franklin, who wished for information regarding the affairs of the Commissioners and the loss of their frigate. Paul Jones carried with him the poor dress of that Spanish seaman who had boarded him at Quiberon, and made good use of the Basque cap and his own sufficient knowledge of the Spanish language. To Wallingford only he gave any news of the journey, and it was only Wallingford whom he made his constant companion in frequent visits to the Duke de Chartres and his duchess, at their country house near the city.

The Sailor Prince had welcomed this American captain and friend with all the affection with which he had said farewell in Virginia, and hastened to present him to his wife, who was not only one of the most charming of French ladies, and a great-granddaughter of Louis Quatorze, but granddaughter of the great Count of Toulouse, that sailor son of the King, who had won the famous sea fight off Malaga against the Dutch and English fleets, seventy years before. The beautiful duchess was quick to recognize a hero. She was most proud of her seafaring ancestor, and listened with delight to Paul Jones as he spoke with some French officers of the Malaga victory, and showed his perfect acquaintance with its strategy. She found him handsome, spirited, and full of great qualities, and at once gave her warmest friendship to him and to his cause.

All the degrading side of a sailor's life and hardships, all the distresses that Paul Jones and Roger Wallingford had known on board the Ranger, faded away like bad dreams when they stood in her presence. They were both true gentlemen at heart; they were also servants of their own country in France; and now every door flew open before their wishes; the future seemed but one long triumph and delight. Paul Jones, the poor Scottish lad who had steadily followed his splendid vision, had come at last very near to its reality, and to the true joys of an unfailing friendship.

The Ranger sailed out of Brest on the 10th of April. There had been an attempt at mutiny on board, but the captain had quelled that, and mastered the deep-laid plot behind it. Once at sea, every-

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thing seemed to be at rights again, since the ship was heading toward the English coast. The captain was silent now, as if always brooding upon great affairs, and appeared to have fallen into a calm state of self-possession; his eyes looked unconscious of whatever minor objects were reflected in their quick mirrors. All his irascibility was for the moment gone; his face was thoughtful and even melancholy, with a look as if at last he possessed some secret happiness and assurance. Glory herself had become strangely identified with a beautiful French princess, and he had made a vow to high Heaven that he would some day lay an English frigate at her feet, and show himself worthy of her confidence and most inspiriting sympathy. The captain had spoken to her of all his hard and hopeful life as he had never spoken to any one; she even knew the story of Wallingford, and their relations to Mary Hamilton and to each other. Madame de Chartres had listened eagerly, and next day said a word to the lieutenant that made his young heart fairly quiver at such exquisite understanding; to the captain she had spoken only of Glory as they both understood it, and of a hero's task and sacrifice.

The Ranger headed past the Channel and into the Irish Sea. At last the rich shores of England were close at hand, behind a shifting veil of fog, and even those among the Ranger's crew whose best dreams were of prizes were not unsatisfied with their prospects. When the gusty wind beat back the fog, they could see the mountains of Cumberland; and the shapes of those solid heights looked well to the eye, after the low lines of the French coast they had left behind. They passed St. Bees Head, keeping well at sea; and the captain did some petty trading with poor fishermen, to learn how things stood now at Whitehaven, and whether there might be frigates in those waters, or any foe too great for so bold a venturer. They were beating against the easterly winds, and steadily nearing the shore. They could see no large-looking ships, when the fog lifted here and there, though it was a region where much shipping went and came. There was possible danger of alarm, and that their sailing from Brest had been heralded by treachery. The captain was alive in every nerve, and held himself steady, like a tiger in the night, whose best weapons must be speed and silence.

Wallingford stood long on deck in the late afternoon, leaning against the gun in his wonted place, and troubled by the persistent reluctance of his heart. These were the shores of England, and he was bound to do them harm. He was not the first man who found it hard to fight against the old familiar flag which a few months earlier had been his own. He had once spent a few months in the old country, after his college course had ended, — a boy of eighteen, who looked on at life admiringly, as if it were a play. He had been happy enough in London then, and in some great country houses, where old family friends of both his father and his mother had shown him much kindness, and the days had gone by not so unlike the fashion of life at home. The merchants and gentlefolk of New England had long been rich enough to live at ease, and Boston and Portsmouth, with Salem and the harbor towns between, were themselves but tiny Londons in those happier days before the war. Each had a few men of learning and a few women of the world, and were small satellites that borrowed their lesser light from a central sun. Wallingford knew enough of the solid force and dignity of England to wince at the ignorant talk of the crew about so formidable an enemy, and again his heart grew heavy with regret that this mother and child among the nations had been so rashly drawn into the cruelties of war. The King and those who flattered him were wrong enough, God forgive them! But the great Earl of Chatham, and Mr.

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Fox, and many another man of authority and power had stood for the colonies. For a moment this heavy young heart grew even heavier for the thought of being the accomplice of France in such a short-sighted business, but next moment Wallingford angrily shook himself free from such fears as these. They were the thoughts that had been born in him, not his own determination: he had come to fight for the colonies, and would trample down both his fears and his opinions once for all on the Ranger's deck. The lieutenant looked down on the good pine planks where he stood, — they had grown out of the honest ground of his own neighborhood; he had come to love his duty, after all, and even to love his ship. Up went his head again, and his heart was once more hot within him; the only question now was, what did the captain mean to do?

The light began to fade, and evening to fall. The men were heaving the lead, and the captain watched them, listening anxiously as they told the soundings with the practiced drawl and quaint phrases that old seamen use. They could now and then catch a glimpse of small houses on the shore. The ship was evidently in shoal water, and the fog lifted and parted and thickened again, as if a skyful of clouds had dropped upon the sea.

Presently the word was passed to let go the anchor; and the storm of oaths and exclamations which this involved, owing to some unexpected hindrance, grew so tiresome to the lieutenant that he left the place where he had been standing, to go below again.

"Look, look, mon ami!" urged the captain eagerly; and Wallingford turned to see that the fog had driven away, while Paul Jones pointed toward a large town, and a forest of vessels lying in the bay before it, — a huge flock of shipping for such a port. The Irish Sea had emptied itself into Whitehaven, and the wind had gone down; not a sloop or a snow, and not a little brig in a hurry, could put to sea again that April night.

"'T is old Whitehaven," said Paul Jones. "Now I 'll show them that they have made an enemy! Now they 'll know we are to be feared, not laughed at! I 'll put an end to all their burnings in America. I 'll harry their own coasts now, and frighten them back into their hills before I 'm done. I 'll sweep them off their own seas! My chance is in my hand!"

Dickson presented himself at this moment. The captain would not have had him listening, and turned upon him angrily to hear what he had to say.

"Thick as coasters in Portsmouth lower harbor in a northeast blow," commented the unwelcome officer, "but that 's no such handsome town as ours."

"'T is a town of three hundred ships, mostly in the coal trade, and ranks close to Newcastle in Northumberland; 't is a town large enough to be charged with six hundred men for his Majesty's navy," and the captain scowled. "We need not take it for a poor fishing village till we have seen it better. A more uncertain coast, from the shifting sands, I do not remember to have known; but I can keep the main channels well enough through long acquaintance," he added, in a lower voice. "Now we are out of this dungeon of fog, thank God, and I shall creep in still and steady as a snail when I get ready."

They could see the gleam of white cliffs now, as the fog rolled up the hills.

"'T is full of poor miners there, burrowing like moles in the dark earth," said the captain pityingly, — "a wretched life for a Christian!" Then he went to his cabin, and called his officers about him, and gave orders for the night's work.

"I loved Britain as a man may only love his mother country; but I was misjudged, and treated with such bitter harshness and contempt in my younger days that I renounced my very birth-

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right!" said Paul Jones, turning to Wallingford with a strange impulse of sadness when the other men had gone. "I cannot help it now; I have made the break, and have given my whole allegiance to our new Republic, and all the strength of me shall count for something in the building of her noble future. Therefore I fight her battles, at whatever cost and on whatever soil. Being a sailor, I fight as a sailor, and I am here close to the soil that bore me. 'T is against a man's own heart, but I am bent upon my duty, though it cost me dear."

Wallingford did not speak, — his own reluctance was but hardly overcome; he could not take his eyes off the captain, who had grown unconscious of his presence. It was a manly face and bold look, but when at rest there was something of wistfulness in the eyes and boyish mouth, — something that told of baffings and disappointments and bitter hardness in a life that had so breathlessly climbed the steep ladder of ambition. The flashing fire of his roused spirit, the look of eager bravery, were both absent now, leaving in their places something of great distinction, but a wistfulness too, a look hungry for sympathy, — that pathetic look of simple bewilderment which sometimes belongs to dreamers and enthusiasts who do not know whither they are being led.

The wind was down, so that there was no hope, as at first, of the Ranger's running in closer to the harbor, with all her fighting force and good armament of guns. There was still light enough to see that no man-of-war was standing guard over so many merchantmen. The Ranger herself looked innocent enough from shore, on her far anchorage; but when darkness fell they hove up the anchor and crept in a little way, till the tide turned to go out and it was too dangerous among the shoals. They anchored once more, yet at too great a distance. Hours of delay ran by, and when the boats were lowered at last there was hindrance still. Some preparations that the captain had ordered were much belated, to his great dismay; discipline was of no avail; they were behindhand in starting; the sky was clear of clouds now, and the night would be all the shorter.

The officers were silent, wrapped in their heavy boat cloaks, and the men rowed with all the force that was in them. The captain had the surgeon with him in one boat, and some midshipmen, and the other boat was in charge of Lieutenant Wallingford, with Dickson and Hall.

There were thirty picked seamen, more or less, in the party; the boats were crowded and loaded to the gunwale, and they parted company like thieves in the night to work their daring purposes. The old town of Whitehaven lay quiet; there was already a faint light of coming dawn above the Cumberland Hills when they came to the outer pier; there was a dim gleam of snow on the heights under the bright stars, and the air was bitter cold. An old sea was running high after the late storms, and the boats dragged slowly on their errand. The captain grew fierce and restless, and cursed the rowers for their slowness; and the old town of Whitehaven and all her shipping lay sound asleep.

The captain's boat came in first; he gave his orders with sure acquaintance, and looked about him eagerly, smiling at some ancient-looking vessels as if they were old friends, and calling them by name. What with the stormy weather of the past week, and an alarm about some Yankee pirates that might be coming on the coast, they had all flocked in like sheep, and lay stranded now as the tide left them. There was a loud barking of dogs from deck to deck, but it soon ceased. Both the boats had brought what freight they could stow of pitch and kindlings, and they followed their orders; the captain's boat going to the south side, and Wallingford's to the

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north, to set fires among the shipping. There was not a moment to be lost.

On the south side of the harbor, where the captain went, were the larger ships, many of them merchantmen of three or four hundred tons burthen; on the north side were smaller craft of every sort, Dutch doggers and the humble coast-wise crafts that made the living of a family, — each poor fish boat furnishing the tool for a hard and meagre existence. On few of these was there any riding light or watch; there was mutual protection in such a company, and the harbor was like a gateless poultry yard, into which the captain of the Ranger came boldly like a fox.

He ran his boat ashore below the fort, and sent most of her crew to set fires among the vessels, while he mounted the walls with a few followers, and found the sentinels nothing to be feared: they were all asleep in the guardhouse, such was the peace and prosperity of their lives. It was easy enough to stop them from giving alarm, and leave them fast-bound and gagged, to find the last half of the night longer than the first of it. A few ancient cannon were easily spiked, and the captain ran like a boy at Saturday-afternoon bird-nesting to the fort beyond to put some other guns out of commission; they might make mischief for him, should the town awake.

"Come after me!" he called. "I am at home here!" And the men at his heels marveled at him more than ever, now that they were hand to hand with such an instant piece of business. It took a man that was half devil to do what the captain was doing, and they followed as if they loved him. He stopped now in a frenzy of sudden rage. "They have had time enough already to start the burning; what keeps them? There should be a dozen fires lit now!" he cried, as he ran back to the water-side. The rest of the boat's crew were standing where he had left them, and met his reproaches with scared faces: they had their pitch and tar with them, and had boarded a vessel, but the candles in their dark lanterns, which were to start the blaze, had flickered and gone out. Somebody had cut them short: it was a dirty trick, and was done on purpose. They told in loud, indignant whispers that they had chosen an old deserted ship that would have kindled everything near her, but they had no light left. And the sky was fast brightening.

The captain's face was awful to look at, as he stood aghast. There was no sight of fire across the harbor, either, and no quick snake of flame could be seen running up the masts. He stood for one terrible moment in silence and despair. "And no flint and steel among us, on such an errand!" he gasped. "Come with me, Green!" he commanded, and set forth again, running like a deer back into the town.

It took but a minute to pass, by a narrow way, among some poor stone houses and out across a bit of open ground, to a cottage poorer and lower than any, and here Paul Jones lifted the clumsy latch. It was a cottage of a single room, and his companion followed hastily, and stood waiting close behind on the threshold.

"Nancy, Nancy, my dear!" said the captain, in a gentle voice, but thrusting back a warning hand to keep the surgeon out. "Nancy, ye 'll not be frighted; 't is no thief, but your poor laddie, John Paul, that you wintered long ago with a hurt leg, an' he having none other that would friend him. I 've come now but to friend you and to beg a light."

There was a cry of joy and a sound of some one rising in the bed, and the surgeon heard the captain's hasty steps as he crossed the room in the dark and kissed the old creature, who began to chatter in her feeble voice.

"Yes, here 's your old tinder box in its place on the chimney," said the captain hastily. "I 'm only distressed for

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a light, Mother Nancy, and my boat just landing. Here 's for ye till I get ashore again from my ship," and there was a sound of a heavy handful of money falling on the bed.

"Tak' the best candle, child," she cried, "an' promise me ye 'll be ashore again the morn's morn an' let me see your bonny eyes by day! I said ye 'd come, — I always said ye 'd come!" But the two men were past hearing any more, as they ran away with their treasure.

"Why in God's name did you leave the door wide open?" said the surgeon. "She 'll die of a pleurisy, and your gold will only serve to bury her!"

There was no time for dallying. The heap of combustibles on one old vessel's deck was quick set afire now and flung down the hatches, and a barrel of tar was poured into the thick-mounting flames; this old brig was well careened against another, and their yards were fouled. There was no time to do more; the two would easily scatter fire to all their neighborhood when the morning wind sprung up to help them, and the captain and his men must put off to sea. There were still no signs of life on the shore or the fort above.

They all gathered to the boat; the oarsmen were getting their places, when all at once there was a cry among the lanes close by, and a crowd of men were upon them. The alarm had been given, and the Ranger's men were pressed hard in a desperate, close fight. The captain stood on the end of the little pier with his pistol, and held back some of the attacking party for one terrible minute till all his men were in. "Lay out, lay out, my boys!" he cried then from his own place in the stern. There were bullets raining about them, but they were quick out of harm's way on the water. There was not a man of that boat's company could forget the captain's calmness and daring, as they saw him stand against the angry crowd.

The flames were leaping up the rigging of the burning ship; the shore was alive with men; there were crowds of people swarming away up among the hills beyond the houses. There had been a cannon overlooked, or some old ship's gun lay upon the beach, which presently spoke with futile bravado, bellowing its hasty charge when the captain's boat was well out upon the bay. The hills were black with frightened folk, as if Whitehaven were a ruined ant-hill; the poor town was in a terror. On the other side of the harbor there was no blaze even yet, and the captain stood in his boat, swaying to its quick movement, with his anxious eyes set to looking for the other men. There were people running along the harbor side, and excited shapes on the decks of the merchantmen; suddenly, to his relief of mind, he saw the other boat coming out from behind a Dutch brig.

Lieutenant Hall was in command of her now, and he stood up and saluted when he came near enough to speak.

"Our lights failed us, sir," he said, looking very grave; "somebody had tampered with all our candles before we left the ship. An alarm was given almost at once, and our landing party was attacked. Mr. Dickson was set upon and injured, but escaped. Mr. Wallingford is left ashore."

"The alarm was given just after we separated," said Dickson, lifting himself from the bottom of the boat. "I heard loud cries for the guard, and a man set upon me, so that I am near murdered. They could not have watched us coming. You see there has been treachery, and Wallingford has stayed ashore from choice."

"That will do, sir!" blazed the captain. "I must hear what you have done with Wallingford. Let us get back to our ship!" And the two boats sped away with what swiftness they could across the great stretch of rough water. Some of the men were regretful, but some wore

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a hard and surly look as they bent to their heavy oars.

XXV.

The men left on board the Ranger, with Lieutenant Simpson in command, who had been watching all these long hours, now saw clouds of smoke rising from among the shipping, but none from the other side of the town, where they knew the captain had ordered many fires to be set among the warehouses. The two boats were at last seen returning in company, and the Ranger, which had drifted seaward, made shift with the morning breeze to wear a little nearer and pick them up. There was a great smoke in the harbor, but the town itself stood safe.

The captain looked back eagerly from the height of the deck after he came aboard; then his face fell. "I have been balked of my purpose!" he cried. "Curse such treachery among ye! Thank God, I 've frightened them, and shown what a Yankee captain may dare to do! If I had been an hour earlier, and no sneaking cur had tampered with our lights" —

He was pale with excitement, and stood there at first triumphant, and next instant cursing his hard luck. The smoke among the shipping was already less; the Ranger was running seaward, as if the mountains had waked all their sleepy winds and sent them out to hurry her.

There was a crowd on deck about the men who had returned, and the sailors on the yards were calling down to their fellows to ask questions. The captain had so far taken no notice of any one, or even of this great confusion.

"Who 's your gentleman now?" Dickson's voice suddenly rang triumphant, like a cracked trumpet, above the sounds of bragging narrative that were punctuated by oaths to both heaven and the underworld. "Who 's a traitor and a damned white-livered dog of a Tory now? Who dropped our spare candles overboard, and dirtied his pretty fingers to spoil the rest? Who gave alarm quick 's he got his boat ashore, and might have had us all strung up on their English gallows before sunset?"

Dickson was standing with his back against the mast, with a close-shouldered audience about him, officious to give exact details of the expedition. Aloft, they stopped who were shaking out the sails, and tried to hear what he was saying. At this moment old Cooper lowered himself hand over hand, coming down on the run into the middle of the company before he could be stopped, and struck Dickson a mighty blow in the breast that knocked him breathless. Some of Dickson's followers set upon Cooper in return; but he twisted out of their clutch, being a man of great strength and size, and took himself off to a little distance, where he stood and looked up imploringly at the captain, and then dropped his big head into his hands and began to sob. The captain came to the edge of the quarter-deck and looked down at him without speaking. Just then Dickson was able to recover speech; he had nearly every man aboard for his audience.

"You had ten minutes to the good afore Mr. Wallingford follered ye!" bellowed Hanscom, one of the Berwick men who had been in the same boat.

"I saw nothing of the judge's noble son; he took good care of that!" answered Dickson boldly; and there was a cry of approval among those who had suspected Wallingford. They were now in the right; they at last had proof that Wallingford deserved the name of traitor, or any evil name they might be disposed to call him. Every man in the lieutenant's boat was eager to be heard and to tell his own story. Mr. Hall had disappeared; as for Wallingford, he was not there to plead for himself, and his accusers had it all their own way.

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"I tell ye I ain't afraid but he 's all right! A man's character ought to count for something!" cried Hanscom. But there was a roar of contempt from those who had said from the first that a Tory was a Tory, and that Wallingford had no business to be playing at officer aboard the Ranger, and making shift to stand among proper seamen. He had gone ashore alone and stayed ashore, and there had been a sudden alarm in the town: the black truth stared everybody in the face.

The captain's first rage had already quieted in these few minutes since they had come aboard, and his face had settled into a look of stolid disappointment and weariness. He had given Whitehaven a great fright, — that was something; the news of it would quickly travel along the coast. He went to his cabin now, and summoned Dickson and Hall to make their statements. Lieutenant Hall had no wish to be the speaker, but the fluent Dickson, battered and water-soaked, minutely described the experience of the boat's company. It certainly seemed true enough that Wallingford had deserted. Lieutenant Hall could contradict nothing that was said, though the captain directly appealed to him more than once.

"After all, we have only your own word for what happened on shore," said the captain brutally, as if Dickson were but a witness in court before the opposing attorney.

"You have only my word," said Dickson. "I suppose you think that you can doubt it. At least you can see that I have suffered. I feel the effects of the blows, and my clothes are still dripping here on your cabin floor in a way that will cause you discomfort. I have already told you all I can."

"I know not what to believe," answered Paul Jones, after a moment's reflection, but taking no notice of the man's really suffering condition. The captain stood mute, looking squarely into Dickson's face, as if he were still speaking. It was very uncomfortable. "Lieutenant Wallingford is a man of character. Some misfortune may have overtaken him; at the last moment" —

"He made the most of the moments he had," sneered Dickson then. "The watch was upon us; I had hard work to escape. I tried to do my best."

"*Tried!*" roared the captain. "What's *trying?* 'T is the excuse of a whiner to say he *tried;* a man either does the thing he ought, or he does it not. I gave your orders with care, sir; the treachery began here on board. There should have been fires set in those spots I commanded. 'T was the business of my officers to see that this was done, and to have their proper lights at hand. Curse such incompetence! Curse your self-seeking and your jealousy of me and one another!" he railed. "This is what you count for when my work is at the pinch! If only my good fellows of the Alfred had been with me, I might have laid three hundred ships in ashes, with half Whitehaven town."

Dickson's face wore a fresh look of triumph; the captain's hopes were confessedly dashed to ground, and the listener was the better pleased. Hall, a decent man, looked sorry enough; but Dickson's expression of countenance lent fuel to the flames of wrath, and the captain saw his look.

"I could sooner believe that last night's villain were yourself, sir!" he blazed out suddenly, and Dickson's smug face grew a horrid color. The attack was so furious that he was not without fear; a better man would have suffered shame.

"I take that from nobody. You forget yourself, Captain Jones," he managed to say, with choking throat; and then the viper's instinct in his breast made him take revenge. "You should be more civil to your officers, sir; you have insulted too many of us. Remember that we are American citizens, and you have given even Mr. Wallingford good reason

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to hate you. He is of a slow sort, but he may have bided his time!"

The bravery of the hypocrite counted for much. Paul Jones stared at him for a moment, wounded to the quick, and speechless. Then, "Leave me, you sneaking thief!" he hissed between his teeth. "Am I to be baited by a coward like you? We 'll see who 's the better man!" But at this lamentable juncture Lieutenant Hall stepped between, and by dint of hard pushing urged the offending Dickson to the deck again. Such low quarrels were getting to be too common on the Ranger, but this time he was not unwilling to take the captain's part. Dickson was chilled to the bone, and his teeth were chattering; the bruises on his face were swelling fast. He looked like a man that had been foully dealt with, — first well pounded and then ducked, as Hall had once seen an offender treated by angry fishwives in the port of Leith.

There was much heaviness among those Berwick men who stood bravely for Roger Wallingford; one of them, at least, refused to be comforted, and turned his face to the wall in sorrow when the lieutenant's fate was discussed. At first he had boldly insisted that they would soon find out the truth; but there were those who were ready to confute every argument, even that of experience, and now even poor Cooper went sad and silent about his work, and fought the young squire's enemies no more.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOUNTAINS AND STREAMS OF THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

THE joyful, songful streams of the Sierra are among the most famous and interesting in the world, and draw the admiring traveler on and on through their wonderful cañons, year after year, unwearied. After long wanderings with them, tracing them to their fountains, learning their history and the forms they take in their wild works and ways throughout the different seasons of the year, we may then view them together in one magnificent show, outspread over all the range like embroidery, their silvery branches interlacing on a thousand mountains, singing their way home to the sea: the small rills, with hard roads to travel, dropping from ledge to ledge, pool to pool, like chains of sweet-toned bells, slipping gently over beds of pebbles and sand, resting in lakes, shining, spangling, shimmering, lapping the shores with whispering ripples, and shaking overleaning bushes and grass; the larger streams and rivers in the cañons displaying noble purity and beauty with ungovernable energy, rushing down smooth inclines in wide foamy sheets, fold over fold, springing up here and there in magnificent whirls scattering crisp clashing spray for the sunbeams to iris, bursting with hoarse reverberating roar through rugged gorges and boulder dams, booming in falls, gliding, glancing, with cool soothing murmuring, through long forested reaches richly embowered, — filling the grand cañons with glorious song, and giving life to all the landscape.

The present rivers of the Sierra are still young, and have made but little mark as yet on the grand cañons prepared for them by the ancient glaciers. Only a very short geological time ago they all lay buried beneath the glaciers they drained, singing in low smothered

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or silvery ringing tones in crystal channels, while the summer weather melted the ice and snow of the surface or gave showers. At first only in warm weather was any part of these buried rivers displayed in the light of day; for as soon as frost prevailed the surface rills vanished, though the streams beneath the ice and in the body of it flowed on all the year.

When, toward the close of the glacial period, the ice mantle began to shrink and recede from the lowlands, the lower portions of the rivers were developed, issuing from cavelike openings on the melting margin, and growing longer as the ice withdrew; while for many a century the tributaries and upper portions of the trunks remained covered. In the fullness of time these also were set free in the sunshine, to take their places in the newborn landscapes; each tributary with its smaller branches being gradually developed like the main trunks, as the climatic changes went on. At first all of them were muddy with glacial detritus, and they became clear only after the glaciers they drained had receded beyond lake basins in which the sediments were dropped.

This early history is clearly explained by the present rivers of southeastern Alaska. Of those draining glaciers that discharge into arms of the sea, only the rills on the surface of the ice, and upboiling, eddying, turbid currents in the tide water in front of the terminal ice wall, are visible. Where glaciers, in the first stage of decadence, have receded from the shore, short sections of the trunks of the rivers that are to take their places may be seen rushing out from caverns and tunnels in the melting front, — rough, roaring, detritus-laden torrents, foaming and tumbling over outspread terminal moraines to the sea, perhaps without a single bush or flower to brighten their raw, shifting banks. Again, in some of the warmer cañons and valleys from which the trunk glaciers have been melted, the main trunks of the rivers are well developed, and their banks planted with fine forests, while their upper branches, lying high on the snowy mountains, are still buried beneath shrinking residual glaciers; illustrating every stage of development, from icy darkness to light, and from muddiness to crystal clearness.

Now that the hard grinding sculpture work of the glacial period is done, the whole bright band of Sierra rivers run clear all the year, except when the snow is melting fast in the warm spring weather, and during extraordinary winter floods and the heavy thunderstorms of summer called cloud-bursts. Even then they are not muddy above the foothill mining region, unless the moraines have been loosened and the vegetation destroyed by sheep; for the rocks of the upper basins are clean, and the most able streams find but little to carry save the spoils of the forests, — trees, branches, flakes of bark, cones, leaves, pollen dust, etc., — with scales of mica, sand grains, and boulders, which are rolled along the bottom of the steep parts of the main channels. Short sections of a few of the highest tributaries heading in glaciers are of course turbid with finely ground rock mud, but this is dropped in the first lakes they enter.

On the northern part of the range, mantled with porous fissured volcanic rocks, the fountain waters sink and flow below the surface for considerable distances, groping their way in the dark like the draining streams of glaciers, and at last bursting forth in big generous springs, filtered and cool and exquisitely clear. Some of the largest look like lakes, their waters welling straight up from the bottom of deep rock basins in quiet massive volume giving rise to young rivers. Others issue from horizontal clefts in sheer bluffs, with loud tumultuous roaring that may be heard half a mile or more. Magnificent examples of these great northern spring fountains,

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twenty or thirty feet deep and ten to nearly a hundred yards wide, abound on the main branches of the Feather, Pitt, McCloud, and Fall rivers.

The springs of the Yosemite Park, and the high Sierra in general, though many times more numerous, are comparatively small, oozing from moraines and snowbanks in thin, flat, irregular currents which remain on the surface or near it, the rocks of the south half of the range being mostly flawless impervious granite; and since granite is but slightly soluble, the streams are particularly pure. Nevertheless, though they are all clear, and in the upper and main central forest regions delightfully lively and cool, they vary somewhat in color and taste as well as temperature, on account of differences, however slight, in exposure, and in the rocks and vegetation with which they come in contact. Some are more exposed than others to winds and sunshine in their falls and thin plumelike cascades; the amount of dashing, mixing, and airing the waters of each receive varies considerably; and there is always more or less variety in the kind and quantity of the vegetation they flow through, and in the time they lie in shady or sunny lakes and bogs.

The water of one of the branches of the north fork of Owens River, near the southeastern boundary of the park, at an elevation of ninety-five hundred feet above the sea, is the best I ever found. It is not only delightfully cool and bright, but brisk, sparkling, exhilarating, and so positively delicious to the taste that a party of friends I led to it twenty-five years ago still praise it, and refer to it as "that wonderful champagne water;" though, comparatively, the finest wine is a coarse and vulgar drink. The party camped about a week in a pine grove on the edge of a little round sedgy meadow through which the stream ran bank full, and drank its icy water on frosty mornings, before breakfast, and at night about as eagerly as in the heat of the day; lying down and taking massy draughts direct from the brimming flood, lest the touch of a cup might disturb its celestial flavor. On one of my excursions I took pains to trace this stream to its head springs. It is mostly derived from snow that lies in heavy drifts and avalanche heaps on or near the axis of the range. It flows first in flat sheets over coarse sand or shingle derived from a granite ridge and the metamorphic slates of Red Mountain. Then, gathering its many small branches, it runs through beds of moraine material, and a series of lakelets and meadows and frosty juicy bogs bordered with heathworts and linked together by short bouldery reaches. Below these, growing strong with tribute drawn from many a snowy fountain on either side, the glad stream goes dashing and swirling through clumps of the white-barked pine, and tangled willow and alder thickets enriched by the fragrant herbaceous vegetation usually found about them. And just above the level camp meadow it is chafed and churned and beaten white over and over again in crossing a talus of big earthquake boulders, giving it a very thorough airing. But to what the peculiar indefinable excellence of this water is due I don't know; for other streams in adjacent cañons are aired in about the same way, and draw traces of minerals and plant essences from similar sources. The best mineral water yet discovered in the park flows from the Tuolumne soda springs, on the north side of the Big Meadow. Mountaineers like it and ascribe every healing virtue to it, but in no way can any of these waters be compared with the Owens River champagne.

It is a curious fact that the waters of some of the Sierra lakes and streams are invisible, or nearly so, under certain weather conditions. This is noticed by mountaineers, hunters, and prospectors, wide-awake, sharp-eyed observers, little likely to be fooled by fine whims. One of these mountain men, whom I had

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nursed while a broken leg was mending, always gratefully reported the wonders he found. Once, returning from a trip on the head waters of the Tuolumne, he came running eagerly, crying: "Muir, I 've found the queerest lake in the mountains! It 's high up where nothing grows; and when it is n't shiny you can't see it, and you walk right into it as if there was nothing there. The first you know of that lake you are in it, and get tripped up by the water, and hear the splash." The waters of Illilouette Creek are nearly invisible in the autumn; so that, in following the channel, jumping from boulder to boulder after a shower, you will frequently drag your feet in the apparently surfaceless pools.

Excepting a few low warm slopes, fountain snow usually covers all the Yosemite Park from November or December to May, most of it until June or July, while on the coolest parts of the north slopes of the mountains, at a height of eleven to thirteen thousand feet, it is perpetual. It seldom lies at a greater depth than two or three feet on the lower margin, ten feet over the middle forested region, or fifteen to twenty feet in the shadowy cañons and cirques among the peaks of the summit, except where it is drifted, or piled in avalanche heaps at the foot of long converging slopes to form perennial fountains.

The first crop of snow crystals that whitens the mountains and refreshes the streams usually falls in September or October, in the midst of charming Indian-summer weather, often while the golden-rods and gentians are in their prime; but these Indian-summer snows, like some of the late ones that bury the June gardens, vanish in a day or two, and garden work goes on with accelerated speed. The grand winter storms that load the mountains with enduring fountain snow seldom set in before the end of November. The fertile clouds, descending, glide about and hover in brooding silence, as if thoughtfully examining the forests and streams with reference to the work before them; then small flakes or single crystals appear, glinting and swirling in zigzags and spirals; and soon the thronging feathery masses fill the sky and make darkness like night, hurrying wandering mountaineers to their winter quarters. The first fall is usually about two to four feet deep. Then, with intervals of bright weather, not very cold, storm succeeds storm, heaping snow on snow, until from thirty to fifty or sixty feet has fallen; but on account of heavy settling and compacting, and the waste from evaporation and melting, the depth in the middle region, as stated above, rarely exceeds ten feet. Evaporation never wholly ceases, even in the coldest weather, and the sunshine between storms melts the surface more or less. Waste from melting also goes on at the bottom from summer heat stored in the rocks, as is shown by the rise of the streams after the first general storm, and their steady sustained flow all winter.

In the deep sugar-pine and silver-fir woods, up to a height of eight thousand feet, most of the snow lies where it falls, in one smooth universal fountain, until set free in the streams. But in the lighter forests of the two-leaved pine, and on the bleak slopes above the timber line, there is much wild drifting during storms accompanied by high winds, and for a day or two after they have fallen, when the temperature is low, and the snow dry and dusty. Then the trees, bending in the darkening blast, roar like feeding lions; the frozen lakes are buried; so also are the streams, which now flow in dark tunnels, as if another glacial period had come. On high ridges, where the winds have a free sweep, magnificent overcurling cornices are formed, which, with the avalanche piles, last as fountains almost all summer; and when an exceptionally high wind is blowing from the north, the snow, rolled, drifted, and ground to dust, is driven up the converging northern slopes of the peaks, and sent flying for

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miles in the form of bright wavering banners, displayed in wonderful clearness and beauty against the sky.

The greatest storms, however, are usually followed by a deep peculiar silence, especially profound and solemn in the forests, and the noble trees stand hushed and motionless, as if under a spell, until the morning sunbeams begin to sift through their laden spires. Then the snow, shifting and falling from the top branches, strikes the lower ones in succession, and dislodges bossy masses all the way down. Thus each tree is enveloped in a hollow conical avalanche of fairy fineness, silvery white, irised on the outside; while the relieved branches spring up and wave with startling effect in the general stillness, as if moving of their own volition. These beautiful tree avalanches, hundreds of which may be seen falling at once on fine mornings after storms, pile their snow in raised rings around corresponding hollows beneath the trees, making the forest mantle somewhat irregular, but without greatly influencing its duration and the flow of the streams.

The large storm avalanches are most abundant on the summit peaks of the range. They descend the broad steep slopes, as well as narrow gorges and couloirs, with grand roaring and booming, and glide in graceful curves out on the glaciers they so bountifully feed.

Down in the main cañons of the middle region broad masses are launched over the brows of cliffs three or four thousand feet high, which, worn to dust by friction in falling so far through the air, oftentimes hang for a minute or two in front of the tremendous precipices like gauzy half-transparent veils, gloriously beautiful when the sun is shining through them. Most of the cañon avalanches, however, flow in regular channels, like the cascades of tributary streams. When the snow first gives way on the upper slopes of their basins a dull muffled rush and rumble is heard, which, increasing with heavy deliberation, seems to draw rapidly nearer with appalling intensity of tone. Presently the wild flood comes in sight, bounding out over bosses and sheer places, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing off clouds of whirling diamond dust like a majestic foamy cataract. Compared with cascades and falls, avalanches are short-lived, and the sharp clashing sounds so common in dashing water are usually wanting; but in their deep thunder tones and pearly purple-tinged whiteness, and in dress, gait, gestures, and general behavior, they are much alike.

Besides these common storm avalanches there are two other kinds, the annual and the century, which still further enrich the scenery, though their influence on fountains is comparatively small. Annual avalanches are composed of heavy compacted snow which has been subjected to frequent alternations of frost and thaw. They are developed on cañon and mountain sides, the greater number of them, at elevations of from nine to ten thousand feet, where the slopes are so inclined that the dry snows of winter accumulate and hold fast until the spring thaws sap their foundations and make them slippery. Then away in grand style go the ponderous icy masses adorned with crystalline spray, without any cloudy snow dust; some of the largest descending more than a mile with even sustained energy and directness like thunderbolts. The grand century avalanches, that mow wide swaths through the upper forests, occur on shady mountain sides about ten to twelve thousand feet high, where, under ordinary conditions, the snow accumulated from winter to winter lies at rest for many years, allowing trees fifty to a hundred feet high to grow undisturbed on the slopes below them. On their way through the forests they usually make a clean sweep, stripping off the soil as well as the trees, clearing paths two or three hundred yards wide from the timber line to the glacier meadows, and piling the uprooted trees, head downward, in

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windrows along the sides like lateral moraines. Scars and broken branches on the standing trees bordering the gaps record the side depth of the overwhelming flood; and when we come to count the annual wood rings of the uprooted trees, we learn that some of these colossal avalanches occur only once in about a century, or even at still wider intervals.

Few mountaineers go far enough, during the snowy months, to see many avalanches, and fewer still know the thrilling exhilaration of riding on them. In all my wild mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride; and the start was so sudden, and the end came so soon, I thought but little of the danger that goes with this sort of travel, though one thinks fast at such times. One calm, bright morning in Yosemite, after a hearty storm had given three or four feet of fresh snow to the mountains, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible, and gain wide views of the peaks and forests, arrayed in their new robes, before the sunshine had time to change or rearrange them, I set out early to climb by a side cañon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the cañon I knew the climb would be trying, and estimated it might require three or four hours. But it proved far more difficult than I had foreseen. Most of the way I sank waist-deep, in some places almost out of sight; and after spending the day to within half an hour of sundown in this loose, baffling snow work, I was still several hundred feet below the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time for the sunset, and a quick, sparkling home-going beneath the stars. But I was not to get top views of any sort that day; for deep trampling near the cañon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished back down to the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment. The plodding, wallowing ascent of about a mile had taken all day, the undoing descent perhaps a minute. When the snow suddenly gave way, I instinctively threw myself on my back and spread my arms, to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon was steep, it was not interrupted by step levels or precipices big enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or a little below it, and covered with a hissing back-streaming veil of dusty snow particles; and as the whole mass beneath or about me joined in the flight I felt no friction, though tossed here and there, and lurched from side to side. And when the torrent swedged and came to rest I found myself on the top of the crumpled pile, without a single bruise or scar. Hawthorne says that steam has spiritualized travel, notwithstanding the smoke, friction smells, and clatter of boat and rail riding. This flight in a milky way of snow flowers was the most spiritual of all my travels; and, after many years, the mere thought of it is still an exhilaration.

In the spring, after all the avalanches are down and the snow is melting fast, it is glorious to hear the streams sing out on the mountains. Every fountain swelling, countless rills hurry together to the rivers at the call of the sun; beginning to run and sing soon after sunrise, increasing until toward sundown, then gradually failing through the cold frosty hours of the night. Thus the volume of the upper rivers, even in flood time, is nearly doubled during the day, rising and falling as regularly as the tides of the sea. At the height of flood, in the warmest June weather, they seem fairly to shout for joy, and clash their upleaping waters together like clapping of hands; racing down the cañons with white manes flying in glorious exuberance of strength, compelling huge sleeping boulders to wake up and join in the dance and song to swell their chorus.

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Then the plants also are in flood; the hidden sap singing into leaf and flower, responding as faithfully to the call of the sun as the streams from the snow, gathering along the outspread roots like rills in their channels on the mountains, rushing up the stems of herb and tree, swirling in their myriad cells like streams in potholes, spreading along the branches and breaking into foamy bloom, while fragrance, like a finer music, rises and flows with the winds.

About the same may be said of the spring gladness of blood when the red streams surge and sing in accord with the swelling plants and rivers, inclining animals and everybody to travel in hurrahing crowds like floods, while exhilarating melody in color and fragrance, form and motion, flows to the heart through all the quickening senses.

In early summer the streams are in bright prime, running crystal clear, deep and full, but not overflowing their banks, — about as deep through the night as the day, the variation so marked in spring being now too slight to be noticed. Nearly all the weather is cloudless sunshine, and everything is at its brightest, — lake, river, garden, and forest, with all their warm throbbing life. Most of the plants are in full leaf and flower; the blessed ousels have built their mossy huts, and are now singing their sweetest songs on spray-sprinkled ledges beside the waterfalls.

In tranquil, mellow autumn, when the year's work is about done, when the fruits are ripe, birds and seeds out of their nests, and all the landscape is glowing like a benevolent countenance at rest, then the streams are at their lowest ebb, — their wild rejoicing soothed to thoughtful calm. All the smaller tributaries, whose branches do not reach back to the perennial fountains of the summit peaks, shrink to whispering, tinkling currents. The snow of their basins gone, they are now fed only by small moraine springs, whose waters are mostly evaporated in passing over warm pavements, and in feeling their way from pool to pool through the midst of boulders and sand. Even the main streams are so low they may be easily forded, and their grand falls and cascades, now gentle and approachable, have waned to sheets and webs of embroidery, falling fold over fold in new and ever changing beauty.

Two of the most songful of the rivers, the Tuolumne and Merced, water nearly all the park, spreading their branches far and wide, like broad-headed oaks; and the highest branches of each draw their sources from one and the same fountain on Mount Lyell, at an elevation of about thirteen thousand feet above the sea. The crest of the mountain, against which the head of the glacier rests, is worn to a thin blade full of joints, through which a part of the glacial water flows southward, giving rise to the highest trickling affluents of the Merced; while the main drainage, flowing northward, gives rise to those of the Tuolumne. After diverging for a distance of ten or twelve miles these twin rivers flow in a general westerly direction, descending rapidly for the first thirty miles, and rushing in glorious apron cascades and falls from one Yosemite valley to another. Below the Yosemites they descend in gray rapids and swirling, swaying reaches, through the chaparral-clad cañons of the foothills and across the golden California plain, to their confluence with the San Joaquin, where, after all their long wanderings, they are only about ten miles apart.

The main cañons are from fifty to seventy miles long, and from two to four thousand feet deep, carved in the solid flank of the range. Though rough in some places and hard to travel, they are the most delightful of roads, leading through the grandest scenery, full of life and motion, and offering most telling lessons in earth sculpture. The walls, far from being unbroken, featureless cliffs,

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seem like ranges of separate mountains, so deep and varied is their sculpture; rising in lordly domes, towers, round-browed outstanding headlands, and clustering spires, with dark shadowy side cañons between. But, however wonderful in height and mass and fineness of finish, no anomalous curiosities are presented, no "freaks of nature." All stand related in delicate rhythm, a grand glacial rock song. Among the most interesting and influential of the secondary features of cañon scenery are the great avalanche taluses, that lean against the walls at intervals of a mile or two. In the middle Yosemite region they are usually from three to five hundred feet high, and are made up of huge angular well-preserved unshifting boulders, overgrown with gray lichens, trees, shrubs, and delicate flowering plants. Some of the largest of the boulders are forty or fifty feet cube, weighing from five to ten thousand tons; and where the cleavage joints of the granite are exceptionally wide apart a few blocks may be found nearly a hundred feet in diameter. These wonderful boulder piles are distributed throughout all the cañons of the range, completely choking them in some of the narrower portions, and no mountaineer will be likely to forget the savage roughness of the roads they make. Even the swift overbearing rivers, accustomed to sweep everything out of their way, are in some places bridled and held in check by them. Foaming, roaring, in glorious majesty of flood, rushing off long rumbling trains of ponderous blocks without apparent effort, they are not able to move the largest, which, withstanding all assaults for centuries, are left at rest in the channels, like islands, with gardens on their tops, fringed with foam below, with flowers above.

On some points concerning the origin of these taluses I was long in doubt. Plainly enough they were derived from the cliffs above them, the size of each talus being approximately measured by a scar on the wall, the rough angular surface of which contrasts with the rounded, glaciated, unfractured parts. I saw also that, instead of being slowly accumulated material, weathered off boulder by boulder in the ordinary way, almost every talus had been formed suddenly, in a single avalanche, and had not been increased in size during the last three or four centuries; for trees three or four hundred years old were growing on them, some standing at the top close to the wall, without a bruise or broken branch, showing that scarcely a single boulder had fallen among them since they were planted. Furthermore, all the taluses throughout the range seemed, by the trees and lichens growing on them, to be of the same age. All the phenomena pointed straight to a grand ancient earthquake. But I left the question open for years, and went on from cañon to cañon, observing again and again; measuring the heights of taluses throughout the range on both flanks, and the variations in the angles of their surface slopes; studying the way their boulders were assorted and related and brought to rest, and the cleavage joints of the cliffs from whence they were derived, cautious about making up my mind. Only after I had seen one made did all doubt as to their formation vanish.

In Yosemite Valley, one morning about two o'clock, I was aroused by an earthquake; and though I had never before enjoyed a storm of this sort, the strange wild thrilling motion and rumbling could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, near the Sentinel Rock, both glad and frightened, shouting, "A noble earthquake!" feeling sure I was going to learn something. The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded one another so closely, one had to balance in walking as if on the deck of a ship among waves, and it seemed impossible the high cliffs should escape being shattered. In particular, I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel Rock, which rises to a height

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of three thousand feet, would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a big pine, hoping I might be protected from outbounding boulders, should any come so far. I was now convinced that an earthquake had been the maker of the taluses, and positive proof soon came. It was a calm moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute or two save a low muffled underground rumbling and a slight rustling of the agitated trees, as if, in wrestling with the mountains, Nature were holding her breath. Then, suddenly, out of the strange silence and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock, a short distance up the valley, had given way, and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had been studying so long, pouring to the valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime and beautiful spectacle, — an arc of fire fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as steady as a rainbow, in the midst of the stupendous roaring rockstorm. The sound was inconceivably deep and broad and earnest, as if the whole earth, like a living creature, had at last found a voice, and were calling to her sister planets. It seemed to me that if all the thunder I ever heard were condensed into one roar it would not equal this rock roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven when all the thousands of ancient cañon taluses throughout the length and breadth of the range were simultaneously given birth!

The main storm was soon over, and, eager to see the newborn talus, I ran up the valley in the moonlight and climbed it before the huge blocks, after their wild fiery flight, had come to complete rest. They were slowly settling into their places, chafing, grating against one another, groaning and whispering; but no motion was visible except in a stream of small fragments pattering down the face of the cliff at the head of the talus. A cloud of dust particles, the smallest of the boulders, floated out across the whole breadth of the valley and formed a ceiling that lasted until after sunrise; and the air was loaded with the odor of crushed Douglas spruces, from a grove that had been mowed down and mashed like weeds.

Sauntering about to see what other changes had been made, I found the Indians in the middle of the valley, terribly frightened, of course, fearing the angry spirits of the rocks were trying to kill them. The few whites wintering in the valley were assembled in front of the old Hutchings Hotel, comparing notes and meditating flight to steadier ground, seemingly as sorely frightened as the Indians. It is always interesting to see people in dead earnest, from whatever cause, and earthquakes make everybody earnest. Shortly after sunrise, a low blunt muffled rumbling, like distant thunder, was followed by another series of shocks, which, though not nearly so severe as the first, made the cliffs and domes tremble like jelly, and the big pines and oaks thrill and swish and wave their branches with startling effect. Then the groups of talkers were suddenly hushed, and the solemnity on their faces was sublime. One in particular of these winter neighbors, a rather thoughtful, speculative man, with whom I had often conversed, was a firm believer in the cataclysmic origin of the valley, and I now jokingly remarked that his wild tumble-down-and-engulfment hypothesis might soon be proved, since these underground rumblings and shakings might be the forerunners of another Yosemite-making cataclysm, which would perhaps double the depth of the valley by swallowing the floor, leaving the ends of the wagon roads and trails three or four thousand feet in the air. Just then came the second series of shocks, and it was fine to see how awfully silent and solemn he became. His belief in the existence of a mysterious abyss, into which

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the suspended floor of the valley and all the domes and battlements of the walls might at any moment go roaring down, mightily troubled him. To cheer and tease him into another view of the case, I said: "Come, cheer up; smile a little and clap your hands, now that kind Mother Earth is trotting us on her knee to amuse us and make us good." But the well-meant joke seemed irreverent and utterly failed, as if only prayerful terror could rightly belong to the wild beauty-making business. Even after all the heavier shocks were over, I could do nothing to reassure him. On the contrary, he handed me the keys of his little store, and, with a companion of like mind, fled to the lowlands. In about a month he returned; but a sharp shock occurred that very day, which sent him flying again.

The rocks trembled more or less every day for over two months, and I kept a bucket of water on my table, to learn what I could of the movements. The blunt thunder tones in the depths of the mountains were usually followed by sudden jarring horizontal thrusts from the northward, often succeeded by twisting, upjolting movements. Judging by its effects, this Yosemite, or Inyo earthquake, as it is sometimes called, was gentle as compared with the one that gave rise to the grand talus system of the range and did so much for the cañon scenery. Nature, usually so deliberate in her operations, then created, as we have seen, a new set of features, simply by giving the mountains a shake, — changing not only the high peaks and cliffs, but the streams. As soon as these rock avalanches fell every stream began to sing new songs; for in many places thousands of boulders were hurled into their channels, roughening and half damming them, compelling the waters to surge and roar in rapids where before they were gliding smoothly. Some of the streams were completely dammed, driftwood, leaves, etc., filling the interstices between the boulders, thus giving rise to lakes and level reaches; and these, again, after being gradually filled in, to smooth meadows, through which the streams now silently meander; while at the same time some of the taluses took the places of old meadows and groves. Thus rough places were made smooth, and smooth places rough. But on the whole, by what at first sight seemed pure confusion and ruin, the landscapes were enriched; for gradually every talus, however big the boulders composing it, was covered with groves and gardens, and made a finely proportioned and ornamental base for the sheer cliffs. In this beauty work, every boulder is prepared and measured and put in its place more thoughtfully than are the stones of temples. If for a moment you are inclined to regard these taluses as mere draggled, chaotic dumps, climb to the top of one of them, tie your mountain shoes firmly over the instep, and with braced nerves run down without any haggling, puttering hesitation, boldly jumping from boulder to boulder with even speed. You will then find your feet playing a tune, and quickly discover the music and poetry of rock piles, — a fine lesson; and all nature's wildness tells the same story. Storms of every sort, torrents, earthquakes, cataclysms, "convulsions of nature," etc., however mysterious and lawless at first sight they may seem, are only harmonious notes in the song of creation, varied expressions of God's love.

John Muir.

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TWO SCHOOLS.

I PUT my heart to school
In the world, where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again.
"Now where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods, where veeries sing,
And brooks run cool and clear;
In the fields, where wild flowers spring,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said: "you are half a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song, —
"I find this school is home."

Henry van Dyke.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

THE STORY OF EMILY PUDAN.

LIFE in the English colony at Moscow, as I saw it thirty-five years since, was very much like that of our English corner in St. Petersburg. My married sisters were quite contented with its small pleasurings, its petty gossip, and their efforts to help in sensible English ways the singing, pitiful beggars who came to their kitchens. But after a year of all this, and of indefatigable peeping and peering on fête days into all the places open to me, besides enthusiastic study of the Oriental magnificence of the churches, I longed for something more of Russian life than I could see from my window, or from a corner at the nobility balls, where I was still a rather dull looker-on. To be sure, our good physician and his wife gave us glimpses into the home life of this pleasure-loving, musical people, festive almost to prodigality, even amid the grave, unsolved problems of their land; and yet I felt, with a vague discontent, that I still had slight knowledge of the land of the White Czar.

One day, when I came in with a friend from a visit to "God's people," as we called our poor, I found the good rector of our English church in earnest con-

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versation with my sister Patty. Prince G——, who lived in Kharkov, Little Russia, desired an English governess for his only daughter, the Princess Vavara. "Just your opportunity to see Russian high life," said the rector to me, as I entered the room. Looking me over comprehensively, he added, with a satisfied air, "You could be trusted in any environment, my little Briton." That afternoon's mail bore an eager letter to the old home in Somersetshire, begging my father's permission to enter this open door into a Russian palace. Promptly there came a summons to immediate return to the bosom of my family, where, it was more than hinted, there was much displeasure that a daughter of the house should have so forgotten herself and her family as to think of such a heresy to its traditions as taking the position of a governess. But the very day after the rector's proposition the charming princess had called, and, with delightful finesse, quite won my sister to the project; and Patty's letter, which made peace at Lyde House, had followed mine directly.

The G——s were a very old family, and for many generations had been prominent in court and government circles. The present prince was cousin to the reigning Emperor, Alexander II. The families thus allied were on the closest terms of intimacy, and this association with the imperial house was skillfully used by my sister to flatter the pride of a stern old gentleman in Somersetshire, whose response to her letter was amusing (though I kissed it with a moisture in my eyes): "My daughter may take this position if it can be arranged that she shall be treated as one of the family, — a social equal." A request to one of the most aristocratic families of Europe, sufficiently self-assertive and English, from a country gentleman whose pride in his Norman name was not clearly substantiated (so far as I could ever learn) by any accurate knowledge of the station of the ancestor "who came over with the Conqueror" — or after him.

My heart fluttered when it had its desire. The rector made exceptional arrangements for me, and these kind and truly noble people received me generously, never placing me "below the salt," at table or in spirit. They were indefatigable and united in their efforts to amuse and gratify me, and took me everywhere with them, in society or *en voyage*, — a most remarkable thing in Russia. My sister was never so dear as on the morning of my departure. Even the grayness of life in the English colony at Moscow was attractive. As a grand cavalcade of outriders, escorting an immense carriage drawn by six horses, with two footmen and two postilions, in a livery of gray and silver, swept through our lodge gate and filled the courtyard of our modest house, my courage faltered. The great earth seemed all at once to revolve very rapidly upon its axis, and to swing me off into space. And then pride put my feet upon terra firma again, and I stepped into the fine equipage through the door with the prince's crest; though I should have been very glad, at that moment, if it could have been on to the terrace at Lyde House, and into the arms of a proud Englishman, who might be wiser than his rather willful daughter, after all.

As we rolled out of Moscow upon the fine imperial road, the princess, who was full of sweet kindness, told me that we were to take in the festivities at the wedding of the daughter of her cousin, a baroness living in the interior, nearly one thousand versts from Moscow. This meant for us a journey of nearly three weeks in our traveling carriage. We generally kept to the imperial road, because it had safer bridges and was less exposed to banditti; but the most interesting part of the journey was off from this highway, where we passed small farmhouses with most primitive ways, and saw the shepherds tending their

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flocks in the dress and manner of Bible times. Oxen, unmuzzled, were treading out the corn, and gray-haired old men were throwing up the wheat from wooden bowls, for the breeze to winnow. In these detours we needed twelve or fourteen horses, and there were four postilions instead of two. We slept in our great carriage, drawn up in the court of the post stations; for it was arranged for comfortable beds, and the poor little inns were not to be thought of, because of vermin.

We peeped into one of them, a most uninviting interior. Turning down the bright lights burning before the icons in the corners, my maid begged us to listen. A low buzz and whir of crisp wings startled us. "It is the stir of the *tarrakhaus*, or cockroaches," said Feodor. "They move on the ceiling in the darkness, which suits their habits." With a scream we rushed from the door, for a mouse ran across the floor, and the bright eyes of a toad in a dusky corner gleamed from his wrinkled, spotted skin. In the cities we could rest at a good hotel. Often the way led us through wolf-haunted forests, and we sometimes heard their cry: —

"In their long gallop which can tire
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire."

"Wolves do no harm," said one of our servants to our maids; "only once they ate a nun;" and by way of further assurance he added, "And here is a stone to mark the place where they ate a man." The eyes of Feodor gleamed like animated agates, and she fluttered about like a little brown sparrow. But we passed safely on.

Often we saw two or three hundred women together in the fields, reaping wheat without the vaunted masculine leadership. Along by the roadside horses were tethered. Babies in rude cradles were tied to the tops of young trees, which bent with their weight, and left the dimpled, rosy darlings rocking by their own motions or by the wandering wind. Yet this is not the paradise of babies, even when the sun is not too friendly, or the clouds do not send down a shower bath. The dress of a Russian peasant baby is certainly not perfection. From the Arctic to the Caspian, it consists of a piece of coarse crash, folded over the head, after the manner of the impromptu dolls made of shawls, which were never quite satisfactory to our childhood. The corners are brought together in a way to inclose the little body, and three or four yards of narrow cloth or of rope are wrapped round them.

"It keeps them straight," says the poor mother, who has no time for tender care or watchfulness; and there is rarely a misshapen Russian child.

To solace the hours upon the treetop, this "baby bunting" has a bit of black bread, tied in a soft cloth, just within its reach, and secured for further use by being fastened to a strong piece of string hanging above its head.

As the pleasure of novelty wore off in the journey, the princess chatted brightly in French, with an evident desire to make her small and rather pale English companion quite at ease.

But oh, misericordia! she reveled in stories of banditti! Now, the one terror of my childhood which had fixed a nervous fear in my ordinarily stout heart was that of a noted highwayman, of the Dick Turpin order, who had left the ghosts of his evil deeds to wander about Lyde House. Perhaps it was this nervousness, with the awful tales of the princess and the dense wolf-haunted forests through which we passed, that drove sleep from my eyes, the last days of the journey. In spite of kindest attentions, I was quite prostrated, indulged in a swoon, while my wide-open, sleepless eyes gave an uncanny look to my pale face in the glass. But my weakness was to emphasize Russian hospitality.

One of our outriders had been dispatched to the palace of the baroness, from which an escort came out to meet

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us, and joined our own guard. We were a very imposing cavalcade, as we swept through the gates and the avenue lined with waiting attendants. To my surprise, I was lifted by strong hands; placed on a litter; borne to a perfumed bath; rubbed, and soothed, and wrapped in a soft gown; served with white wine and toasted bread; carried to a couch of down to sleep, and sleep deliciously, in a beautiful quiet room, under hangings of gray satin embroidered and lined with pale rose, while a maid waited patiently in a little alcove for my waking, and then robed me for dinner. Yet there were perhaps three hundred guests in the palace, beside myself.

The wealth of the Baroness V—— made it possible for her to keep up the same state in her household as before the emancipation of the serfs, — an unusual thing even among the wealthy nobility. Her beautiful daughter of sixteen was to marry a nephew of the Princess G——, who belonged to the imperial family. The festivities were almost incessant. Lords and ladies danced in the pavilions or rowed on the artificial lake every day. In immense rooms, the glitter of gold upon green baize fascinated the older pleasure seekers. Quiet, controlled faces were full of well-bred composure, but eager, nervous hands showed that the stake was large. In the park, more than a thousand peasants from the baron's different estates, wearing the costumes which distinguished their duties, feasted, where an ox and sheep and pigs were roasted whole for them, or danced Russian dances, in which the grandees sometimes joined.

Among the guests in the palace were the Grand Dukes Constantine and Vladimir, brothers of Alexander II., and the crown prince, the present Czar's father. They represented the Emperor and Empress, and were accompanied by aides-de-camp.

The hostess gave thirteen dancing parties within two weeks; and ladies sometimes changed their dresses five times in one evening, in compliment to the different parts of Russia represented among them. Twelve pages, in their livery of light blue and silver, flashed about in service of the fair dames.

The wedding ceremony was solemn and beautiful, in the church on the estate. At the door of the palace stood the mother of the bride, to greet her return from the ceremony with the blessing, "May you always have bread and salt," as she served her from a loaf of black bread with a salt cellar in the centre, as is the Russian custom for prince and peasant. Just at this dramatic moment a courier dashed up with a telegram from the Czar and Czarina, and their gifts for the bride, — a magnificent tiara and necklace of diamonds. The other presents were already displayed in a magnificent room; but we saw their splendor through the glass of locked cases, — a precaution surprising to an Englishwoman. The large swan of forcemeat was the only reminder of boyar customs at the rather Parisian feast. Wine was served between the courses, with a toast; while guests in turn left their seats to express their sentiments to bride and groom, who stood to receive them.

Prince G——'s house in Kharkov was of stone, with the imperial coat of arms carved over the front entrance, the double-headed eagle, I think, exactly like that of the Emperor.

Prince G—— had not the wealth of the Baroness V——, yet, with its fifty liveried house servants, grand halls with malachite, alabaster, jasper, exquisite mosaics, and rare marbles and paintings, the establishment presented a fine and well-ordered appearance. In the town house, each person had a suite of three rooms. My own were accessible only through those of the wife of the prince, — an arrangement due to my rector's

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knowledge of the immorality of the Russian aristocracy, and his stipulation for protection for the daughter of his friend. Every member of the family had personal attendants. Mine consisted of a maid and a coachman; and because of the tyrant, custom, I must needs have a flunky in gorgeous livery to strut behind me as I walked abroad. I had a coupé with two spirited horses, and a tall Arabian for the saddle, as fine as that of the princess, was placed at my disposal. The display of silver and china at the table was very elaborate, for guests of distinction. For the imperial family was reserved the gold plate. The higher the rank of the guest, the older the vintage of the wine. With the French dishes were many excellent ones which were purely Russian. Black bread was as much relished by the Czar as by the poorest peasant, and a dinner, however elaborate, was never served without it.

Before partaking of dinner, and immediately after entering the dining room, the gentlemen conducted the ladies to a side table, on which was laid out the *zakooska*, various kinds of liquors, accompanied by caviare, sandwiches, smoked herring cut in small pieces and dressed in oil and vinegar, cheese, radishes, and such relishes as are supposed to create an appetite for dinner. Host and hostess left the table at the close of the meal and stood near the door, and guests as well as members of the family shook hands with them and thanked them for their refreshment.

Vocal music always enlivened the dinner, though conversation was never interrupted by it, unless national airs moved patriotism to listening silence, followed by enthusiastic applause. The singers were in a gallery between the large and small dining rooms. During the opening and closing pieces, which were sacred, the Russians crossed themselves and thanked God silently, the music taking the place of audible grace.

One season, at the summer palace, my heart was deeply moved at the trials and sorrows of the housekeeper and her assistants with the Russian breakfast. It was customary for all the household to take their coffee and rolls according to their own sweet wills, — and there were so many wills. It might be in bed; or in the billiard room or the ninepin court; or in a hall in the garden, where the choir met for practice; or somewhere in the pleasure grounds, or on the lake; in fact, anywhere on the premises except in the church. It was not unusual for guests to send word to the housekeeper that they would take their coffee in the Roman pavilion, at the other end of the gardens, certainly more than three versts from the house. Frequently the gong sounded for luncheon before all had received their coffee; though all the morning distracted servants had been running in every direction with their bright silver or copper coffee pots, scalded cream, and bread. Everything must be served hot, or it was returned without scruple. I proposed to the princess that an English breakfast should be instituted. She laughingly discredited the practicability or possibility of the thing, but gave me full permission to try it. Then followed many and long consultations with butler and housekeeper, who had never heard of such a thing, and thought I was getting them into fine trouble. It was at last announced at dinner time that an English breakfast would be served every morning at nine o'clock, in the small dining room. It was a success. No more coffee in the romantic regions of the lake for that season, at least; and the weary servants were quite ready to set up my image as an icon, at the earliest opportunity.

In a bright, pleasant room the princess always kept twelve girls engaged in most delicate embroidery. One thought of Penelope and her maidens, as they sang sweet Russian songs and plied their swift needles. This Penelope did not

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work with them, but wore their dainty stitches on her own apparel, which was of such exquisite fineness that she could draw one of her linen garments through her wedding ring. They were busy, too, upon the trousseau of Vavara, which had been in progress since her birth or baptism.

Vavara, the young daughter of Prince G——, was only thirteen and a half when I went to her, yet taller than I. Two years and four months later, when I left her, she was five feet seven inches in height, and grace itself; every inch a princess, and having the beautiful hands and feet which distinguish all Russians. Her hair, coiled round her pretty head, was like a golden crown; the violet eyes were shaded by dark eyebrows and eyelashes; and the faultless oval of her face, the regular features, the proud, sweet lips, the clear skin with its softly changing color, made up a picture of loveliness very dear to my memory. It was my earnest desire to give her my English ideas as well as my language; for one is appalled too often at the immorality in Russian high life. I longed to have her sweetness and purity match her beauty, and her love for me was a strong power to aid my influence. One of the happiest moments of my life was when, after a long separation from Vavara, I visited Kharkov. She rushed from her carriage to meet me, loosening the clasps of her ermine-lined cloak, which fell to the floor as I took her in my arms. "Oh, my friend," she said, "I must thank you. They laugh at me and call me an Anglichina, but I walk the clean paths you marked for me." The fairest flower in all the world, a Russian with European culture, had kept its fragrance, and I was glad.

While I was at Kharkov, Vavara spent only one hour a day with her English. Besides myself, she had a French governess, an Italian, a German, and a Russian, and she soon spoke all these languages fluently, and in six months she had quite mastered English. Our American girls will believe she was not idle, for she rose at six, and had twelve lessons a day. After luncheon she drove with me; the princess, her mother, accompanying us, to talk English.

The summer palace of the G——s was about thirty versts from the town house, and much finer and larger. Each member of the family had here a suite of five rooms. Large drays could drive directly through the wine cellars under the house. The gardens had the beauty of a dream, with little Greek temples here and there, and an artificial lake with cascades amid greenery, made by a succession of steps. There were fully five versts of flowers, cared for by thirty pretty Russian peasant girls, wearing bright kerchiefs on their heads, their beautiful blonde hair in a Gretchen braid, often reaching the knees. The simple crash dress, made like a chemise, showed unconscious grace and beauty, even in their bare feet.

A pretty and unique summer dining hall in the park had white marble walls, arranged the whole length with niches, in which delicate ferns grew luxuriantly, giving out a faint thymy sweetness. Branches of overhanging trees, interlaced with festoons of living vines, made the ceiling, and cast loving, flickering shadows on the tiled floor of cool green and white. Plashing, jeweled, limpid water of fountains added to the delicious coolness, and freshened the leaves of lilies in their clear, trembling depths. The loveliest room in the summer palace was copied in pink and white marble from one in the Alhambra, — a fountain of perfumed water in the centre, and soft silken cushions all about it.

There were no studied lessons during the five months at the summer palace, and no restrictions upon gayety. Sometimes Demetrius, the younger son of the prince, who was under instruction at the University of Kharkov, would invite for

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one week forty of his friends, quite like the students at home, who carry switch canes and wear little caps; quite like them, too, in their roaring, rollicking fun. Once they desired a lesson in English, in a demure row, and made havoc of the long sentences I gave them. They told stories and sang songs, lying on the meadow softness and sweetness of the green lawn, and filled the place with healthy life.

In a mad mood, seven young students proposed to row over the cascades in the lake. Madder yet, they vowed ladies must accompany them. Little boats were placed at each cascade to prepare for emergencies. Yet only one lady was brave enough for the attempt, and I accompanied her in a dainty little craft with silken hangings which might have rivaled those of Cleopatra's barge. There were no banditti to fear, and my English heart quailed before nothing else. We started amid storms of applause. Carriages rushed round to meet us on the other side. High-born guests did not consider it in bad taste to bet upon our undertaking. The princess wondered why I did not also bet, and win thousands of rubles; she did not hesitate to do so herself.

The twenty-first birthday of Sergius, the older son, saw Russian festivity at its height. Thousands of Japanese lanterns made a fairyland of park and gardens. The glass-covered orangery was cleared for dancing. A large hall was arranged for theatricals. The green baize tables glittered with gold, and had always their eager devotees. A plot of ground was rolled to the last degree of hardness, and I had the pleasure of teaching the (then new) English game of croquet. One prince lost his yearly income and half his horses with the mallet and balls. Alas for the Russian mania for gambling!

The fête is like a splendid, bewildering dream in my memory; everywhere the bonny heir, with his manly grace, the hero of the hour. I like to think of him in his picturesque hunting costume, — something like the old Norse dress: broad-brimmed hat with long plume, many-buttoned waistcoat, and dark green doublet, the high tops of the boots rolled over jauntily, and not quite reaching the full breeches. His trained hawks and falcons added to the beauty of the start for the chase, with other young nobles as picturesque in dress as he.

The Russian horn music, entrancing when near, in the distance faint and far, made one feel that the god Pan had taken possession of the woods and filled them with divine silvery music. There were often twenty or thirty horns, each producing one tone, and varying like the pipes of an organ. One of them sounded only C, another every D throughout the tune, and so on. The peasants play very skillfully, each one giving his note with the greatest accuracy, so that the tones of the different horns seem to proceed from one instrument, and piano and crescendo are marked with exquisite effect.

Like all Russians, the G——s were very musical. Prince G—— brought the most celebrated artists to his home. Rubinstein was the instructor of Vavara, and gave us often in enchanted sound our dreams, our aspirations, the joy and pain of life, as we listened, entranced. Nicolini and Ole Bull made their violins speak to us passion, joy and peace, and infinite sorrow.

I learned the meaning of princely hospitality in this noble house. With the exception of a few days in Lent we were never without company to dinner, and during our stay in the country the house was full of guests, who came on long visits, accompanied by retinues of servants. In Oriental manner, the younger members of the household looked for expected guests from the housetop; clouds of dust proclaimed their approach in carriages. So the most distinguished people in Russia came to us.

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Once the Empress Marie Alexandrovna, daughter of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, wife of Alexander II., and grandmother of the present Czar, paid us a visit, and she was accompanied by four maids of honor, who were all of noble birth. Simple and unaffected, the Empress won all hearts. Evidently pleased to use her excellent English, she delighted me with several conversations upon my native land. She certainly had the test of true greatness, humility, and in a vague way I felt that she was in some sense sorrowful. She talked to me much of Madame Petumpkin, wife of the famous general, whom she was to visit, and whose country house was within a day's journey of the G——s' palace. A few days later we ourselves visited Madame Petumpkin, who abides in my mind as a beautiful lady of eighty years, in long loose white silk gown, with exquisite laces on cap and shawl, and the loveliest hands. We found the Empress in her château, enjoying retirement and the pleasant society of this distinguished woman. The plain gray traveling dress of the Czarina, with the long gray circular to match, and the little bonnet of the same modest color, became very familiar in Russia; for the Empress never wore anything else on a journey.

The Czarina was beloved by all her subjects, especially by the peasants, many of whom thought she was the direct cause of their emancipation from slavery; and some aver that she consented to marry the Emperor on condition that he would free the serfs. After my marriage, when I had a house of my own in Russia, I found one of my servants kneeling before a picture of the Empress, devoutly crossing herself, and addressing to her tender words of endearment.

"It is you," she said, "O mother of us all, who have brought this happiness upon me." "It is you who moved your husband to set us free, O my sweet queen!" Tears of thankfulness streamed from her eyes as she asked blessings for the Empress and all the imperial family, as well as upon me and my household. I am sure that simple, loving womanly queen would have felt the prayer from a grateful, loyal, humble heart more precious than any jewel of her crown.

Amongst the most constant visitors at the house was Prince Dolgorouki (brother of the notorious Princess Dolgorouki, who was the morganatic wife of Alexander II., and very unpopular with the people, who loved the good Empress). The proverbial Russian politeness seemed exemplified in this delightful man. I am grateful, too, to the beautiful Princess Troubitzkoie, who always had a sweet little anxiety lest I should be homesick, and pine, in all the French and Russian talk about me, for my native tongue, — which, by the way, the charming lady spoke wonderfully well.

But the glory of all the festivities paled before the splendor and enthusiasm of our reception to the Emperor Alexander II., who visited the G——s in 1868. It was in the autumn, and after we had gone into the city for the winter. Everything was gay with flowers and festoons, banners and bunting, though the well known character of the Emperor made the festivities of a more serious and dignified nature than usual. Unlike his imperious father, Nicholas, in the assertion of the imperial dignity, Alexander felt perhaps more than any other monarch the weight of life, in a consciousness of enormous responsibility. He dreamed of freeing the serfs when only nine years of age; and, kind-hearted and wise, when he used the power in his hands so nobly to accomplish this great act, he tried, too, to deal justly with his nobles, feeling the sacrifices involved for them, and apparently ignored the fact that he also gave up twenty millions of dollars from his own annual income. The seriousness of our festive atmosphere reminded us that this imperial guest was an earnest man, the father of his people, who belonged not to us alone,

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but to all Kharkov, although he honored our house with his presence.

When the time of his arrival was known, crowds went to the outskirts of the city to meet him, the party from the palace of Prince G—— foremost. The Princess Vavara and I were driving a pair of ponies in a small open carriage, and by some means we found ourselves in advance of the others, and the first to greet him. Not quite so tall as his father, "the Iron Czar," he presented a finer appearance, with his perfect proportions and elegant bearing. We saw only the Emperor when he called a halt; for, magnetic, imperial, he quite eclipsed the long lines of soldiers in splendid uniforms, with shining brass and gleaming steel, and the grandees by whom he was surrounded, a glittering guard, upon magnificent horses. Right royal he seemed among them. Alighting from his carriage as he recognized the young princess, and coming toward us, he kissed her on both cheeks, while she blushed painfully. "Those roses are very charming," exclaimed the Emperor in French, "but you should not blush at your cousin's kisses!" "Ah!" she answered sweetly, raising the long lashes of her violet eyes, "my cousin — but — my Emperor." When she introduced me to him, he greeted me very cordially. Was it the glamour of his rank that made his words as precious as fine gold to me, though he only said, "I always enjoy shaking hands with an Englishwoman; she gives her hand so good-naturedly"? It was raining, and he added, "This is real English weather, is it not?" I smile to record words so simple, yet the graciousness of an emperor is pleasant.

There was a grand ball that evening; and the next morning, when Vavara and I stood upon the terrace, he stopped in passing, drew her toward him, and, after a little playful talk, remarked to me, "You are giving the princess English ways; that is well." Years after, when the story of Alexander's tragic death flashed across the seas, I recalled him as he stood that morning in the sunlight, with gentleness and strength in his kingly face. An atmosphere of kindness surrounded him. Strange that the stern old autocrat Nicholas escaped such a fate, and this man, who began his reign with acts of mercy, who went among his people with happy courage, who accomplished reforms in the army, and who freed sixty millions of serfs without bloodshed, should die this death. But in all the ages, have not those who would right the old wrongs swelled the list of martyrs?

But sorrow came one day to that bright household. Death had taken the father of the princess, and all gayeties were lost in deepest mourning. Very ceremonious it was. While the princess was robed in most sombre sable, the rest of us wore black lightened by white ribbons. There were services in the church upon the estate every morning at ten, for sixty days. We were all preparing for a religious pilgrimage to Kiev, the Canterbury of Russia. When the eventful morning came, everybody was stirring earlier than usual; and when we had partaken of "fast coffee" — that is, coffee served with almond milk instead of cow's milk or cream (for it was during the autumn fast) — the priest and his deacons arrived. The whole household had been summoned, and prayers were offered, that we might be spiritually benefited, that no accident might befall us on the way, and that we might return in safety.

After kissing and commending one another to God, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we set off from Kharkov in three large family carriages, each like the memorable one in which I left Moscow. We were provided with wraps for beds and for daytime, and with tea, sugar, hard-boiled eggs, and salt for the inner man, trusting to get plenty of black bread by the way. On such an errand as a pilgrimage to

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the holy city of Kiev, one must not even *think* of eating fish or white bread.

The party consisted of the prince and princess, their two sons and their daughter Vavara, and the sister of the princess. The little Englishwoman from Somersetshire considered it a great honor to be invited to accompany these distinguished people on such a journey. Among us all we had a dozen servants, and we were only ten days on the way, changing our horses every ten versts, — sending a courier before us, to have them ready at every post station. The weather was charming for southern Russia. In the outskirts of the towns and villages, girls with bright-colored kerchiefs and bleached crash chemises sat by the roadside or in the cottage doors, making lace upon pillows, their spools or shuttles of linen thread, some of it beautifully fine, keeping time to their songs.

Often we saw the flax in all stages, growing in the fields, and acres of linen exposed for bleaching. Stretching away like a limitless sea, the level steppe was not so wearisome in its monotony as you would imagine, though sometimes only the hum of insect life, and occasionally the song of a bird, enlivened it.

One would suppose that on a pilgrimage the pilgrims would talk of spiritual things, — each admonish the other and give ghostly counsel; but these pilgrims to the holy city of Kiev indulged in every conversational device imaginable, to while away the long hours of the journey.

Glad indeed were we to reach our destination and relieve our cramped limbs; and greater still was my rejoicing at the liberty accorded to wash off the versts of dust and dirt, which, in my ignorance, I feared might be considered a necessary adjunct to a proper reception of the apostolic benediction! For many miles before reaching the holy city the roads were lined with pilgrims of all ages, footsore and weary, many having spent years on this journey to the shrines of St. Anthony and St. Theodosius. Throngs of them lingered near the city, where the road crosses the Dnieper by a beautiful suspension bridge, which at the time of its erection, in 1851, was the finest of its kind in Europe. It is estimated that three hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims come here yearly, and the government feeds and shelters one hundred and fifty thousand.

After refreshing ourselves we proceeded to the monastery of Kievo-Petcherskaya, the oldest in Russia, — the thirteen churches within its inclosure full of the barbaric magnificence of flashing jewels, gleaming gold, and splendid vestments always to be found in the Russian Greek Church; while in gloomy cells, sometimes underground, the penitents, who have contributed all their worldly goods to its treasure, drag out a noisome, ghastly existence, supported by fanaticism and the reverence of the faithful for their sanctity, and much dreaded for their foul odors by an unappreciative Englishwoman.

By previous appointment we were received by the Right Reverend Metropolite of Kiev, who was to administer the eucharist to my fellow pilgrims. We walked from the hotel, on one of the high bluffs of the town, to the shrine, down many flights of steps. Pilgrims lined the way, kneeling, praying; the city was full of the solemnity of the season. All the pathos of the yearning and the need of the human heart was here. Surely the Father in heaven has a benediction for all who come with this dumb cry, though it rises to him out of the darkness of blinded eyes.

The shrine of St. Anthony is approached by a flight of nine steps, leading down from a vestibule on the ground floor to a small oratory, from which, again, a second flight conducts to the crypt chapel, where the saintly relics are displayed for the veneration of the faithful.

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On our arrival at the vestibule, which is filled with stalls for the sale of relics and charms, we were met by monks, who directly escorted our party to the crypt, where the service for which we had come was to take place at once; the Church would decree no weary waiting to pilgrims of such distinguished rank. To wide-awake, unaccustomed English eyes everything was of interest, and as our party was hurried forward through the throng of kneeling pilgrims I lingered to take in the picturesque scene, and so found myself separated from my friends. As I started to follow them down the renowned sacred nine steps to the first chapel, I saw a poor old white-haired man crouching on the floor at the bottom of the steps, vainly attempting to reach the altar, which stood at the other side. He wore the simple robe of the Russian peasant, of unbleached crash, a clean one, which he had brought for the occasion. He held two small candles in his shaking hands, and these, of the very cheapest description, costing about one cent, were to be his offering at the shrine. Seeing his inability to reach the altar, I asked him, in as good Russian as I could use at that time, if I should present his offering for him. With a grateful look, which touched my heart, he assented; and taking the candles from his poor withered hands, I lighted them from others before the altar, and placed them on the screen for him. I shall never forget the ecstasy that shone through the thin, wrinkled face, above which the soft silver hair seemed a crown of glory. In answer to my questions, he told me, with great trouble (I could scarcely hear his voice), that he had been three years upon the journey; and at the nine steps found, after all the weary way, that he was unable to reach the goal of his devotion and hopes, because of his weakness, resulting from privation and fatigue. Alarmed that his lips still moved on, but with no audible sound, and seeing that he was trying to remove his small pack from his back, I loosened the strap and took it from him, placing it where he could lean upon it. He was too faint to move, and, still more alarmed, I bent over him, as he crouched on the floor, and endeavored to support him; but he grew too heavy, and as gently as possible I laid him down. Just then, the servants of my own people, who had missed me, came to look for me, and I left him to their care, and went down the remaining steps to the lower crypt, pale with a nameless feeling, in which was an uplifting of my soul to the Father of us all. When I returned, I learned that the old man had actually died in my arms; and in my memory the foot of the nine steps is *really* sacred, with the blessing of a passing soul.

On my arrival in the lower chapel I found that my friends were already in their position before the altar, room being left for me at the end of the line. We were alone in the chapel, the service held entirely for us. By the time I had taken my place the hidden choir had commenced chanting the opening part of the service, which was the communion office, or mass, and the Metropolite came out from behind the screen, in cloth-of-gold vestments, attended by his rector and deacons, and was himself the celebrant. The service was much like the English, but given in the Slavonic language, and the ritual was very elaborate. His Holiness coming to me at the time of the administration, I drew back, and quietly explained that I was not a member of the Russian Church, but an Englishwoman, whom he would not consider of the true faith. The princess then came to my side and introduced me; and he smilingly replied, in most excellent English, that as long as I was a member of the Church of England I was of the "true faith." After the service was over, he told me to go back to England and tell Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canter-

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bury, and Dean Stanley, that the Metropolite of Kiev had administered to me the rites of the Russian Church; adding, "It will not hurt you."

The service concluded in the usual way, and afterwards we accepted the archbishop's hospitality to dinner. During our stay at Kiev I had frequent opportunities of meeting the good man, and found him anything but the uneducated specimen of humanity a Russian Church dignitary has been reported.

Very divided in heart was the little Englishwoman who left Kharkov, after more than two years there; heartstrings holding to the household of the Russian prince, and heartstrings pulling toward home and kin. My maid Feodor was lying prone upon the stairs in the front of the palace, that my last steps might be upon her as I passed out of the house, — a Russian servant's strongest expression of devotion.

Vavara, my pretty princess, my sweet child-woman, with a supply of dainty handkerchiefs, went with me to the nearest post station. She stood by the door of her carriage as I slowly passed from her sight, and every one of the little squares of cambric, wet with her tears, was wafted after me by a graceful motion of her pretty hands.

Mary Louise Dunbar.

AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT.

I.

The soft wind of an Italian spring stirred among the leaves outside. The windows of the studio, left open to the morning air, were carefully shaded. The scent of mulberry blossoms drifted in. The chair on the model-stand, adjusted to catch the light, was screened from the glare. The light falling on the rich drapery flung across its back brought out a dull carmine in the slender, bell-shaped flowers near by, and dark gleams of old oak in the carved chair. The chair was empty; but the two men in the studio were facing it, as if a presence were still there.

The painter, sketching idly on the edge of his drawing board, leaned back to survey the child's head that developed under his pencil. "She will not come this morning, then?" he asked, almost indifferently.

The older man shook his head. "She said not. She may change her mind."

The painter glanced up quickly. He could see nothing in the face of the other, and he devoted himself anew to the child's head. "It does not matter," he said. "I can work on the background, — if I feel like working at all," he added, after a moment's pause.

The older man stared moodily at the floor. He flicked a pair of long riding gloves lightly through his fingers. He glanced toward the easel standing in front of the painter, a little to the left. "It is barbarous that you have had to waste so much time!" he broke out. "How long is it? Two — no, three years last Christmas time since you began. And there it stands." The figure on the easel, erect, tranquil, in the old chair, seemed to half shrug its shapely shoulders in defense of the unfinished face. He looked at it severely. The severity changed to something else. "And it is so perfect, — damnably perfect," he said irritably.

The artist raised his eyebrows the least trifle. A movement so slight might have indicated scrutiny of his own work. "You are off for the day?" he asked, glancing at the riding whip and hat on a table by the door.

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"Yes; I shall run up, perhaps, as far as Pistoia. Going to see the new altar-piece." He took up the hat and whip. He waited, fingering them indecisively. "She seems to me more fickle than ever, this last month or two."

"I see that she is restless." The painter spoke in a low tone, half hesitating. "I have wondered whether — I had hoped that the Bambino" — he touched the figure lightly with his foot — "might not be needed."

The other started. He stared at him a full minute. His eyes fell. "No, no such good luck," he said brusquely. "It is only caprice."

The draperies near him parted. A boyish figure appeared in the opening. "Castino wishes me to say that the musicians wait," said the youth.

The painter rose and came toward him, a smile of pleasure on his face. "Tell them that there will be no sitting to-day, Salai," he said, laying his hand, half in greeting, half in caress, on the youth's shoulder.

"Yes, signor." Salai saluted and withdrew.

The painter turned again to the older man. "It was a happy thought of yours, Zano, — the music. She delights in it. I almost caught, one day last week, while they were playing, that curve about the lips."

They stood for a moment in silence, looking toward the portrait. The memory of a haunting smile seemed to flicker across the shaded light.

"Well, I am off." The man held out his hand.

The artist hesitated a second. Then he raised the hand in his supple fingers and placed it to his lips. "A safe journey to you, signor," he said, in playful formality.

"And a safe return, to find our Lady Lisa in better temper," laughed the other. The laugh passed behind the draperies.

The artist remained standing, his eyes resting absently on the rich colors of the Venetian tapestry through which his friend had disappeared. His face was clouded with thought. He had the look of a man absorbed in a problem, who has come upon an unexpected complication.

When the chessboard is a Florentine palace, and the pieces are fifteenth-century human beings, such complications are likely to occur. The Lady Lisa had more than once given evidence that she was not carved of wood or ivory. But for three years the situation had remained the same, — the husband unobservant, the lady capricious and willful. She had shown the artist more kindness than he cared to recall. That was months ago. Of late he had found scant favor in her sight. It was better so.

He crossed to the easel, and stood looking down at it. The quiet figure on the canvas sent back a thrill of pride and dissatisfaction. He gazed at it bitterly. Three years — but an eternal woman. Some day he should catch the secret of her smile and fix it there. The world would not forget her — or him. He should not go down to posterity as the builder of a canal! The great picture at the Dominicans already showed signs of fading. The equestrian statue of the Duke was crumbling in its clay, — no one to pay for the casting. But this picture — For months — with its rippling light of under sea, its soft dreamy background, and in the foreground the mysterious figure — All was finished but the Child upon her arm, the smile of light in her eyes.

The lady had flouted the idea. It was a fancy of her husband's, to paint her as Madonna. She had refused to touch the Bambino, — sometimes petulantly, sometimes in silent scorn. The tiny figure lay always on the studio floor, dusty and disarranged. The artist picked it up. It was an absurd little wooden face in the lace cap. He straightened the velvet mantle, and smoothed the crumpled dress. He stepped to the model-

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stand, and placed the tiny figure in the draped chair. It rested stiffly against the arm.

A light laugh caused him to turn his head. He was kneeling in front of the Bambino.

"I see that you have supplied my place, Sir Painter," said a mocking voice.

He turned quickly and faced the little doorway. She stood there, smiling, scornful, her hands full of some delicate flimsy stuff, a gold thimble-cap on her finger. "It would not make a bad picture," she said tranquilly, "you and the Bambino."

His face lighted up. "You have come!" He hastened toward her with outstretched hand.

With a pretty gesture of the fragile sewing she ignored the hand. "Yes, I dared not trust you. You might paint in the Bambino face instead of mine, by mistake."

She approached the chair and seated herself carelessly. The Bambino slipped meekly through the arm to the floor.

"Zano told me" — he began.

"Yes, I know. He was very tiresome. I thought he would never go. I really feared that we might quarrel. It is too warm." She glanced about the shaded room. "You manage it well," she said approvingly. "It is by far the coolest place in the palace."

"You will be going to the mountains soon?" He saw that she was talking lightly to cover herself, and fell in with her mood. He watched her as he arranged the easel and prepared his colors. Once he stopped, and sketched rapidly for a minute on the small drawing board.

She looked inquiry.

"Only an eyebrow," he explained.

She smiled serenely. "You should make a collection of those eyebrows. They must mount into the hundreds by this time. You could label them 'Characters of the Lady Lisa.'"

"The Souls of Lady Lisa."

The lady turned her head aside. "Your distinctions are too subtle," she said. Her eye fell on the Bambino, resting disgracefully on its wooden head. "Poor little figurine," she murmured, reaching a slender hand to draw it up. She straightened the tumbled finery absently. It slipped to her lap, and lay there. Her hands were idle, her eyes looking far into space.

The painter worked rapidly. She stirred slightly. "Sit still," he said, almost harshly.

She gave a quick, startled look. She glanced at the rigid little figure. She raised it for a minute. Her face grew inscrutable. Would she laugh, or cry? He worked with hasty, snatched glances. Such a moment would not come again. A flitting crash startled him from the canvas. He looked up. The Bambino lay in a pathetic heap on the floor, scattered with fragments of a rare Venetian glass. She sat erect and imperious, looking with scorn at the wreck. Two great tears welled. They overflowed. The floods pressed behind them. She dropped her face in her hands. Before he could reach her she had darted from the chair. The mask of scorn was gone. She fled from him, from herself, blindly, stopping only when the wall of the studio intervened. She stood with her face buried in the drapery, her shoulders wrenched with sobs.

He approached her. He waited. The Bambino lay with its wooden face staring at the ceiling. It was a crisis for them all. The next move would determine everything. He must not risk too much, again. The picture — art — hung on her sobs. Lover — artist? He paused a second too long.

She turned toward him slowly, serenely. Her glance fell across him, level and tranquil. The traces of ignored tears lay in smiling drops on her face. The softened scorn played across it. "Shall we finish the sitting?" she asked, in a conventional voice.

He took up his brush uncertainly. She

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seated herself, gathering up the scattered work. For a few moments she sewed rapidly. Then the soft fabric fell to her lap. She sat looking before her, unconscious, except that her glance seemed to rest now and then on the fallen figure in its fragments of glass.

For two hours he worked feverishly, painting with swiftest skill and power. At times he caught his breath at the revelation in the face. He was too alert to be human. The artist forgot the woman. Faithfully, line by line, he laid bare her heart. She sat unmoved. When at last, from sheer weariness, the brush dropped from his hand, she stepped from the model-stand, and stood at his side. She looked at the canvas attentively. The inscrutable look of the painted face seemed but a faint reflex of the living one.

"You have succeeded well," she said at last. "We will omit the Bambino."

She moved slowly, graciously, toward the door, gathering the fragile sewing as she went. He started toward her, — suddenly conscious of her power, — a man again. A parting of the draperies arrested them. It was Salai, his face agitated, looking from the lady to the painter, inarticulate.

"The signor" — he gasped — "his horse — they bring him — dead."

She stirred slightly where she stood. Her eyelids fell. "Go, Salai. Await your master's commands in the hall below."

She turned to the painter as the draperies closed. "I trust that you will make all use of our service, Signor Leonardo, in removing from the palace. The apartments will, I fear, be needed for relatives. They will come to honor the dead."

He stood for a moment stupefied, aghast at her control of practical, feminine detail; then moved toward her. "Lisa" —

She motioned toward the easel. "Payment for the picture will be sent you soon."

"The picture goes with me. It is not finished."

"It is well." She bowed mockingly. The little door swung noiselessly behind her. He was left alone with the portrait. It was looking sideways at the fallen Bambino amid the shattered fragments on the floor.

II.

It was the French monarch. He fluttered restlessly about the studio, urbane, enthusiastic. He paused to finger some ingenious toy, to praise some drawing or bit of sunlit color that caught his fancy. The painter, smiling at the frank enthusiasm, followed leisurely from room to room. The wandering Milanese villa was a treasure house. Bits of marble and clay, curious mechanical contrivances, winged creatures, bats and creeping things, mingled with the canvases. Color and line ran riot on the walls. A few finished pieces had been placed on easels, in convenient light, for the royal inspection. Each of these, in turn, the volatile monarch had exalted. He had declared that everything in the villa, including the gifted owner, must return with him to France.

"That is the place for men like you!" he exclaimed, standing before a small, exquisitely finished Madonna. "What do these Milanese know of art? Or the Florentines, for that matter? Your Last Supper, — I saw it last week. It is a blur. Would that the sainted Louis might have taken it bodily, stone by stone, to our France, as he longed to do. You will see; the mere copy has more honor with us than the original here. Come with us," he added persuasively, laying his hand on the painter's shabby sleeve.

The painter looked down from his height on the royal suitor. "You do me too much honor, Sire. I am an old man."

"You are Leonardo da Vinci," said the other stoutly, "the painter of these

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pictures. I shall carry them all away, and you will have to follow," laughed the monarch. "I will not leave one." He rummaged gayly in the unfinished débris, bringing out with each turn some new theme of delight.

The painter stood by, waiting, alert, a trifle uneasy, it might seem. "And now, Sire, shall we see the view from the little western turret?"

"One moment. Ah, what have we here?" He turned the canvas to the light. The figure against the quaint landscape looked out with level, smiling glance. He fell upon his knees before it. "Ah, marvelous, marvelous!" he murmured in naïve delight. He remained long before it, absorbed, forgetful. At last he rose. He lifted the picture and placed it on an easel. "Is she yet alive?" he demanded, turning to the painter.

"She lives in Florence, Sire."

"And her name?"

"Signora Lisa della Gioconda."

"Her husband? It matters not."

"Dead these ten years."

"And children?"

"A boy. Born shortly after the husband's death," he added, after a slight pause. "Shall we proceed to the turret? The light changes fast at sunset."

"Presently, presently. The portrait must be mine. The original — We shall see, — we shall see."

"Nay, your Majesty, the portrait is unfinished."

"Unfinished?" He stared at it anew. "Impossible. It is perfect."

"There was to be a child."

"Ah!" The monarch gazed at it intently for many minutes. The portrait returned the royal look in kind. He broke into a light laugh. "You did well to omit the child," he said. "Come, we will see the famous sunset now." He turned to the regal figure on the easel. "Adieu, Mona Lisa. I come for you again." He kissed his fingers with airy grace. He fluttered out. The mocking, sidelong glance followed him.

III.

The western sun filled the room. On a couch drawn near the low French window lay the painter. His eyes looked across the valley to a long line of poplars, silver in the wind. Like a strange processional, up the hill, they held him. They came from Lombardy. In the brasier, across the room, burned a flickering fire. Even on the warmest days he shivered for sunnier skies. Above the fire hung a picture, — a woman seated in a rock-bound circle, looking tranquilly out upon the world of life.

The painter touched a silver bell that stood on a table at hand. A figure entered. It crossed to the window. The face was turned in shadow. It waited.

"Has our good physician gone, Francesco?" asked the painter.

Francesco bowed. There was silence in the room except for the fire.

"What does he say of us to-day?"

The youth brushed his hand across his eyes impatiently. "He always croaks. He is never hopeful." He approached the couch and knelt by it, his face in the shadow still.

The painter lay tranquil, watching the poplars. "Why grieve? An exile has not so many joys that he need fear to lose them, Francesco."

The younger man made no reply. He was adjusting the pillows. He slipped a fresh one beneath the long white hair. The locks strayed in a dull silvery glimmer over it.

"Ah, that is good," murmured the old man. "Your hand is like a woman's. I have not known many women," he said, after a pause. . . . "But I have not been lonely. Friends are faithful," — he pressed the youth's warm hand. "His Majesty?" — the voice ended with a question.

"No, master. But there is yet time. He often comes at sunset. See how bright it grows."

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The painter turned his head. He looked long. "Tell us what the wise physician said, Francesco. Will it be soon?"

"Nay, master, I know not. He said, if you have any wishes" —

"Ah, yes." He lay musing, his eyes looking across the room. "There will be few bequests. My pictures — they are mine no longer. Should a painter barter the sons and daughters of his soul? . . . Gold cannot buy. . . . They are mine. . . . Four thousand shining gold pieces Francis put into my hand. He took away the Lisa. He would not be refused. But I followed. I could not live without her. When a man is old, Francesco, his hand trembles. He must see something he has done, something perfect." . . . He lay looking long at the portrait. "And yet it is not finished. . . . There was to be the child." He smiled dreamily. "Poor Bambino." His eyes rested again on the portrait. . . . He smiled back upon it. "Yes, you will live," he said softly. "Francis will have you. You scorned him. But he was generous. He gave you back to me. You will be his — his and his children's. I have no child — at least . . . Ah, well — Francis will have you. Leda and Pomona will pass. The Dominican picture . . . all but gone. The hand of time has rested on my work. Crumbling — fading — nothing finished. I planned so much. Life runs, Francesco, while one sits and thinks. Nothing finished. My manuscripts — do with them what you will. I could not even write like other men — this poor left hand." He lifted the filmy lace ruffle falling across his hand. He smiled ironically at the costly folds, as they fluttered from his fingers. "A man is poor who has few wants. Then I have not been poor. But there is nothing left. It will be an empty name."

Silence fell between them.

"There is, in Florence, a lady. You must seek for her, Francesco. She is rich and beautiful. She did me once a kindness. I should like her — this ring" — He slipped it from his finger, — a heavy stone, deep green, with translucent lights. "It was my father's crest. He gave it to my mother — not his wife — a woman — faithful. She put it on my finger when she died — a peasant woman. Tell the lady when you give it her . . . she has a son . . . Tell her" . . . The voice fell hushed.

The young man waited, with bowed head. He looked up. He started quickly, and leaned his ear to listen. Then he folded the hands across the quiet breast. He passed swiftly from the silent chamber, down to the courtyard, out on the king's highway, mounted and fleet.

The French king was riding merrily. He caroled a gay chanson. His retinue followed at a distance. Francesco Melzi saluted and drew rein. He spoke a word in the monarch's ear. The two men stood with uncovered heads. They looked toward the western windows. The gay cavalcade halted in the glow of light. A hush fell on their chatter. The windows flamed in the crimson flood. Within the room, above the gleaming coals, a woman of eternal youth looked down with tranquil gaze upon an old man's face.

Jennette Lee.

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THE NEXT STEP IN MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE first step in municipal reform, if step it may be called, is the effort to establish the merit system in the civil service. If achievement in this field is yet but tentative, we have finally reached clearness of vision and unity of purpose. The attempt to take this step has disclosed what must needs be the next. It now appears, as never before, that the spoils domain extends far beyond the civil service. Indeed, it is at last clear that boss control of the civil service is but a means to the general employment of the public authority for private ends. The political bosses, with their retainers quartered on the public service, exercise the vast powers of government in the service of private interests.

Special privilege in the modern city usually takes the impersonal form of the public service corporation. It is now clear that this conscienceless creation is at once the main cause of municipal misrule and the chief obstacle to municipal reform. The reform movement everywhere beats against this barrier, — as yet almost in vain. The question of the hour in municipal politics is whether the public service corporation shall be controlled or destroyed. The further progress of reform requires the one or the other. Because of its presence and its power, the reform movement has thus far gained but standing room for the real contest for good government which is yet to come.

The public service corporation is a combination of private citizens organized to perform services of a public character. It is a creation of law, and only the public need can justify its existence. Whether a given public service shall be performed by the municipality or by a public service corporation is solely a question of public expediency. It is to be remembered, also, that the tendency of the modern city is to enlarge its functions. It has already "taken over" the public enterprises of general utility without profit-earning possibilities, and some having such possibilities. It still, as a rule, commits to the public service corporation those public enterprises which require large capital and numerous employees, and render special or unequal services to individual users who pay rates. Thus, transportation, gas, electricity, and the telephone are intrusted to public service corporations. With the multiplication and growth of cities, and the enormous increase in the demand for public utilities, the tendency to the municipalization of public enterprises has but checked the rapid development of these corporations. They have from year to year multiplied in number and gained in power. They to-day overshadow the government of every American city.

We have mistakenly relied on competition to regulate the public service corporation. We have granted licenses, commonly called franchises, with reckless prodigality to all comers, assuming that competition among them would secure an adequate service at just rates. This reliance on competition, in a field to which it is not adapted, has resulted in wasteful duplication of plants and the corruption of municipal government.

Public enterprises, whether conducted by the municipality or committed to the public service corporation, exist to render public services. Streets are public highways. They exist for the people's use. Nothing should be placed in them unless required to facilitate their use by or for the people. Only the general need of water, gas, electricity, and transportation justifies the placing of pipes and wires and tracks in the streets. The public need is the sole test and measure of such occupation. To look upon the

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streets as a source of private gain or even municipal revenue, except as incidents of their public use, is to disregard their public character. Adequate service at the lowest practicable rates, not gain or revenue, is the test. The question is, not how much the public service corporation may gain, but what can be saved to the people by its employment.

The test of public convenience limits the means to be employed to the requirements of the people. Enough pipes and wires and tracks to supply the required services is the limit. No more should be permitted in the streets. More than enough encumbers the streets, causes inconvenience, results in waste. By no possibility can the duplication of street railways or telephone plants, for example, meet the test of public convenience. Neither can duplication, with its waste of capital and increased expense of operation, permanently result in the lowest rates to users. The waste of duplication is fatal alike to cheapness and to profit.

We realize at last that public enterprises are natural monopolies, or that their treatment as monopolies is necessary to quality and cheapness of service. The national postal service tolerates no competition. The municipal water plant occupies the entire field to the exclusion of rivals. Everywhere municipalization leads directly to the destruction of private competition, and the substitution of public monopoly. Municipal ownership means perpetual monopoly, low interest on capital, exemption from taxation. These great advantages, other things being equal, mean better service and lower rates. The public service corporation, if employed to render public service of which quality and cheapness are the tests, should be placed as nearly as practicable in the shoes of the municipality. The blackmail exacted, the competition permitted, the taxes levied, the higher interest made necessary, the uncertainty of tenure, impair the service and increase the rates.

Thus it appears that the public service corporation cannot, under present conditions, render good service at just rates. But this is by no means the worst. The public service corporation, possessed of franchises of enormous value which it has obtained as favors, is a constant menace to public order. It always wants new grants for extensions and renewals. The greater its success, the more is it subject to attack by actual or sham competitors. The larger its revenues, the greater are its means of offense and defense. The extent of its wants and of its possessions is the measure of its influence with those having power to satisfy and conserve them. Its every success adds to its needs, and to its power to control the municipal administration.

Democracy assumes that those possessed of the elective franchise shall be equally disinterested, and alike devoted to the common weal. Municipal administration is difficult enough at best. The creation within the body of the voters of powerful groups, having special and related interests in conflict with the general welfare, adds enormously to its difficulties. Yet just this is what the employment of the uncontrolled public service corporation involves. In every American city, its able and highly paid agents, in secret alliance with the political bosses of both parties, wage sham contests with public officials temporarily invested with power by its allies. It would be impossible to devise a more effective means with which to pervert representative government.

The public service corporation always knows just what it wants. Its management is persistently directed to achieve its end. It neither hesitates nor wavers in pursuit of that end. The vision of the political bosses is alike clear. The needs of "the organization," the wants of "the boys," the "rake-off" and sense of power for themselves, fill to the brim the cup of their ambition. Their persistence is comparable only to a force of

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nature. The city itself presents a striking contrast to these definite and persistent forces. It is without clear purpose. Sufficient unto each successive day is its own evil. Transient officials, nominal representatives of the people, but in fact the puppets of party bosses, come and go. There is neither a definite municipal programme nor persistence in pursuit of any public policy. The city lives from hand to mouth. It is the prey of special interests, the victim of "politics."

The people, in their unequal and losing contest with artificial groups of citizens having special interests, have at many points given unnecessary odds to special privilege. This is notably true of their treatment of municipal franchises as contracts whose obligation may not be impaired. By this means, every grant to a public service corporation, however obtained and to whatever extent prejudicial to public interests, at once becomes a vested right. No vote by a city council refusing a grant to the corporation concludes anything. Every vote in its favor fixes its rights for a term of years. Its defeats are but temporary checks; its victories are permanent conquests. Thus, in most American cities, while the refusal of a grant to a public service corporation settles nothing, every majority in its favor, though secured by bribery, creates a contract, perhaps continuing for generations, whose obligation may not be impaired. It is by this means that outrageous public wrongs become invulnerable "vested rights." This is a gross perversion of a constitutional doctrine which should be invoked only to protect real contracts based on adequate consideration. The power of any legislative body to limit the legislative discretion of its successors ought not to be tolerated by a self-governing people. Resort to it to protect gifts of enormous value, however induced, to public service corporations is a gross abuse. If wholly abandoned, no legitimate interest would suffer. In fact, without it our almost superstitious regard for vested rights would still protect many ill-gotten grants.

The public service corporation does not always, or even generally, employ direct bribery to gain its ends. This is but a last ditch into which it is sometimes driven by the present conditions of its life. To the extent that it obtains gifts from the municipality it is a predatory beast of prey. Gifts of the people's rights can be obtained only from their agents by improper means. It matters little whether such means take the form of "campaign contributions" to party bosses, corrupt services at the primaries and the polls, or direct bribery of public servants. Whatever the means by which the public administration is corrupted and diverted, those who employ them, and those who thereby profit, strike at the very foundations of public order. It is hollow mockery for them to invoke the doctrine of vested rights. No one who profits from public corruption, who subtracts anything from the rights of the whole people without just return, should be heard to talk of rights. It is quite time to emphasize the wide distinction between vested private rights and revocable public grants.

The uncontrolled public service corporation is mainly chargeable with the failures of our municipal governments. We have recklessly multiplied these artificial bodies. We have thus created powerful groups, having adverse special interests, within the whole body of voters, who should possess equal rights. We have turned these artificial creations loose to prey upon the community practically without let or hindrance. We have left their regulation and control to a competition that was impossible or easily neutralized. We have given them the motive to corrupt the public administration, and placed within their grasp the means to that end. The results are a widespread invasion of public rights, inestimable pecuniary loss to the people,

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the corruption of public administration, the general contagion due to the lowering of moral standards and the multiplication of tainted private fortunes.

The remedy for these evils is to be sought in the efficient control of the public service corporation; or, this failing, in the public ownership and operation of the means for rendering public services. This implies that the public service corporation must be controlled or destroyed. Is its proper control possible? Time alone can answer this inquiry. The difficulties of public ownership and operation are such that something short of it must be sought. The attempt should first be made to subject the public service corporation to an adequate public control. Those interested in its continued employment to render public services will, if wise, meet the people halfway in devising means for its control. Of one thing they may rest assured: existing conditions have already become intolerable. The public service corporation cannot much longer be permitted to block the growing demand for municipal reform. *It must submit to proper public control, or it must go to the wall.*

The reliance upon competition as a means for controlling the public service corporation should be at once and finally abandoned. Its failure is complete. This recognized, the way is cleared for some proper public concessions. To the corporation, while its employment is continued, should be granted the monopoly of its field. This will often save the cost of duplication of plant and the waste of double operation. What is of even greater moment, it will destroy the avocation of the "sandbagger" both in and out of the city council. The right of the corporation to just compensation for its tangible property at the expiration of its franchise, if not renewed, should also be conceded. Whether the city grants the franchise to another, or "takes over" the enterprise, the outgoing corporation should receive the full value of its property for continued use. Then, too, the tangible property of the corporation should be taxed precisely the same as other property is taxed. Whatever else is exacted should be by way of compensation for the public rights granted and enjoyed.

These concessions made, the corporation is in position to yield the proper demands of the public. First among these is the principle that no public grant shall be made without full compensation in some or all of its various forms. The corporation should be permitted a fair return on its actual investment, and something, if earned, for its special skill in private management. The possible earnings beyond this should go into improved service, rental for the public facilities enjoyed, and reduction of rates. Do away with grants without full compensation, and the motive for bribery disappears. Remove the possibility of excessive profits, and the desire to render inadequate service and to evade proper regulation vanishes. If assured the best value for its tangible and sole property *when not permitted to continue*, the corporation may safely accept short or even indefinite grants, and at all times make needed extensions and improvements. The end to be sought is adequate public service at just rates. The means to that end is the employment of the public service corporation upon terms that shall exclude the element of special privilege, and place the relation on the plane of honest dealing.

Enough has been said, without further detail, to indicate that there is still hope for the public service corporation. The pass to which, uncontrolled, it has brought municipal government in America is largely, if not wholly due to a bad system, or rather, lack of system. Under proper public control it may justify its continued existence, and render unnecessary a resort to public ownership and operation.

The further trial of the public service corporation under improved conditions

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is by no means our last resort. If the experiment succeeds, well and good. If it fails, the municipalization of public utilities must proceed to the final exclusion of the public service corporation. In some way municipal government must be redeemed. If decent municipal administration and the public service corporation cannot exist together, the latter must go, at whatever cost.

It is, however, widely urged that public ownership and operation cannot be thought of, because of the large additions it would make to the resources of the spoilsmen. It would be idle to deny that this is a serious objection. However, it is safe to say that the spoilsmongers now cling to their odious traffic largely as a means to intrench themselves in places of power, that they may there deal with and for the public service corporation. It is also true that, as the merit system gains ground and deprives them of patronage, they are more and more allowed to name the employees of the public service corporations. Indeed, if the employment of these corporations is to be continued under proper public control, a feature of that control is likely to be an extension of the merit system in some form to their service. A large increase in the public service is subject to grave objections. It is, however, a lesser evil than a corporate service, the entrances to which are secretly controlled by the political bosses. The political machines in New York and Chicago long since reached the state of equilibrium which Mr. Chapman has styled "a happy family." There is now going on in both cities a process of adoption, to add the public service corporation, with its revenues and places, to these family circles.

The domain of the spoils system now embraces the public service corporations. The reform of the civil service will no longer suffice. The reform movement must extend to these powerful corporations. An earnest effort to subject them to proper public control is of necessity the next step in municipal reform.

Edwin Burritt Smith.

FIRE OF APPLE-WOOD.

THE windows toward the east and north
  Rattle and drip against the storm.
Though spring, without, has ventured forth,
  Only the fireside here is warm.

Through wind-swept sheets of driven rain
  The ancient orchard shows forlorn,
Like brave old soldiery half slain,
  With gaps to tell the losses borne.

And fragments of the fallen trees
  Burn on the hearth before me bright;
The fire their captive spirit frees:
  Musing, I watch it take its flight.

In embers flushed and embers pale
  Sparkle the blooms of some far spring;

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Of bees and sunshine what a tale
Told in a moment's flowering!

How swift the flames of gold and blue
Up from the glowing logs aspire!
There yellowbird and bluebird flew,
And oriole, each with wings of fire.

Now in the hearth-light — or the trees —
Stirs something they and I have heard:
Ah, is it not the summer breeze,
Come back to us with sun and bird?

Poor summers, born again — to die!
Quickly as they have come, they go.
See, where the ashes smouldering lie,
The orchard floor is white with snow.

M. A. DeWolfe How

APRIL LYRICS.

AN APRIL SUN-PICTURE.

With liquid pace, less heard than seen,
The water glides along;
The woods are all a mist of green,
The air a sea of song.

Big clouds, in dazzling whiteness clad,
Sail bravely through the blue,
And all young things on earth are glad,
And all old tales are true.

Henry Johnstone

APRIL'S RETURN.

A flush is on the woodland,
A song is in the hedge,
The meadow wan is fair again,
For April keeps her pledge.

A thrill with every heartbeat,
A rapture touched with sighs,
New lustre on the soul of Life,
Tears in my happy eyes.

Grace Richardson.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Women and Politics.

THERE is one remarkable quality of her late lamented Majesty Queen Victoria to which no one of her many eulogists appears to me to have done full justice. I refer to her practical sagacity in all civic matters, — her firm grasp of administrative detail, and her broad and often very luminous view of international relations. The London correspondent of the New York Nation called attention, in fitting terms, after her death, to the moral force of her example in loyally accepting, and assisting to define, the comparatively humble position of the sovereign under that new development of the British Constitution which began with the passage of the first Reform Bill, in 1832. He had little to say, on the other hand, of her own rare political intelligence, and the acknowledged worth of the advice, at perplexing crises, of her whom we shall long continue to call *the Queen*. Yet ever since the far-off days when the girlish Victoria sat, figuratively, at the feet of that invaluable first tutor of hers, Lord Melbourne, every great minister whom the duties of his office brought into intimate relations with her has testified not only to her clear understanding of a constitutional ruler's business, but to her strong common sense in all matters appertaining to *la haute politique*. Nor was hers, by any means, the mere flashing intuition, the curious felicity in *guessing*, which often enables a brilliant woman to hit the truth in matters of which she knows very little. Queen Victoria was not, in any sense of the word, a brilliant woman; and she was intensely, and, if it be not treason to say it of so plain and candid a nature, almost ostentatiously, a womanly one. But she showed what a single purpose, a high sense of the responsibilities of her place, and the unflinching endurance of drudgery could do, by way of fitting even a moderately endowed woman to grapple vigorously with what are usually considered, in a very special sense, the affairs of men. She was, of course, trained from infancy, and most wisely trained, for her commanding position; but she never could have acquitted herself in it as bravely and successfully as she did for more than sixty years, if she had not early learned, in the discharge of her duties as the titular head of a strictly limited monarchy, to "scorn delights," deprecate all empty pageantry, and literally to "live laborious days."

Now, it must, I think, be due in no small degree to the example of her late Majesty that the average Englishwoman of good birth and education has so healthful an interest in English politics, and so thorough an acquaintance both with public events and issues, and the character and record of public men. No one who has seen much of the women of England's ruling class (I do not refer to the conspicuously fashionable, though it is true also of some of them) will dispute the fact; and it is quite as true of the many who do not desire, and might even disdain any participation in public affairs, beyond the display of colors and the distribution of smiles at a parliamentary election, as of the few who already sit on boards and address assemblies. They are brought up to regard national government as a science, and the one, of all others, which most concerns themselves and the men with whom they are identified; and they are just as well grounded in its first principles as in the four primary rules of arithmetic. Your average educated Englishwoman can therefore converse upon the questions of the hour, with a great statesman, should he chance to sit next her at dinner, without either feeling or

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appearing like an affable idiot. Of how many of our own countrywomen, in "society" or out of it, can as much be said? What have they, what have *we*, as a rule, to offer to the man of responsibility and action but dissembled interest, amateur enthusiasm, ignorant conjectures, and superficial views? It really seems, at times, as though the women who tease most persistently for the privilege of thrusting a slender finger into the public pie were the most glaringly incompetent to such cookery, — the most broadly and hopelessly ill informed of all.

The only American woman I ever knew who had exactly the sort of political *savoir-faire* which is possessed by hundreds of strictly domestic Englishwomen was that now almost forgotten writer, whose laughing and laugh-provoking essays brightened so signally the pages of this magazine during the tragic years between 1860 and 1870, — the late Mary Dodge, of Hamilton. She alone read her morning journal, regularly and searchingly, as a wise man reads his: for definite information about all-important things, — if such, by God's grace, might be discovered or deduced, — and with a supreme disregard of "woman's work" and the Lady's Column. A near connection of James Blaine, and for many years a member of his Washington household during the congressional season, she owed her training in the theory and practice of Republican government to him; and she was the apt pupil of a very brilliant master. For, however Mr. Blaine may be thought, by many, to have perverted his own great gifts, he had, to a degree unknown in our republic since the days of its first founders, the *genius* of politics, the "vision and faculty," the creative brain like Count Cavour's. And the clever woman whom he trained, — for his own party ends, if you will, — though prone to paradox and liable to stubborn prejudice, had that knowledge of the cause they both served which in itself is power. She never addressed a public meeting in her life, but her voice was heard in the inner councils of the nation, her wit illumined, her words had a recognized weight.

She exercised, in short, over her small Republican coterie, during three or four administrations, very much the same sort of influence which was wielded on so much more august a scale by the sovereign lady of England. The balance of native ability was on the side of the plebeian Yankee scribbler; yet both women, in their widely different ways, underwent an arduous preparation for a gratuitous and, comparatively speaking, thankless office, and brought to the conception and exercise of its functions detached minds and a serious and self-denying industry.

The Fallow Field.

What toiler in the invisible field of Fancy, what artist of the pen, has not been at times embarrassed to vindicate the leisurely ways of his muse? When the punctual and unsparing mentor demands how we have spent our time, or why we have allowed the sunshine season to slip away without profitable employment thereof, what can we say?

These exhorters to "thrift, thrift," are the invaders most to be dreaded of all those whom the artist has indignant reason to repel from his domain. What can such disturbers of the private peace know of that season of fruitful idleness which is often so necessary a preliminary to actual execution? In my nonage, and as a humble fellow of the craft, being of a conscientious turn of mind, I was much distressed by the exhortations of these mentors. Idle I knew the time to be; but that it was fruitful, also, I too dimly felt to vindicate my own delay. So, at their bidding, I arose and girded myself. They, indeed, — and not I, — were responsible for the hasty and imperfect crystallization, in sketch or poem, of the thought that should have been held longer in solution!

Now I am wiser, or less appealable.

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Perhaps it is that the season is autumn. However that may be, to all arraignment as to industry and "output," I point to certain comfortable fields, in view from my window, and bid my censors take note of the excellent good sense practiced by common husbandry. At least, I may take to heart the lesson of the fallow lands.

These were the fields that fed no reaper's blade;
These are the fields shall smile, and wave again
Their sun-and-wind-loved surges of deep grain,
Whose sheaves on threshing floor shall all be laid.
Their service is not done; their thrift but stayed
That ye a fuller harvest may obtain —
Not this — some other year, when, free and fain,
And grateful for long rest, their dues are paid.
Therefore, fret not to see the spider's floss
Film all this idle ground, that forth has brought
Waste weeds which with their myriads sow the breeze.
. . . And hark! the finches' twitter! Is it loss
When Heaven's creatures find their granary fraught
With pleasant food purveyed with toilless ease?

Mrs. Fiske's Acting.

"I HAVE been to the theatre for years," said a playgoer, "and have seen many actors, but only three times have I seen acting: once it was Duse in Camille; again it was that Yiddish woman — what is her name? — in one of their strange plays; and lastly Mrs. Fiske in Tess."

Signora Duse is Fame's favorite; no need of another trumpet to praise her! The "Yiddish woman" is Fame's stepchild, shut up in the dark closet of a German-Jewish constituency and dialect, whither the great world may not penetrate, — where even her name is hushed with the plaudits of her brooding and imaginative race. But Mrs. Fiske makes her appeal to a people which, however fortunately situated for independent judgment, is slow to assert its opinion in matters of art. We wait too long at the large end of Fame's trumpet, listening for the foreign roar. We hesitate to lift the great instrument and blow a blast back. We receive gratefully from London and Paris the knighted Irving, the "divine Sara," and other products of a refined and highly artificialized art; and our message in return is too often a mere echo of their verdict.

The playgoer was right, perhaps, in basing his opinion of Mrs. Fiske's quality upon her Tess, though probably he had not seen her in the varied repertory with which she returned to the stage a few years ago, after a seven years' retirement. In those days she was playing La Femme de Claude, The Doll's House, Divorçons, and a few other dramas, to little handfuls of listeners, regaining as a woman the art she had practiced as a child. In Divorçons she sparkled in the froth of life, and infected a rather crude company with her own gayety, so that an effect was attained rarer among Anglo-Saxons than among Latins: the frolicsome, irresponsible spirit of comedy seemed to be mixing up the world. La Femme de Claude belongs to another class, — a class somewhat outworn nowadays, doubtless, — typical of the tricky French mid-century style of melodrama which is passing with Sardou; but even more than most plays of its kind it offers histrionic opportunities. For a bit of exquisite virtuosity in acting, a sheer *tour de force*, may be cited the fit of trembling with which Mrs. Fiske, in playing the heroine, meets her captor's revelation of her past. It seized and shook her in spite of herself, — a battle to the death between will and physical weakness, in which will conquered as by a hair's breadth, leaving the body worn and shaken.

Another tour de force was Nora's desperate dancing of the tarantella, in The Doll's House, that tragic mock of gayety with which the child-wife sought to cajole fate. For delicate and complete achievement, either of these details proves Mrs. Fiske's mastery of the technique of her art. But no mere virtuoso could give us this Nora in her later de-

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velopment. Only an artist, profoundly conscious of human character and passion, could interpret with such quiet mastery the sudden awakening of a mind in this child of the senses and the emotions; could reveal, with a simplicity severe to the point of nudity, the horror of that stripping of the soul which the ruthless arctic poet suggests in the last momentous dialogue.

And this leads us to Tess, which at present is Mrs. Fiske's masterpiece, as no other play in her repertory offers to her imagination a situation at once so simple and so tragic. Becky Sharp is a delightfully clever and vital piece of work, but it is all in the same key. The whole play has but one moment of feeling, and thus confines the artist to a delicate play of sardonic humor and skeptical intelligence. Tess is a larger field to work in, an out-of-door field, free of the "tables and chairs" which Signora Duse, in a recent interview, proclaimed herself weary of. Moreover, as a drama, it is more adroitly put together than most plays constructed from novels. Mrs. Fiske's Tess, we may admit at the outset, is a different creation from Hardy's: she cannot escape her delicate physique, her subtle intellectuality, her singular and haunting but distinctly civilized charm, — a combination which does not suggest the big, beautiful, stupid woman whom the novelist presents to us, and which always embarrasses this artist's efforts to portray the peasant type.

Her Tess, then, is her own, and must be judged by its own truth. One does not feel the milkmaid in it, but a totally different creature. One does feel the grace, the spent refinement, the impotent mentality, of the last lady of a fallen race, against whose insufficiency the very stars conspire. The heart-breaking beauty of this enmeshed soul, the pathetic fluttering of its crippled wings, the horror of its final desperate dash for freedom, all these are revealed with a largeness of tragic beauty which is unmarred by an instant of disillusion. The severe simplicity of the conception, and the artist's dignity and restraint in presenting it, make heroic outlines for a figure whose colors glow with passion and life.

Two moments of the drama stand out with special prominence: Tess's revelation of her past to Angel Clare, and the murder scene. Who that has ever heard it can forget the pathos of that almost whispered story, poured into her husband's ear, while her face hides on his breast and her arms embrace him? — the lofty courage of it, made possible only by sudden joyous knowledge that she also has something to forgive! When one reflects upon the opportunities for excess offered by this bit of dialogue, the slightness of the means employed to produce a great effect becomes the more noteworthy. The contrast between the penetrating half whisper used here and the desperate tone of the cry "Marian!" in the last act, shows the range of expression achieved by this artist with a voice not exceptionally endowed by nature.

In the murder scene, the extraordinary thing is the completeness of the change. In the twinkling of an eye a woman weak and tender becomes a savage; the rags of centuries drop from her, the dark primeval brute awakes in her, long ages of evolution become as naught, when, purring, exulting, powerful, she glides like a tigress to her work. And then the return after the deed: the listless holding of the knife, the guttural sounds of gloating and horror, the meddling over the open drawer, the piteous brushing of the hair while the eyes are changing back from brute to human, — the utter irrelevancy of all the little acts which the body mechanically performs during the suspension of thought, — all this proves the profundity of the artist's intuition. Such acting lies beyond the range of mere intellect; it could never be thought out. The imagination leaps into the dark to get it, — into the deeply hidden sources of human character.

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